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THE

HISTORY

OF THE RENOWNED

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

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WRITTEN IN SPANISH BY

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

TRANSLATED BY SEVERAL HANDS.

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THE

LIFE

AND

ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE RENOWN'D

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART II. VOL. IV.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Containing ways and means for diſinchan'ing the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, being one of the moſt famous adventures in the whole book.

THE duke and ducheſs were extremely diverted with the humours of their gueſts: reſolving therefore to improve their ſport, by carrying on ſome pleaſant deſign, that might bear the appearance of an adventure, they took the hint from Don Quixote's account of Monteſinos's cave, as a

ſubject from which they might raiſe an extraordinary entertainment: the rather, ſince to the ducheſs's amazement, Sancho's ſimplicity was ſo great, as to believe that Dulcinea del Toboſo was really inchanted, though he himſelf had been the firſt contriver of the ſtory, and her only inchanter.

Accordingly, having given directions to their ſervants that nothing might be wanting, and propos'd a day for hunting the wild boar, in five or ſix days they were ready to ſet out, with a train of huntſmen and other attendants not unbecoming the greateſt prince. They preſented Don Quixote with a hunting-ſuit, but he refus'd it, alledging it ſuperfluous, ſince he was in a ſhort time to return to the hard exerciſe of arms, and could carry no ſumpters or wardrobes along with him: but Sancho readily accepted one of fine green cloth, with deſign to ſell it the firſt opportunity.

The day prefix'd being come, Don Quixote arm'd, and Sancho equipp'd himſelf in his new ſuit, and mounting his aſs, which he would not quit for a good horſe that was offer'd him, he crowded in among the train of ſportſmen. The ducheſs alſo in a dreſs both odd and gay, made one of the company. The knight, who was courteſy itſelf, very gallantly would needs hold the reins of her palfrey, though the duke ſeem'd very unwilling to let him. In ſhort, they came to the ſcene of their ſport, which was in a wood between two very high mountains, where alighting, and taking their ſeveral ſtands, the ducheſs with a pointed javelin in her hand, attended by the duke and Don Quixote, took her ſtand in a place where they knew the boars were uſed to paſs through. The hunters poſted themſelves in ſeveral lanes and paths as they moſt conveniently could: but as for Sancho, he choſe to ſtay behind 'em all with his Dapple, whom he would by no means leave a moment, for fear the poor creature ſhould meet with ſome ſad accident.

And now the chace began with full cry, the dogs o-

pen'd, the horns ſounded, and the huntſmen halloo'd in ſo loud a concert, that there was no hearing one another. Soon after, a hideous boar, of a monſtrous ſize, came on, gnaſhing his teeth and tuſks, and foaming at the mouth; and being baited hard by the dogs, and follow'd cloſe by the huntſmen, made furiouſly towards the paſs which Don Quixote had taken. Whereupon the knight graſping his ſhield, and drawing his ſword, mov'd forward to receive the raging beaſt. The duke join'd him with a boar-ſpear, and the ducheſs would have been foremoſt, had not the duke prevented her. Sancho alone, ſeeing the furious animal, reſolv'd to ſhift for one, and leaving Dapple, away he ſcudded as faſt as his legs would carry him towards an high oak, to the top of which he endeavour'd to clamber: but as he was getting up, one of the boughs unluckily broke, and down he was tumbling, when a ſnag or ſtump of another bough caught hold of his new coat, and ſtopp'd his fall, ſlinging him in the air by the middle, ſo that he could neither get up nor down. His fine green coat was torn, and he fancy'd every moment the wild boar was running that way with foaming chaps and dreadful tuſks to tear him to pieces; which ſo diſturb'd him, that he roar'd and bellow'd for help, as if ſome wild beaſt had been devouring him in good earneſt.

At laſt the tuſky boar was laid at his length with a number of pointed ſpears fix'd in him; and Don Quixote being alarm'd by Sancho's noiſe, which he could diſtinguiſh eaſily, look'd about, and diſcover'd him ſwinging in the tree with his head downwards, and cloſe by him poor Dapple, who like a true friend never forſook him in his adverſity; for Cid Hamet obſerves, that they were ſuch true and inſeparable friends that Sancho was ſeldom ſeen without Dapple, or Dapple without Sancho. Don Quixote went and took down his ſquire, who, as ſoon as he was at liberty, began to examine the damage his fine hunting-ſuit had receiv'd,

which griev'd him to the ſoul; for he priz'd it as much as if it had made him heir to an eſtate.

Mean while the boar being laid acroſs a large mule, and cover'd with branches of roſemary and myrtle, was carry'd in triumph by the victorious huntſmen to a large field-tent, pitch'd in the middle of the wood, where an excellent entertainment was provided ſuitable to the magnificence of the founder.

Sancho drew near the ducheſs, and ſhewing her his torn coat, had we been hunting the hare now, or catching of ſparrows, quoth he, my coat might have ſlept in a whole ſkin. For my part, I wonder what pleaſure there can be in beating the buſhes for a beaſt, which if it does but come at you, will run it's plaguy tuſks in your guts, and be the death of you: I han't forgot an old ſong to this purpoſe;

'May fate of Fabila be thine,
'And make thee food for bears or ſwine.'

That Fabila, ſaid Don Quixote, was a king of the Goths, who going a hunting once, was devoured by a bear. That's it, I ſay, quoth Sancho; and therefore why ſhould kings and other great folks run themſelves into harm's way, when they may have ſport enough without it: mercy on me! what pleaſure can you find, any of you all, in killing a poor beaſt that never meant any harm! you are miſtaken, Sancho, ſaid the duke, hunting wild beaſts is the moſt proper exerciſe for knights and princes; for in the chace of a ſtout noble beaſt, may be repreſented the whole art of war, ſtratagems, policy and ambuſcades, with all other devices uſually practiſed to overcome an enemy with ſafety. Here we are expos'd to the extremities of heat and cold; eaſe and lazineſs can have no room in this diverſion: by this we are enur'd to toil and hardſhip, our limbs are ſtrengthen'd, our joints made ſupple, and our whole body hale and active: in ſhort, it is an exerciſe that may be beneficial to many, and can be prejudicial to none; and the moſt enticing property is it's rarity, be-

ing plac'd above the reach of the vulgar, who may indeed enjoy the diverſion of other ſorts of game, but not this nobler kind, nor that of hawking, a ſport alſo reſerv'd for kings and perſons of quality. Therefore, Sancho, let me adviſe you to alter your opinion, againſt you become a governor; for then you'll find the great advantage of theſe ſports and diverſions. You're out, far wide, Sir, quoth Sancho, 'twere better that a governor had his legs broken, and be laid up at home, than to be gading abroad at this rate. 'Twould be a pretty buſineſs, forſooth, when poor people come weary and tir'd to wait on the governor about buſineſs, that he ſhould be rambling about the woods for his pleaſure! there would be a ſweet government truly! good faith, Sir, I think theſe ſports and paſtimes are fitter for thoſe that have nothing to do, than for governors. No, I intend my recreation ſhall be a game at whiſk at Chriſtmas, and nine-pins on Sundays and holidays; but for your hunting, as you call it, it goes mightily againſt my calling and conſcience. I wiſh with all my heart, ſaid the duke, that you prove as good as you promiſe; but ſaying and doing are different things. Well, well, quoth Sancho, be it how it will, I ſay that an honeſt man's word is as good as his bond. Heaven's help is better than early riſing. 'Tis the belly makes the feet amble, not the feet the belly. My meaning is, that with heaven's help and my honeſt endeavours, I ſhall govern better than any goſhawk. Do but put your finger in my mouth, and try if I can't bite. A curſe on thee, and thy impertinent proverbs, ſaid Don Quixote: ſhall I never get thee to talk ſenſe without a ſtring of that diſagreeable ſtuff? I beſeech your graces, do not countenance this eternal dunce, or he will teaze your very ſouls with a thouſand unſeaſonable and inſignificant old ſaws, for which I wiſh his mouth ſtitch'd up, and myſelf a miſchief, if I hear him. Oh, Sir, ſaid the ducheſs, Sancho's proverbs will always pleaſe for their ſententious brevity, though they were as numerous as a printed col-

lection; and I aſſure you, I reliſh 'em more than I would do others, that might be better, and more to the purpoſe.

After this, and ſuch like diverting talk, they left the tent, and walk'd into the wood to ſee whether any game had fall'n into their nets. Now, while they were thus intent upon their ſport, the night drew on apace, and more cloudy and overcaſt than was uſual at that time of the year, which was about midſummer; but it happen'd very critically for the better carrying on the intended contrivance. A little while after the cloſe of the evening, when it grew quite dark, in a moment the wood ſeem'd all on fire, and blaz'd in every quarter. This was attended by an alarming ſound of trumpets, and other warlike inſtruments, anſwering one another from all ſides, as if ſeveral parties of horſe had been haſtily marching through the wood: then preſently was heard a confus'd noiſe of Mooriſh cries, ſuch as are us'd in joining battle, which, together with the rattling of the drums, the loud ſound of the trumpets, and other inſtruments of war, made ſuch a hideous and dreadful concert in the air, that the duke was amaz'd, the ducheſs aſtoniſh'd, Don Quixote was ſurpriz'd, and Sancho ſhook like a leaf, and even thoſe that knew the occaſion of all this were affrighted.

This conſternation caus'd a general ſilence, and by and by, one riding poſt, equipp'd like a devil, paſs'd by the company, winding a huge hollow horn, that made a horrible hoarſe noiſe. Hark you, poſt, ſaid the duke, whither ſo faſt? what are you? and what parties of ſoldiers are theſe that march acroſs the wood? I am the devil, cry'd the poſt in a horrible tone, and go in queſt of Don Quixote de la Mancha; and thoſe that are coming this way, are ſix bands of necromancers, that conduct the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, inchanted in a triumphant chariot. She is attended by that gallant French knight, Monteſinos, who comes to give information how ſhe may be freed from inchantment.

Wer't thou as much a devil, ſaid the duke, as thy horrid ſhape ſpeaks thee to be, thou wouldſt have known this knight here before thee to be that Don Quixote de la Mancha whom thou ſeekeſt. Before heaven, and on my conſcience, reply'd the devil, I never thought on't; for I have ſo many things in my head that it almoſt diſtracts me: I had quite and clean forgot my errand. Surely, quoth Sancho, this devil muſt be a very honeſt fellow, and a good Chriſtian; for he ſwears as devoutly by heaven and his conſcience, as I ſhould do; and now I am apt to believe there be ſome good people even in hell. At the ſame time the devil, directing himſelf to Don Quixote, without diſmounting; to thee, O knight of the lions, cry'd he, (and I wiſh thee faſt in their claws) to thee am I ſent by the valiant but unfortunate Monteſinos, to bid thee attend his coming in this very place whither he brings one whom they call Dulcinea del Toboſo, in order to give thee inſtructions touching her diſinchantment Now I have deliver'd my meſſage, I muſt fly, and the devils that are like me be with thee, and angels guard the reſt. This ſaid, he winded his monſtrous horn, and, without ſtaying for an anſwer, diſappear'd.

This increas'd the general conſternation, but moſt of all ſurpriz'd Don Quixote and Sancho; the latter, to find that, in ſpite of truth, they ſtill would have Dulcinea to be inchanted; and the knight to think that the adventures of Monteſino's cave were turn'd to reality. While he ſtood pondering theſe things in his thoughts; well Sir, ſaid the duke to him, what do you intend to do? will you ſtay? ſtay! cry'd Don Quixote, ſhall I not? I will ſtay here, intrepid and courageous, though all the infernal powers incloſe me round. So you may if you will, quoth Sancho, but if any more devils or horns come hither, they ſhall as ſoon find me in Flanders as here.

Now the night grew darker and darker, and ſeveral ſhooting lights were ſeen glancing up and down the

wood, like meteors or glaring exhalations from the earth. Then was heard an horrid noiſe, like the creaking of the ungreas'd wheels of heavy waggons, from which piercing ungrateful ſound, bears and wolves themſelves are ſaid to fly. This odious jarring was preſently ſeconded by a greater, which ſeem'd to be the dreadful din and ſhocks of four ſeveral engagements in each quarter of the wood, with all the ſounds and hurry of ſo many join'd battles. On one ſide were heard ſeveral peals of cannon; on the other the diſcharging of numerous vollies of ſmall ſhot; here the ſhouts of the engaging parties that ſeem'd to be near at hand; there cries of the Moors that ſeem'd at a great diſtance. In ſhort, the ſtrange, confus'd intermixture of drums, trumpets, cornets, horns, the thund'ring of the cannon, the rattling of the ſmall ſhot, the creaking of the wheels, and the cries of the combatants, made the moſt diſmal noiſe imaginable, and try'd Don Quixote's courage to the uttermoſt. But poor Sancho was annihilated, and fell into a ſwoon upon the ducheſs's coats, who taking care of him, and ordering ſome water to be ſprinkled in his face, at laſt recover'd him, juſt as the foremoſt of the creaking carriages came up, drawn by four heavy oxen cover'd with mourning, and carrying a large lighted torch upon each horn. On the top of the cart or waggon was an exalted ſeat, on which ſate a venerable old man, with a beard as white as ſnow, and ſo long that it reach'd down to his girdle. He was clad in a long gown of black buckram, as were alſo two devils that drove the waggons, both ſo very monſtrous and ugly, that Sancho having ſeen 'em once, was forc'd to ſhut his eyes, and would not venture upon a ſecond look. The cart, which was ſtuck full of lights within, being approach'd to the ſtanding, the reverend old man ſtood up, and cry'd with a loud voice, 'I am the ſage Lirgander;' and the cart paſs'd on without one word more being ſpoken. Then follow'd another cart with another grave old man, who making the cart ſtop at a

convenient diſtance, roſe up from his high ſeat, and in as deep a tone as the firſt, cry'd, 'I am the ſage 'Alquif, great friend to Urganda the unknown;' and ſo went forward. He was ſucceeded by a third cart, that mov'd in the ſame ſolemn pace, and bore a perſon not ſo ancient as the reſt, but a robuſt and ſturdy, ſour look'd, ill favour'd fellow who roſe up from his throne like the reſt, and with a more hollow and devil-like voice, cry'd out, 'I am Archelaus the inchanter, the 'mortal enemy of Amadis de Gaul, and all his race;' which ſaid, he paſs'd by, like the other carts; which taking a ſhort turn, made a halt, and the grating noiſe of the wheels ceaſing, an excellent conſort of ſweet muſic was heard, which mightily comforted poor Sancho, and paſſing with him for a good omen, my lady, (quoth he to the ducheſs, from whom he wou'd not budge an inch) there can be no miſchief ſure where there's muſick. Very true, ſaid the ducheſs, eſpecially when there is brightneſs and light. Ay, but there's no light without fire, reply'd Sancho, and brightneſs comes moſt from flames; who knows but thoſe about us may burn us? but muſic I take to be always a ſign of feaſting and merriment. We ſhall know preſently what this will come to, ſaid Don Quixote; and he ſaid right, for you will find it in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXXV.

Wherein is contain'd the information given to Don Quixote how to diſinchant Dulcinea, with other wonderful paſſages.

WHEN the pleaſant muſic drew near, there appear'd a ſtately triumphant chariot, drawn by ſix dun mules cover'd with white, upon each of which ſat a penitent clad alſo in white, and holding a great lighted torch in his hand. The carriage was

twice or thrice longer than any of the former, twelve other penitents being plac'd at the top and ſides all in white, and bearing likewiſe each a lighted torch, which made a dazling and ſurpriſing appearance. There was a high throne erected at the further end, on which ſat a nymph array'd in cloth of ſilver, with many golden ſpangles glittering all about her, which made her dreſs, though not rich, appear very glorious: her face was cover'd with tranſparent gauze, through the flowing folds of which might be diſcry'd a moſt beautiful face: and by the great light which the torches gave, it was eaſy to diſcern, that as ſhe was not leſs than ſeventeen years of age, neither could ſhe be thought above twenty. Cloſe by her was a figure clad in a long gown like that of a magiſtrate, reaching down to it's feet, and it's head cover'd with a black veil. When they came directly oppoſite to the company, the ſhawms or hautboys, that play'd before, immediately ceas'd, and the Spaniſh harps and lutes, that were in the chariot, did the like; then the figure in the gown ſtood up, and opening it's garments, and throwing away it's mourning veil, diſcover'd a bare and frightful ſkeleton, that repreſented the deform'd figure of death; which ſtartl'd Don Quixote, made Sancho's bones rattle in his ſkin for fear, and caus'd the duke and the ducheſs to ſeem more than commonly diſturb'd. This living death being thus got up, in a dull heavy ſleeping tone, as if it's tongue had not been well awake, began in this manner.

MERLIN's SPEECH.

'BEHOLD old Merlin, in romantic writ,
'Miſcall'd the ſpurious progeny of hell;
'A falſhood current with the ſtamp of age:
'I reign the prince of Zoroaſtic ſcience,
'That oft evokes and rates the rigid pow'rs:
'Archive of fate's dread records in the ſkies,

'Coevous with the chivalry of yore;
'All brave knights errant ſtill I've deem'd my charge,
'Heirs of my love, and fav'rites of my charms.
'While other magic ſeers averſe from good,
'Are dire and baleful like the ſeat of woe,
'My n bler ſoul, where power and pity join,
'Diffuſes bleſſings, as they ſcatter plagues.
'Deep in the nether world, the dreary caves
'Where my retreated ſoul in ſilent ſtate,
'Forms myſtic figures and tremendous ſpells,
'I heard the peerleſs Dulcinea's moans.
'Appriz'd of her diſtreſs, her frightful change,
'From princely ſtate, and beauty near divine,
'To the vile ſemblance of a ruſtic quean,
'The dire miſdeed of necromantic hate:
'I ſympathiz'd, and awfully revolv'd
'I wice fifty thouſand ſcrolls, occult and loath'd,
'Some of my art, hell's black philoſophy;
'Then clos'd my ſoul within this bony trunk,
'This ghaſtly form, the ruins of a man;
'And riſe in pity to reveal a cure
'To woes ſo great, and break the curſed ſpell.
'O glory thou of all that e'er could grace
'A coat of ſteel, and fence of adamant!
'Light, lanthorn, path and polar ſtar and guide
'To all who dare diſmiſs ignoble ſleep
'And downy ſleep for exerciſe of arms,
'For toils continual, perils, wounds and blood!
'Knight of unfathom'd worth, abyſs of praiſe,
'Who blend'ſt in one the prudent and the brave:
'To thee great Quixote, I this truth declare;
'That to reſtore her to her ſtate and form,
'Toboſo's pride, the peerleſs Dulcinea,
''Tis fate's decree, that Sancho, thy good ſquire,
'On his bare brawny buttocks ſhould beſtow
'Three thouſand laſhes, and eke three hundred more,
'Each to afflict, and ſting, and gale him ſore.

'So ſhall relent the authors of her woes,
'Whoſe awful will I for her eaſe diſcloſe.

Body o'me, quoth Sancho, three thouſand laſhes! I won't give myſelf three; I'll as ſoon give myſelf three ſtabs in the guts. May you and your diſinchanting go to the devil. What a plague have my buttocks to do with the black art? paſſion of my heart! maſter Merlin, if you have no better way for diſinchanting the lady Dulcinea, ſhe may e'en lie bewitch'd to her dying day for me.

How now, opprobrious raſcal! cry'd Don Quixote, ſtinking garlick-eater! ſirrah, I will take you and tie your dogſhip to a tree, as naked as your mother bore you; and there I will not only give you three thouſand three hundred laſhes, but ſix thouſand ſix hundred, ye varlet and ſo ſmartly, that you ſhall feel 'em ſtill though you rub your backſide three thouſand times, ſcoundrel. Anſwer me a word, you rogue, and I'll tear out your ſoul. Hold, hold, cry'd Merlin, hearing this, this muſt not be; the ſtripes inflicted on honeſt Sancho, muſt be voluntary, without compulſion, and only laid on when he thinks moſt convenient. No ſet time is for the taſk fixed, and if he has a mind to have abated one half of this atonement, 'tis allow'd; provided the remaining ſtripes be ſtruck by a ſtrange hand, and heavily laid on.

Hold you there, quoth Sancho, neither a ſtrange hand nor my own, neither heavy nor light ſhall touch my bum. What a pox, did I bring madam Dulcinea del Toboſo into the world, that my hind parts ſhould pay for the harm her eyes have done; let my maſter Don Quixote whip himſelf, he's a part of her; he calls her, every foot, my life, my ſoul, my ſuſtenance, my comfort, and all that. So e'en let him jirk out her inchantment at his own bum's coſt, but as for any whipping of me, I deny and pronounce* it flat and plain.

No ſooner had Sancho thus ſpoke his mind, but the

* A blunder of Sancho's, for *renounce*.

nymph that ſat by Merlin's ghoſt in the glittering apparel, riſing, and lifting up her thin veil, diſcover'd a very beautiful face; and with a maſculine grace, but no very agreeable voice, addreſſing Sancho; O thou diſaſtrous ſquire, ſaid ſhe, thou lump with no more ſoul than a broken pitcher, heart of cork, and bowels of flint! had'ſt thou been commanded, baſe ſheep-ſtealer, to have thrown thyſelf headlong from the top of a high tower to the ground; had'ſt thou been deſir'd, enemy of mankind, to have ſwallow'd a dozen of toads, two dozen of lizards, and three dozen of ſnakes; or had'ſt thou been requeſted to have butcher'd thy wife and children, I ſhould not wonder that it had turn'd thy ſqueamiſh ſtomach: but to make ſuch a heſitation at three thouſand three hundred ſtripes, which every puny ſchool-boy makes nothing of receiving every month, 'tis amazing, nay aſtoniſhing to the tender and commiſerating bowels of all that hear thee, and will be a blot in thy ſcutcheon to all futurity. Look up, thou wretched and marble-hearted animal; look up and fix thy huge louring goggle eyes upon the bright luminaries of my ſight: behold theſe briny torrents, which, ſtreaming down, furrow the flowery meadows of my cheeks: relent, baſe and inexorable monſter, relent; let thy ſavage breaſt confeſs at laſt a ſenſe of my diſtreſs: and, mov'd with the tenderneſs of my youth, that conſumes and withers in this vile transformation, crack this ſordid ſhell of ruſticity that invelopes my blooming charms. In vain has the goodneſs of Merlin permitted me to reaſſume a while my native ſhape, ſince neither that, nor the tears of beauty in affliction, which are ſaid to reduce obdurate rocks to the ſoftneſs of cotton, and tygers to the tenderneſs of lambs, are ſufficient to melt thy haggard breaſt. Scourge, ſcourge that brawny hide of thine, ſtubborn and unrelenting brute, that coarſe incloſure of thy coarſer ſoul, and rouſe up thus thyſelf from that baſe ſloth, that makes thee live only to eat and pamper thy

lazy fleſh, indulging ſtill thy voracious appetite. Reſtore me the delicacy of my ſkin, the ſweetneſs of my diſpoſition, and the beauty of my face. But if my intreaties and tears cannot work thee into a reaſonable compliance, if I am not yet ſufficiently wretched to move thy pity, at leaſt let the anguiſh of that miſerable knight, thy tender maſter, mollify thy heart. Alas! I ſee his very ſoul juſt at his throat, and ſticking not ten inches from his lips, waiting only thy cruel or kind anſwer, either to fly out of his mouth, or return into his breaſt.

Don Quixote hearing this, clapp'd his hand upon his gullet, and turning to the duke; by heavens, my lord, ſaid he, Dulcinea is in the right; for I find my ſoul travers'd in my wind-pipe like a bullet in a croſs-bow. What's your anſwer now, Sancho, ſaid the dutcheſs? I ſay, as I ſaid before, quoth Sancho; as for the flogging I pronounce it flat and plain. Renounce, you mean, ſaid the duke. Good your worſhip, quoth Sancho, this is no time for me to mind niceties, and ſpelling of letters: I have other fiſh to fry. This plaguy whipping bout makes me quite diſtracted. I don't know what I ſay or do—But I would fain know of my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, where ſhe pick'd up this kind of breeding, to beg thus like a ſturdy beggar? here ſhe comes to deſire me to laſh my backſide, as raw as a piece of beef, and the beſt word ſhe can give, is, foul of a broken pitcher, monſter, brute, ſheepſtealer, with a ribble rabble of ſaucy nicknames, that the devil himſelf would not bear. Do you think, miſtreſs of mine, that my ſkin is made of braſs? or ſhall I get any thing by your diſinchantment? Beſhrew her heart, where's the fine preſent ſhe has brought along with her to ſoften me? A baſket of fine linen, holland ſhirts, caps and ſocks (though I wear none) had been ſomewhat like. But to fall upon me, and beſpatter me thus with dirty names, dy'e think that will do? No, i'ſackins: remember the old ſayings, a golden load

makes the burthen light; gifts will enter ſtone walls; ſcratch my breech, and I'll claw your elbow; a bird in hand is worth two in the buſh. Nay, my maſter too, who, one ſhould think, ſhould tell me a fine ſtory, and coax me up with dainty ſugar-plumb words, talks of tying me to a tree, forſooth, and of doubling the whipping. Odsbobs! methinks thoſe troubleſome people ſhould know who they prate to. 'Tis not only a ſquire-errant they would have to whip himſelf, but a governor; and there is no more to do, think they, but up and ride. Let 'em e'en learn manners, with a pox. There's a time for ſome things; and a time for all things; a time for great things, and a time for ſmall things. Am I now in the humour to hear petitions, d'ye think? juſt when my heart's ready to burſt, for having torn my new coat; they would have me tear my own fleſh too, in the devil's name, when I have no more ſtomach to it, than 'to be among the men-eat-'ers*' Upon my honour, Sancho, ſaid the duke, if you don't relent, and become as ſoft as a ripe fig, you ſhall have no government. 'Twould be a fine thing indeed, that I ſhould ſend among my iſlanders a mercileſs hardhearted tyrant, whom neither the tears of diſtreſs'd damſels, nor the admonitions of wiſe, ancient, and powerful Inchanters, can move to compaſſion. In ſhort, Sir, no ſtripes, no government. But, quoth Sancho, may'nt I have a day or two to conſider on't? Not a minute, cry'd Merlin, you muſt declare now, and in this very place, what you reſolve to do, for Dulcinea muſt be again transformed into a country wench, and carried back immediately to Monteſinos's cave; or elſe ſhe ſhall go as ſhe is now to the Elyſian Fields, there to remain till the number of the ſtripes be made out. Come, come, honeſt Sancho, ſaid the ducheſs, pluck up a good courage, and ſhew your gratitude to your maſter, whoſe bread you have eaten, and to whoſe ge-

* In the original. *To turn Cacique; Bolverme Cazique, Caziques* are petty kings in the Weſt Indies.

nerous nature, and high feats of chivalry we are all ſo much oblig'd: come, child give your conſent, and make a fool of the devil: h ng fear, faint heart ne'er won fair lady; fortune favours the brave, as you know better than I can tell you. Hark you, maſter Merlin, (quoth Sancho, without giving the ducheſs an anſwer) pray will you te'l me one thing. How comes it about that this ſame poſt devil that came before you, brought my maſter word from Signior Monteſinos that he would be here, and give him directions about this diſinchantment, and yet we hear no n:ws of Monteſinos all this while? Pſhaw, anſwer'd Merlin, the devil's an aſs, and a lying raſcal; he came from me, and not from Monteſinos: for he, poor man, is ſtill in his cave, expecting the diſſolution of the ſpell that confines him there yet, ſo that he is not quite ready to be free, and the worſt is ſtill behind †. But if he owes you any money, or you have any buſineſs with him, he ſhall be forth-coming, when, and where you pleaſe. But now pray make an end, and undergo this ſmall penance, 'twill do you a world of good; for 'twill not only prove beneficial to your ſoul as an act of charity, but alſo to your body, as a healthy exerciſe; for you are of a very ſanguine complexion, Sancho, and loſing a little blood will do you no harm. Well, quoth Sancho, there's like to be no want of phyſicians in this world, I find; the very conjurers ſet up for doctors too. Well then, ſince every body ſays as much, (though I can hardly believe it) I am content to give myſelf the three thouſand three hundred ſtripes, upon condition that I may be paying 'em off as long as I pleaſe; obſerve, that though I will be out of debt as ſoon as I can, that the world may'nt be without the pretty face of the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, which, I muſt own, I could never have believ'd to have been ſo handſome. Item, I ſhall not be bound to fetch blood, that's cer-

† *Aun le falta la cola por deſollar*, i. e. *The tail ſtill remains to be flay'd*; which is the moſt troubleſome and hard to be done,

tain; and if any ſtroke happens to miſs me, it ſhall paſs for one however. Item, maſter Merlin; (becauſe he knows all things) ſhall be oblig'd to reckon the lathes, and take care I don't give myſelf one more than the tale. There's no fear of that, ſaid Merlin; for at the very laſt laſh the lady Dulcinea will be diſinchanted, come ſtraight to you, make you a courtſy, and give you thanks. Heaven forbid, I ſhould wrong any man of the leaſt hair of his head. Well, quoth Sancho, what muſt be, muſt be: I yield to my hard luck, and on the aforeſaid terms, take up with my penance.

Scarce had Sancho ſpoke, when the muſic ſtruck up again, and a congratulatory volley of ſmall ſhot was immediately diſcharg'd. Don Quixote fell on Sancho's neck, hugging and kiſſing him a thouſand times. The duke, the ducheſs, and the whole company ſeem'd mightily pleaſed. The chariot mov'd on, and, as it paſs'd by, the fair Dulcinea made the duke and ducheſs a bow, and Sancho a low courtſy.

And now the jolly morn began to ſpread her ſmiling looks in the eaſtern quarter of the ſkies, and the flowers of the field to diſcloſe their bloomy folds, and raiſe their fragrant heads. The brooks, now cool and clear, in gentle murmurs, play'd with the grey pebbles, and flow'd along to pay their liquid cryſtal tribute to the expecting rivers. The ſky was clear, the air ſerene, ſwept clean by bruſhing winds for the reception of the ſhining light, and every thing, not only jointly, but in it's ſeparate gaiety, welcom'd the fair Aurora, and, like her, foretold a fairer day The duke and ducheſs, well pleaſed with the management and ſucceſs of the hunting, and the counterfeit adventure, return to the caſtle; reſolving to make a ſecond eſſay of the ſame nature, having receiv'd as much pleaſure from the firſt, as any reality could have produced.

CHAP XXXVI.

The ſtrange and never-thought-of adventure of the diſconſolate matron, alias, *the counteſs Trifaldi, with Sancho Pança's letter to his wife Tereſa Pança.*

THE whole contrivance of the late adventure was plotted by the duke's ſteward, a man of wit, and a facetious and quick fancy: he made the verſes, acted Merlin himſelf, and inſtructed a page to perſonate Dulcinea: and now by his maſter's appointment, he prepar'd another ſcene of mirth, as pleaſant and as artful, and ſurprizing as can be imagin'd.

The next day, the ducheſs aſk'd Sancho whether he had begun his penitential taſk, to diſinchant Dulcinea? Ay, marry have I, quoth Sancho, for I have already lent myſelf five laſhes on the buttocks. With what, friend, aſk'd the ducheſs? with the palm of my hand, anſwer'd Sancho. Your hand, ſaid the ducheſs, thoſe are rather claps than laſhes, Sancho; I doubt father Merlin won't be ſatisfied at ſo eaſy a rate; for the liberty of ſo great a lady is not to be purchaſed at ſo mean a price. No, you ſhould laſh yourſelf with ſomething that may make you ſmart: a good friar's ſcourge, a cat of nine tails, or penitent's whip, would do well; for letters written in blood, ſtand good; but works of charity faintly and coldly done, loſe their merit, and ſignify nothing. Then, madam, quoth he, will your worſhip's grace do ſo much as help me to a convenient rod, ſuch as you ſhall think beſt; though it muſt not be too ſmarting neither; for faith, though I am a clown, my fleſh is as ſoft as any lady's in the land, no diſparagement to any body's buttocks. Well, well, Sancho, ſaid ſhe, it ſhall be my care to provide you a whip, that ſhall ſuit your ſoft conſtitution, as if they were twins. But now, my dear madam, quoth he,

you muſt know I have written a letter here to my wife Tereſa Pança, to give her to underſtand how things are with me. I have it in my boſom, and 'tis juſt ready to ſend away; it wants nothing but the direction on the outſide. Now I would have your wiſdom to read it, and ſee if be not written like a governor; I mean, in ſuch a ſtile as governors ſhould write. And who penn'd it, aſk'd the ducheſs? What a queſtion there is now, quoth Sancho? who ſhould pen it but myſelf, ſinner as I am? And did you write it too, ſaid the ducheſs? Not I, quoth Sancho; for I can neither write, nor read, though I can make my mark. Let's ſee the letter, ſaid the ducheſs; for I dare ſay, your wit is ſet out in it to ſome purpoſe. Sancho pull'd the letter out of his boſom unſeal'd, and the ducheſs, having taken it, read what follows.

Sancho Pança, *to his wife* Tereſa Pança.

'IF I am well laſh'd, yet I am whipp'd into a go-
'vernment: I've got a good government, it coſt
'me many a good laſh. Thou muſt know, my Te-
'reſa, that I am reſolved thou ſhalt ride in a coach;
'for now any other way of going, is to me, but creep-
'ing on all fours, like a kitten. Thou art now a go-
'vernor's wife, gueſs whether any one will dare to
'tread on thy heels. I have ſent thee a green hunt-
'ing-ſuit of reparel, which my lady ducheſs gave me.
'Pray ſee and get it turned into a petticoat and jacket
'for our daughter. The folks in this country are
'very ready to talk little good of my maſter, Don
'Quixote. They ſay he is a mad wiſe-man, and a
'pleaſant mad man, and that I an't a jot behi d hand
'with him. We have been in Monteſinos's cave, a..d
'Merlin the wizard has pitched on me to diſinchant
'Dulcinea del Toboſo, the ſame who among you is
'called Aldonza Lorenzo. When I have given my-
'ſelf three thouſand three hundred laſhes, lacking five,

'ſhe will be as diſinchanted as the mother that bore
'her. But not a word of the pudding; for if you tell
'your caſe among a parcel of tattling goſſips, you'll
'ne'er have done; one will cry 'tis white, and others
''tis black. I am to go to my government very ſud-
'denly, whither I go with a huge mind to make mo-
'ney, as I am told all new governors do. I'll firſt
'ſee how matters go, and then ſend thee word whe-
'ther thou hadſt beſt come or no. Dapple is well,
'and gives his humble ſervice to you. I won't part
'with him, though I were to be made the Great Turk.
'My lady ducheſs kiſſes thy hands a thouſand times
'over; pray return her two thouſand for her one: for
'there's nothing cheaper than fair words, as my maſ-
'ter ſays. Heaven has not been pleaſed to make me
'light on another cloak bag, with a hundred pieces
'of gold in it, like thoſe you wot of. But all in good
'time; don't let that vex thee, my jugg, the govern-
'ment will make it up, I'll warrant thee. Tho' af-
'ter all, one thing ſticks plaguily in my gizzard: they
'tell me, that when once I've taſted on't, I ſhall be
'ready to eat my very fingers after it, ſo ſavoury is
'the ſauce. Should it fall out ſo, I ſhould make but
'an ill hand of it; and yet your maimed and crippled
'alms-folks pick up a pretty livelihood, and make
'their begging as good as a prebend. So that one
'way or other, old girl, matters will go ſwimming-
'ly, and thou'lt be rich and happy. Heaven make
'thee ſo, as well it may; and keep me for thy
'ſake. From this caſtle, the twentieth of June,
'1614.

'Thy huſband the governor,

'Sancho Pança.'

Methinks, Mr. governor, ſaid the ducheſs (having read the letter) you are out in two particulars; firſt, when you intimate that this government was beſtowed on you for the ſtripes you are to give yourſelf; where-

as you may remember, it was allotted you before this diſinchantment was dreamt of. The ſecond branch that you failed in, is the diſcovery of your avarice, which is the moſt deteſtable quality in governors; becauſe their ſelf-intereſt is always indulged at the expence of juſtice. You know the ſaying, coveteouſneſs breaks the ſack, and that vice always prompts a governor to fleece and oppreſs the ſubject. Truly, my good lady, quoth Sancho, I meant no harm, I did not well think of what I wrote, and if your grace's worſhip does not like this letter, I'll tear it, and have another; but remember the old ſaying, ſeldom comes a better. I ſhall make but ſad work on't, if I muſt pump my brains for't. No, no, ſaid the ducheſs, this will do well enough, and I muſt have the duke ſee it.

They went into the garden, where they were to dine that day, and there ſhe ſhewed the duke the learned epiſtle, which he read over with a great deal of pleaſure.

After dinner, Sancho was entertaining the company very pleaſantly, with ſome of his ſavoury diſcourſe, when ſuddenly they were ſurprized with the mournful ſound of a fife, which played in concert with a hoarſe unbraced drum. All the company ſeemed amazed and diſcompoſed at the unpleaſing noiſe: but Don Quixote eſpecially was ſo alarmed with this ſolemn martial harmony, that he could not compoſe his thoughts. Sancho's fear undoubtedly wrought the uſual effects, and carried him to crouch by the ducheſs.

During this conſternation, two men in deep mourning cloaks trailing on the ground, entered the garden, each of 'em beating a large drum covered alſo with black, and with theſe a third playing on a fife, in mourning like the reſt. They uſhered in a perſon of gigantic ſtature, to which the long black garb in which he was wrapped up, was no ſmall addition: it had a train of a prodigious length, and over the caſ-

ſock was girt a broad black belt, which ſtung a ſcymiter of a mighty ſize. His face was covered with a thin black veil, through which might be diſcerned a beard of a vaſt length, as white as ſnow. The ſolemnity of his pace kept exact time to the gravity of the muſic: in ſhort, his ſtature, his motion, his black hue, and his attendance were every way ſurprizing and aſtoniſhing. With this ſtate and formality he approached, and fell on his knees at a covenient diſtance, before the duke; who not ſuffering him to ſpeak 'till he aroſe, the monſtrous ſpectre erected his bulk, and throwing off his veil, diſcovered the moſt terrible, hugeous, white, broad, prominent, buſhy beard, that ever mortal eyes, were frighted at. Then fixing his eyes on the duke, and with a deep ſonorous voice, roaring out from the ample cavern of his ſpreading lungs, moſt high and potent lord, cried he, my name is Trifaldin with the white beard, ſquire to the counteſs Trifaldi, otherwiſe yclep'd, the diſconſolate matron, from whom I am ambaſſador to your grace, begging admittance for her ladyſhip to come and relate, before your magnificence, the unhappy and wonderful circumſtances of her misfortune. But firſt, ſhe deſires to be informed whether the valorous and invincible knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, reſides at this time in your caſtle; for it is in queſt of him that my lady has travelled without coach or palfrey, hungry and thirſty; and, in ſhort, without breaking her faſt, from the kingdom of Candaya, all the way to theſe your grace's territiories: a thing incredibly miraculous, if not wrought by inchantment. She is now without the gate of this caſtle, waiting only for your grace's permiſſion to enter. This ſaid, the ſquire coughed, and with both his hands, ſtroaked his unweildy beard from the top to the bottom, and with a formal gravity expected the duke's anſwer.

Worthy ſquire Trifaldin with the white beard, ſaid the duke, long ſince have we heard of the misfortunes

of the counteſs Trifaldi, whom inchanters have occaſioned to be called the diſconſolate matron; and therefore, moſt ſtupendous ſquire, you may tell her that ſhe may make her entry; and that the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha is here preſent, on whoſe generous aſſiſtance ſhe may ſafely rely for redreſs. Inform her alſo from me, that, if ſhe has occaſion for my aid, ſhe may depend on my readineſs to do her ſervice, being obliged, as I am a knight, to be aiding and aſſiſting, to the utmoſt of my power, to all perſons of her ſex, in diſtreſs, eſpecially widow'd matrons, like her ladyſhip.

Trifaldin, hearing this, made his obeiſance with the knee, and beckoning to the fife and drums to obſerve his motion, they all marched out in the ſame ſolemn proceſſion as they entered, and left all the beholders in a deep admiration of his proportion and deportment.

Then the duke turning to Don Quixote, behold, Sir knight, ſaid he, how the light and glory of virtue dart their beams through the clouds of malice and ignorance, and ſhine to the remoteſt parts of the earth: 'tis hardly ſix days ſince you have vouchſafed to honour this caſtle with your preſence, and already the afflicted and diſtreſſed flock hitherto from the utmoſt regions, not in coaches, or on dromedaries, but on foot, and without eating by the way; ſuch is their confidence in the ſtrength of that arm, the fame of whoſe great exploits flies and ſpreads every where, and makes the whole world acquainted with your valour.

What would I give, my lord, ſaid Don Quixote, that the ſame holy pedant were here now, who t'other day at your table would have run down knight-errantry at ſuch a rate; that the teſtimony of his own eyes might convince him of the abſurdity of his error, and let him ſee, that the comfortleſs, and afflicted, do not in enormous misfortunes, and uncommon adver-

ſity, repair for redreſs to the doors of droning church-men, or your little ſacriſtans of villages; nor to the fire ſide of your country gentleman, who never travels beyond his land mark; nor to the lolling, lazy courtier, who rather hearkens after news, which he may relate, than endeavours to perform ſuch deeds as may deſerve to be recorded and related. No, the protection of damſels, the comfort of widows, the redreſs of the injured, and the ſupport of the diſtreſſed, are no where ſo perfectly to be expected as from the generous profeſſors of knight-errantry. Therefore I thank heaven a thouſand times, for having qualified me to anſwer the neceſſities of the miſerable by ſuch a function. As for the hardſhips and accidents that may attend me, I look upon 'em as no diſcouragement, ſince proceeding from ſo noble a cauſe. Then let this matron be admitted to make known her requeſt, and I will refer her for redreſs, to the force of my arm, and the intrepid reſolution of my couragious ſoul.

CHAP. XXXVII.

*The famous adventure of the diſconſolate * matron continued.*

THE duke and ducheſs were mightily pleas'd to find Don Quixote wrought up to a reſolution ſo agreeable to their deſign. But Sancho, who made his obſervations, was not ſo well ſatisfied. I am in a bodily fear, quoth he, that this ſame miſtreſs waiting woman will be a baulk to my preferment. I remember I once knew a Toledo pothecary that talk'd like a canary bird, and us'd to ſay, wherever come old waiting-women, good luck can happen there to no man. Body

* The Spaniſh is *duena*, which ſignifies an old waiting woman, or governante, as it is rendered in Quevedo's viſion.

of me, he knew 'em too well, and therefore valu'd 'em accordingly. He could have eaten 'em all with a grain of ſalt. Since then the beſt of 'em are ſo plaguy troubleſome and impertinent, what will thoſe be that are in doleful dumps, like this ſame counteſs three folds, three ſkirts, or three tails†, what d'ye call her? hold your tongue Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote: this matron that comes ſo far in ſearch of me, lives too remote to lie under the laſh of the apothecary's ſatire. Beſides, you are to remember ſhe's a counteſs; and when ladies of that quality become governantes, or waiting women, 'tis only to queens or empreſſes; and in their own houſes they are as abſolute ladies as any others, and attended by other waiting-women. Ay, ay, (cry'd Donna Rodriguez, who was preſent) there are ſome that ſerve my lady ducheſs here in that capacity, that might have been counteſſes too had they had better luck. But we are not all born to be rich, though we are all born to be honeſt. Let nobody then ſpeak ill of waiting-gentlewomen, eſpecially of thoſe that are ancient and maidens; for though I am none of thoſe, I eaſily conceive the advantage that a waiting-gentlewoman, who is a maiden, has over one that is a widow. When all's ſaid, whoever will offer to meddle with waiting-women will get little by't. Many go out for wool, and come home ſhorn themſelves. For all that, quoth Sancho, your waiting women are not ſo bare, but that they may be ſhorn, if my barber ſpoke truth: ſo that they had beſt not ſtir the rice, though it ſticks to the pot. Theſe ſquires, forſooth, anſwer'd Donna Rodriguez, muſt be always cocking up their noſes againſt us; as they are always haunting the anti-chambers, like a parcel of evil ſprights as they are, they ſee us whiſk in and out at all times; ſo when they are not at their devotion, which, heaven knows, is almoſt all

† *Trifaldi, the name of the counteſs, ſignifies three skirts, or three tails.*

the day long, they can find no other paſtime than to abuſe us, and tell idle ſtories of us, unburying our bones, and burying our reputation. But their tongues are no ſlander, and I can tell thoſe ſilly rake-ſhames, that, in ſpite of their flouts, we ſhall keep the upper hand of 'em, and live in the world in the better ſort of houſes, though we ſtarve for't, and cover our fleſh, whether delicate or not, with black gowns, as they cover a dung hill with a piece of tapeſtry when a proceſſion goes by. S'life, Sir, were this a proper time, I would convince you and all the world, that there's no virtue but is inclos'd within the ſtays of a waiting woman. I fancy, ſaid the ducheſs, that honeſt Rodriguez is much in the right: but we muſt now chuſe a fitter time for this diſpute, to confound the ill opinion of that wicked apothecary, and to root out that which the great Sancho Pança has fix'd in his breaſt. For my part, quoth Sancho, I won't diſpute with her; for ſince the thoughts of being a governor have ſteam'd up into my brains, all my concern for the ſquire is vaniſh'd into ſmoke; and I care not a wild fig for all the waiting-women in the world.

This ſubject would have engag'd 'em longer in diſcourſe, had they not been cut ſhort by the ſound of the fife and drums, that gave 'em notice of the diſconſolate matron's approach. Thereupon the ducheſs aſk'd the duke, how it might be proper to receive her? and how far ceremony was due to her quality as a counteſs? look you (quoth Sancho, ſtriking in before the duke could anſwer) I would adviſe ye to meet her counteſs-ſhip half way, but for the waiting woman-ſhip don't ſtir a ſtep. Who bids you trouble yourſelf? ſaid Don Quixote. Who bid me! anſwer'd Sancho, why I myſelf did. Han't I been ſquire to your worſhip, and thus ſerv'd a prenticeſhip to good manners? and han't I had the flower of courteſy for my maſter, who has often told me, a man may as well loſe at one and thirty, with a card too much, as a card too little?

good wits jump; a word to the wise is enough. Sancho says well, said the duke: to decide the matter, we will first see what kind of a countess she is, and behave ourselves accordingly.

Now the fife and the drums enter'd as before—— But here the author ends this short chapter, and begins another, prosecuting the same adventure, which is one of the most notable in the history.

CHAP. XXXVIII

The account which the disconsolate matron gives of her misfortune.

THE doleful drums and fife were follow'd by twelve elderly waiting-women that enter'd the garden, rank'd in pairs, all clad in large mourning habits, that seem'd to be of mill'd serge, over which they wore veils of white calicoe, so long, that nothing could be seen of their black dress, but the very bottom. After them came the countess Trifaldi, handed by her squire Trifaldin with the white beard The lady was dress'd in a suit of the finest bays; which, had it been napp'd, would have had tufts as big as rouncival pease. Her train, or tail which you will, was mathematically divided into three equal skirts or angles, and born up by three pages in mourning; and from this pleasant triangular figure of her train, as every one conjectur'd, was she called Trifaldi; as who would say, the countess of Threefolds, or Three Skirts. Bennegeli is of the same opinion, though he affirms that her true title was the countess of Lobuna*, or of Wolf Land, from the abundance of wolves bred in her country; and had they been foxes, she had, by the same rule, been called the countess of Zorruna ‡, or of Fox Land; it being

† *Lobo* is Spanish for a wolf.

* *Zorro* is Spanish for a he fox; whence these two words are deriv'd,

a cuſtom in thoſe nations, for great perſons to take their denominations from the commodity with which their country moſt abounds. However, this counteſs choſe to borrow her title from this new faſhion of her own invention, and leaving her name of Lobuna, took that of Trifaldi.

Her twelve female attendants approached with her in a proceſſion pace, with black veils over their faces, not tranſparent, like that of Trifaldin, but thick enough to hinder altogether the ſight of their countenances. As ſoon as the whole train of waiting women was come in, the duke and the ducheſs, and Don Quixote ſtood up, and ſo did all thoſe who were with 'em. Then the twelve women, ranging themſelves in two rows, made a lane for the counteſs to march up between 'em, which ſhe did, ſtill led by Trifadin, her ſquire. The duke, the ducheſs, and Don Quixote, advancing about a dozen paces to meet her, ſhe fell on her knees, and with a voice, rather hoarſe and rough, than clear and delicate, may it pleaſe your highneſſes, ſaid ſhe, to ſpare yourſelves the trouble of receiving with ſo much ceremony and compliment a man (woman I would ſay) who is your devoted ſervant. Alas! the ſenſe of my misfortunes has ſo troubled my intellectuals; that my reſponſes cannot be ſuppoſed able to anſwer the critical opinion of your preſence. My underſtanding has forſook me, and is gone a woolgathering, and ſure 'tis far remote; for the more I ſeek it, the more unlikely I am to find it again. The greateſt claim, madam, anſwered the duke, that we can lay to ſenſe, is a due reſpect, and decent deference to the worthineſs of your perſon, which, without any farther view, ſufficiently beſpeaks your merit and excellent qualifications. Then begging the honour of her hand, he led her up, and placed her in a chair by his ducheſs, who received her with all the ceremony ſuitable to the occaſion.

Don Quixote ſaid nothing all this while, and Sancho

was ſneaking about, and peeping under the veils of the lady's women; but to no purpoſe; for they kept themſelves very cloſe and ſilent, 'till ſhe at laſt thus began. *Confident I am, thrice potent lord, thrice beautiful lady, and thrice intelligent auditors, that my moſt unfortunate miſerableneſs, ſhall find in your moſt generous and compaſſionate bowels, a moſt miſericordial ſanctuary; my miſerableneſs, which is ſuch as would liquify marble, malleate ſteel, and mollify adamantine rocks. But before the rehearſal of my ineffable misfortunes enter, I won't ſay your ears, but the public mart of your hearing faculties, I earneſtly requeſt, that I may have cognizance, whether the cabal, choir, or conclave of this illuſtriſſimous appearance be not adorned with the preſence of the adjutoriferous Don Quixote de la Manchiſſima, and his ſquiriſſimous Pançi? Pança is at your Elbowiſſimus (quoth Sancho, before any body elſe could anſwer) and Don Quixotiſſimo likewiſe: therefore, moſt dolorous medem, you may tell out your teale; for we are all ready to be your ladyſhip's ſervitoriſſimous to the beſt of our cepecities, and ſo forth. Don Quixote then advanced, and, addreſſing the counteſs, if your misfortunes, embarraſſed lady, ſaid he, may hope any redreſs from the power and aſſiſtance of knight errantry, I offer you my force and courage, and, ſuch as they are, I dedicate 'em to your ſervice. I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whoſe profeſſion is a ſufficient obligation to ſuccour the diſtreſſed, without the formality of preambles, or the elegance of oratory to circumvent my favour. Therefore, pray, madam, let us know, by a ſuccinct and plain account of your calamities, what remedies ſhould be applied; and, if your griefs are ſuch as do not admit of a cure, aſſure yourſelf at leaſt, that we will comfort you in your afflictions, by ſympathizing in your ſorrow.

The lady, hearing this, threw herſelf at Don Quix-

* A fuſtian ſpeech contrived on purpoſe, and imitated by Sancho.

ote's feet, in ſpite of his kind endeavours to he contrary; and ſtriving to embrace 'em, moſt invincible knight, ſaid ſhe, I proſtrate myſelf at theſe feet, the foundations and pillars of chivalry-errant, the ſupporters of my drooping ſpirits, whoſe indefatigable ſteps alone can haſten my relief, and the cure of my afflictions. O valorous knight errant, whoſe real atchievements eclipſe and obſcure the fabulous legend of the Amadiſes, Eſplandians, and Belianiſes! then, turning from Don Quixote, ſhe laid hold on Sancho, and ſqueezing his hands very hard, and thou, the moſt loyal ſquire, that ever attended on the magnanimity of knight errantry, whoſe goodneſs is more extenſive than the beard of my uſher Trifaldin! how happily have thy ſtars placed thee under the diſcipline of the whole martial college of chivalry profeſſors, centered and epitomized in the ſingle Don Quixote! I conjure thee, by thy love of goodneſs, and thy unſpotted loyalty to ſo great a maſter, to employ thy moving and interceding eloquence in my behalf, that eſtſoons his favour may ſhine upon this humble, and moſt diſconſolate counteſs.

Look you, madam counteſs, quoth Sancho, as for meaſuring my goodneſs by your ſquire's beard, that's neither here nor there; ſo my ſoul go to heaven when I depart this life, I don't matter the reſt; for, as for the beards of this world, 't's not what I ſtand upon; ſo that without all this pawing and wheedling, I'll put in a word for you to my maſter. I know he loves me, and beſides, at this time, he ſtands in need of me about a certain buſineſs, and he ſhall do what he can for you. But pray diſcharge your burdened mind; unload, and let us ſee what griefs you bring, and then leave us to take care of the reſt.

The duke and ducheſs were ready to burſt with laughing, to find the adventure run in this pleaſant ſtrain; and they admired, at the ſame time, the rare

cunning and management of Trifaldi, who, re aſſuming her ſeat, thus began her ſtory.

The famous kingdom of Candaya, ſituated between the great Tabrobana and the ſouth ſea, about two leagues beyond C pe Comorin, had, for it's queen, the lady Donna Maguntia, whoſe huſband, king Archipielo, dying, left the princeſs Antonomaſia, their only child, heireſs to the crown. This princeſs was educated, and brought up under my care and direction; I being the eldeſt, and firſt lady of the bed chamber to the queen, her mother. In proceſs of time, the young princeſs arrived at the age of fourteen y ars, and appeared ſo perfectly beautiful, that it was not in the power of nature to give any addition to her charms: what's yet more, her mind was no leſs adorned than her body. Wiſdom itſelf was but a fool to her: ſhe was no leſs diſcreet than fair, and the faireſt creature in the world; and ſo ſhe is ſtill, unleſs the fatal knife, or unrelenting ſheers of the envious and inflexible ſiſters have cut her tread of life. But ſure the heavens would not permit ſuch an injury to be done to the earth, as the untimely lopping off the lovelieſt branch that ever adorned the garden of the world.

Her beauty, which my unpoliſhed tongue can never ſufficiently praiſe, attracting all eyes, ſoon got her a world of adorers, many of 'em princes, who were her neighbours, and more diſtant foreigners. Among the reſt, a private knight, who reſided at court, was ſo audacious as to raiſe his thoughts to that heaven of beauty. This young gentleman was indeed maſter of all gallantries that the air of his courtly education could inſpire; and ſo confiding on his youth, his handſome mien, his agreeable air and dreſs, his graceful carriage, and the charms of his eaſy wit, and other qualifications, he followed the impulſe of his inordinate and moſt preſumptuous paſſion. I muſt needs ſay, that he was an extraordinary perſon, he played to a miracle on the guittar, and made it ſpeak not on-

ly to the ears, but to the very ſoul. He danced to admiration, and had ſuch a rare knack at making of bird-cages, that he might have got an eſtate by that very art; and, to ſum up all his accompliſhments, he was a poet. So many parts and endowments were ſufficient to have moved a mountain, and much more the heart of a young tender virgin. But all his fine arts and ſoothing behaviour had proved ineffectual againſt the virtue and reſervedneſs of my beautiful charge, if the damn'd cunning rogue had not firſt conquered me. The deceitful villain endeavoured to ſeduce the keeper, ſo to ſecure the keys of the fortreſs: in ſhort, he ſo ply'd me with pleaſing trifles, and ſo inſinuated himſelf into my ſoul, that at laſt he perfectly bewitched me, and made me give way before I was aware, to what I ſhould never have permitted. But that which firſt wrought me to his purpoſe, and undermined my virtue, was a curſed copy of verſes he ſung one night under my window, which, if I remember right, began thus.

A SONG.

'A Secret fire conſumes my heart;
'And to augment my raging pain,
'The charming foe that rais'd the ſmart,
'Denies me freedom to complain.
'But ſure 'tis juſt, we ſhould conceal
'The bliſs and woe in love we feel:
'For oh! what human tongue can tell
'The joys of heaven, or pains of hell.

The words were to me ſo many pearls of eloquence, and his voice ſweeter to my ears than ſugar to the taſte. The reflexion on the misfortune which theſe verſes brought on me, has often made me applaud Plato's deſign of baniſhing all poets from a good and well-governed commonwealth, eſpecially thoſe who write wantonly or laſciviouſly. For, inſtead of com-

poſing lamentable verſes, like thoſe of the marquiſs of Mantua, that make the women and children cry by the fireſide, they try their ut noſt ſkill on ſuch ſoft ſtrokes as enter the ſoul, and wound it, like that thunder which hurts and con umes all within, yet leaves the garment ſound. Another time he entertained me with the following ſong.

A SONG.

'DEATH, put on ſome kind diſguiſe,
'And at once my heart ſurprize;
'For 'tis ſuch a curſe to live,
'And ſo great a bliſs to die;
'Shouldſt thou any warning give,
'I'd relapſe to life for joy.

Many other verſes of this kind he ply'd me with, which charmed when read, but tranſported when ſung. For you muſt know, that when our eminent poets debaſe themſelves to the writing a ſort of compoſure called Love Madrigals, and Roundelays, now much in vogue in Candaya, thoſe verſes are no ſooner heard, but they preſently produce a dancing of ſouls, tickling of fancies, emotion of ſpirits, and, in ſhort, a pleaſing diſtemper in the whole body, as if quickſilver ſhook it in every part.

So that once more I pronounce thoſe poets very dangerous, and fit to be baniſhed to the iſles of lizards. Though truly, I muſt confeſs, the fault is rather chargeable on thoſe fooliſh people that commend, and the ſilly wenches that believe 'em. For had I been as cautious as my place required, his amorous ſerenades could never have moved me, nor would I have believed his poetical cant, ſuch as, I dying live, I born in ice, I ſhiver in flames, I hope in deſpair, I go, yet ſtay; with a thouſand ſuch contradictions, which make up the greateſt part of thoſe kind of compoſitions. As ridi-

culous are their promiſes of the phoenix of Arabia, Ariadne's crown, the courſers of the ſun, the pearls of the ſouthern ocean, the gold of Tagus, the balſam of Panchaya, and heaven knows what! by the way, 'tis obſervable, that theſe poets are very liberal of their gifts, which they know they never can make good.

But whither, woe's me, whither do I wander, miſerable woman? what madneſs prompts me to accuſe the faults of others, having ſo long a ſcore of my own to anſwer for! alas! not his verſes, but my own inclination: not his muſic, but my own levity; not his wit, but my own folly, opened a paſſage, and levelled the way for Don Clavijo (for that was the name of the knight). In ſhort, I procured him admittance, and by my connivance, he very often had natural familiarity with Antonomaſia, who, poor lady, was rather deluded by me, than by him. But, wicked as I was, 'twas upon the honourable ſcore of marriage; for had he not been engaged to be her huſband, he ſhould not have touched the very ſhadow of her ſhoe ſtring. No: no: matrimony, matrimony, I ſay, for without that, I'll never meddle in any ſuch concern. The greateſt fault in this buſineſs, was the diſparity of their conditions; he being but a private knight, and ſhe heireſs to the crown. Now this intrigue was kept very cloſe for ſome time by my cautious management; but at laſt a certain kind of ſwelling in Antonomaſia's belly began to tell tales; ſo that, conſulting upon the matter, we found there was but one way; Don Clavijo ſhould demand the young lady in marriage before the curate †, by virtue of a promiſe under her hand, which I dictated for the purpoſe, and ſo binding, that all the ſtrength of Samſon himſelf could not have broke the

† In Spain, when a young couple have promiſed each other marriage, and the parents obſtruct it, either party may have recourſe to the vicar, who, examining the caſe, has full power to bring them together; and this it is the counteſs ridiculouſly alludes to in her ſtory.

tie. The buſineſs was put in execution, the note was produc'd before the prieſt, who examin'd the lady, and, finding her confeſſion to agree with the tenor of the contract, put her in cuſtody of a very honeſt ſerjeant. Bleſs us, quoth Sancho, ſerjeants too; and poets, and ſongs, and verſes in your country! o' my conſcience, I think the world's the ſame all the world over? but go on, madam Trifaldi, I beſeech you, for 'tis late, and I am upon thorns till I know the end of this long winded ſtory. I will, anſwer'd the counteſs.

CHAP. XXXIX.

Where Trifaldi continues her ſtupenduous and memorable ſtory.

IF every word that Sancho ſpoke gave the ducheſs new pleaſure, every thing he ſaid put Don Quixote to as much pain; ſo that he commanded him ſilence, and gave the matron opportunity to go on. In ſhort, ſaid ſhe, the buſineſs was debated a good while, and after many queſtions and anſwers, the princeſs firmly perſiſting in her firſt declaration, judgment was given in favour of Don Clavijo, which queen Maguntia, her mother, took ſo to heart, that we bury'd her about three days after. Then without doubt ſhe dy'd, quoth Sancho. That's a clear caſe, reply'd Trifaldin, for in Candaya they don't uſe to bury the living, but the dead. But with your good leave, Mr. ſquire, anſwer'd Sancho, people that were in a ſwoon have been bury'd alive before now, and methinks queen Maguntia ſhould only have ſwoon'd away, and not have been in ſuch haſte to have dy'd in good earneſt; for while there's life there's hopes, and there's a remedy for all things but death. I don't find the young lady was ſo much out of the way neither, that the mo-

ther ſhould lay it ſo grievouſly to heart. Indeed had ſhe marry'd a footman, or ſome other ſervant in the family, as I am told many others have done, it had been a very bad buſineſs, and paſt curing; but for the queen to make ſuch a heavy outcry when her daughter marry'd ſuch a fine bred young knight, faith and troth, I think the buſineſs had been better made up. 'Twas a ſlip, but not ſuch a heinous one as one would think: for as my maſter here ſays, and he wont let me tell a lie, as of ſcholars they make biſhops, ſo of your knights (chiefly if they be errant) one may eaſily make kings and emperors.

That's moſt certain, ſaid Don Quixote, turn a knight-errant looſe into the wide world with two pennyworth of good fortune, and he is in *potentia propinqua* (*proxima* I would ſay) the greateſt emperor in the world. But let the lady proceed, for hitherto her ſtory has been very pleaſant, and I doubt the moſt bitter part of it is ſtill untold. The moſt bitter truly, Sir, anſwer'd ſhe; and ſo bitter, that wormwood, and every bitter herb, compared to it, are as ſweet as honey.

The queen being really dead, continu'd ſhe, and not in a trance, we bury'd her, and ſcarce had we done her the laſt offices, and taken our laſt leaves, when (*quis talia fando temperet a lachrymis?* who can relate ſuch woes and not be drown'd in tears?) the giant Malambruno, couſin-german to the deceas'd queen, who, beſides his native cruelty, was alſo a magician, appear'd upon her grave, mounted on a wooden horſe, and by his dreadful angry looks, ſhew'd he came thither to revenge the death of his relation, by puniſhing Don Clavijo for his preſumption, and Antonomaſia for her overſight. Accordingly, he immediately inchanted them both upon the very tomb, transforming her into a brazen female monkey, and the young knight into a hideous crocodile of an unknown metal; and between them both he ſet an inſcription in the Syriack

tongue, which we have got ſince tranſlated into the Candayan; and then into Spaniſh, to this effect.

"These two preſumptuous lovers ſhall never recover their natural ſhapes, till the valorous knight of "la Mancha enter into a ſingle combat with me: for, "by the irrevocable decrees of fate, this unheard of "adventure is reſerv'd for his unheard of courage".

This done, he drew a broad ſcymitar of a monſtrous ſize, and, catching me faſt by the hair, made an offer to cut my throat, or to whip off my head. I was frighted almoſt to death, my hair ſtood an end, and my tongue cleav'd to the roof of my mouth. However, recovering myſelf as well as I cou'd, trembling and weeping, I begg'd mercy in ſuch a moving accent, and in ſuch tender melting words, that at laſt my intreaties prevail'd on him to ſtop the cruel execution. In ſhort he order'd all the waiting women at court to be brought before him, the ſame that you ſee here at preſent; and after he had aggravated our breach of truſt, and rail'd againſt the deceitful practices, mercenary procuring, and what elſe he could urge in ſcandal of our profeſſion, and it's very being, reviling us for the fact of which I alone ſtood guilty; I will not puniſh you with inſtant death, ſaid he, but inflict a puniſhment which ſhall be a laſting and eternal mortification. Now, in the very inſtant of his denouncing our ſentence, we felt the pores of our faces to open, and all about 'em perceiv'd an itching pain, like the pricking of pins and needles. Thereupon clapping our hands to our faces, we found 'em as you ſhall ſee 'em immediately; ſaying this, the diſconſolate matron and her attendants, throwing off their veils, expos'd their faces all rough with briſtly beards; ſome red, ſome black, ſome white, and others motley. The duke and ducheſs admir'd, Don Quixote and Sancho were aſtoniſh'd, and the ſtanders by were thunderſtruck. Thus, ſaid the counteſs, proceeding, has that

murthering and bloody-minded Malambruno ſerv'd us, and planted theſe rough and horrid briſtles on our faces, otherwiſe moſt delicately ſmooth. Oh! that he had chopp'd off our heads with his monſtrous ſcymitar, rather than to have diſgraced our faces with theſe bruſhes upon 'em! for, gentlemen, if you rightly conſider it, and truly, what I have to ſay ſhould be attended with a flood of tears; but ſuch rivers and oceans have fallen from me already upon this doleful ſubject, that my eyes are as dry as chaff; and therefore pray let me ſpeak without tears at this time. Where, alas! ſhall a waiting woman dare to ſhew her head with ſuch a furz buſh upon her chin? what charitable perſon will entertain her? what relations will own her? at the beſt we can ſcarcely make our faces paſſable, though we torture 'em with a thouſand ſlops and waſhes, and even thus we have much ado to get the men to care for us. What will become of her then that wears a thicket upon her face! oh ladies, and companions of my miſery! in an ill hour were we begot, and in a worſe came we into the world! with theſe words the diſconſolate matron ſeem'd to faint away.

CHAP. XL.

Of ſome things that relate to this adventure, and appertain to this memorable hiſtory.

ALL perſons that love to read hiſtories of the nature of this, muſt certainly be very much oblig'd to Cid Hamet, the original author, who has taken ſuch care in delivering every minute particular diſtinctly entire, without concealing the leaſt circumſtances that might heighten the humour, or, if omitted, have obſcur'd the light and the truth of the ſtory. He draws lively pictures of the thoughts, diſcovers the imagi-

nations, ſatisfies curiosity in ſecrets, clears doubts, reſolves arguments; and, in ſhort, makes manifeſt the leaſt atoms of the moſt inquiſitive deſire! O moſt famous author! O fortunate Don Quixote! O renown'd Dulcinea! O facetious Sancho! jointly and ſeverally may you live and continue to the lateſt poſterity, for the general delight and recreation of mankind—But the ſtory goes on—

Now, on my honeſt word, quoth Sancho, when he ſaw the matron in a ſwoon, and by the blood of all the Pança's, my forefathers, I never heard nor ſaw the like, neither did my maſter ever tell me, or ſo much as conceit in that working head piece of his, ſuch an adventure as this. Now all the devils in hell (and I would not curſe any body) run away with thee for an inchanting ſon of a whore, thou damn'd giant Malambruno! Couldſt thou find no other puniſhment for theſe poor ſinners, but by clapping ſcrubbing bruſhes about their muzzles, with a pox to you? had it not been much better to ſlit their noſtrils half way up their noſes, tho' they had ſnuffl'd for it a little, than to have planted theſe quick-ſet hedges o'er their chaps? I'll lay any man a wager now, the poor devils have not money enough to pay for their ſhaving.

'Tis but too true, Sir, ſaid one of them, we have not wherewithal to pay for taking our beards off; ſo that ſome of us to ſave charges, are forc'd to lay on plaiſters of pitch that pull away roots and all, and leave our chins as ſmooth as the bottom of a ſtone mortar. There is indeed a ſort of women in Candaya, that go about from houſe to houſe, to take off the down or hairs that grow about the face †, trim the

† There are a ſort of women barbers in Spain that take the down off women's faces, and ſell them waſhes, and theſe are commonly reputed to be given to bawding. This down the Spaniards call *bello*, from the Latin *vellus* I (ſuppoſe) which means a fleece or fell, (from the ſame *vellus*.) *Bello* is alſo Spaniſh for handſome, from *bellus*, Latin. In old Spaniſh books *bella* is riches, to intimate there's nothing hand-

eye-brows, and do twenty other little private jobbs for the women; but we here, who are my lady's Duennas, wou'd never have any thing to do with them, for they have got ill names; for though formerly they got free acceſs, and paſs'd for relations, now they are look'd upon to be no better than bawds. So if my lord Don Quixote do not relieve us, our beards will ſtick by us as long as we live. I'll have mine pluck'd off hair by hair among the Moors, anſwer'd Don Quixote, rather than not free you from yours. Ah, valorous knight! (cry'd the counteſs Trifaldi, recovering that moment from her fit) the ſweet ſound of your promiſe reach'd my hearing in the very midſt of my trance, and has perfectly reſtor'd my ſenſes. I beſeech you therefore, once again, moſt illuſtrious Sir, and invincible knight errant, that your gracious promiſe may ſoon have the wiſh'd-for effect. I'll be guilty of no neglect, madam, anſwer'd Don Quixote: point out the way, and you ſhall ſoon be convinc'd of my readineſs to ſerve you

You muſt know then, Sir, ſaid the diſconſolate lady, from this place to the kingdom of Candaya, by computation, we reckon above five thouſand leagues, two or three more or leſs: but if you ride through the air in a direct line, 'tis not above three thouſand two hundred and twenty ſeven. You are likewiſe to underſtand that Malambruno told me, that when fortune ſhould make me find out the knight who is to diſſolve our inchantment, he would ſend him a famous ſteed, much eaſier and leſs reſty and full of tricks, than thoſe jades that are commonly let out to hire, as being the ſame wooden horſe that carry'd the valorous Peter of Provence, and the fair Magalona, when he ſtole her away. 'Tis manag'd by a wooden peg in its forehead, inſtead of a bridle, and flies as ſwiftly through the air, as if all the devils in hell were ſwitching him, or blowing

ſome without being rich. Accordingly Horace ſays---. *Formam regina pecunia donet,*

fire in his tail. The courſer; tradition delivers, to have been the handywork of the ſage Merlin, who never lent him to any but particular friends, or when he was paid ſauce for him. Among others, his friend Peter of Provence borrow'd him, and by the help of his wonderful ſpeed, ſtole away the fair Magalona, as I ſaid, ſetting her behind on the crupper; for you muſt know he carries double, and ſo tow'ring up in the air, he left the people that ſtood near the place whence he ſtarted, gaping, ſtaring, and amaz'd.

Since that journey, we have heard of no body that has back'd him. But this we know, that Malambruno ſince that got him by his art; and has us'd him ever ſince, to poſt about to all parts of the world. He's here to-day, and to-morrow in France, and the next day in America: and one of the beſt properties of the horſe is, that he coſts not a farthing in keeping; for he neither eats nor ſleeps, neither needs he any ſhoeing; beſides, without having wings, he ambles ſo very eaſy through the air, that you may carry in your hand a cup full of water a thouſand leagues, and not ſpill a drop; ſo that the fair Magalona lov'd mightily to ride him.

Nay, quoth Sancho, as for an eaſy pacer, commend me to my Dapple. Indeed he's none of your high flyers, he can't gallop in the air: but on the king's highway, he ſhall pace ye with the beſt ambler that ever went on four legs. This ſet the whole company a laughing. But then the diſconſolate lady going on; this horſe, ſaid ſhe, will certainly be here within half an hour after 'tis dark, if Malambruno deſigns to put an end to our misfortunes, for that was the ſign by which I ſhould diſcover my deliverer. And pray, forſooth, quoth Sancho, how many will this ſame horſe carry upon occaſion? Two, anſwer'd ſhe, one in the ſaddle, and t'other behind on the crupper: and thoſe two are commonly the knight and the ſquire, if ſome ſtolen damſel be not to be one. Good diſconſolate

madam, quoth Sancho, I'd fain know the name of this ſame nag. The horſe's name, anſwer'd ſhe, is neither Pegaſus, like Bellephoron's; nor Bucephalus, like Alexander's; nor Brilladoro, like Orlando's; nor Bayard, like Rinaldo's; nor Frontin, like Rogero's; nor Bootes, nor Pyrithous, like the horſes of the ſun; neither is he call'd Orelia, like the horſe which Rodrigo, the laſt king of Spain, of the Gothick race, beſtrid that unfortunate day, when he loſt the battle, the kingdom, and his life. I'll lay you a wager, quoth Sancho, ſince the horſe goes by none of thoſe famous names, he does not go by that of Rozinante neither, which is my maſter's horſe, and another-gueſs beaſt than you've reckon'd up. 'Tis very right, anſwer'd the bearded lady: however, he has a very proper and ſignificant name; for he is call'd Clavileno, or Wooden-Peg the ſwift, from the wooden peg in his forehead; ſo that for the ſignificancy of name at leaſt he may be compared with Rozinante. I find no fault with his name, quoth Sancho; but what kind of bridle or halter do you manage him with? I told you already, reply'd ſhe, that he is guided with the peg, which being turn'd this way or that way, he moves accordingly, either mounting aloft in the air, or almoſt bruſhing and ſweeping the ground, or elſe flying in the middle region, the way which ought indeed moſt to be choſen in all affairs of life. I ſhould be glad to ſee this notable tit, quoth Sancho, but don't deſire to get on his back, either before or behind. No, by my holy dame, you may as well expect pears from an elm. 'Twere a pretty jeſt, I trow, for me that can hardly ſit my own Dapple, with a pack ſaddle, as ſoft as ſilk, to ſuffer myſelf to be hors'd upon a hard wooden thing, without either cuſhion or pillow under his buttocks. Before George? I won't gall my backſide to take off the beſt lady's beard in the land. Let them that have beards wear 'em ſtill, or get 'em whipp'd off as they think beſt; I'll not take ſuch a long jaunt with my maſter, not I. There

is no need of me in this ſhaving of beards, as there was in Dulcinea's buſineſs. Upon my word, dear Sir, but there is, reply'd Triſaldi, and ſo much, that without you nothing can be done. God ſave the king! cry'd Sancho, what have we ſquires to do with our maſter's adventures? We muſt bear the trouble forſooth, and they run away with the credit! Body o' me, 'twere ſomething, would thoſe that write their ſtories, but give the ſquires their due ſhare in their books: as thus, 'Such a knight ended ſuch an adventure; 'but it was with the help of ſuch a one his ſquire, 'without which the devil a bit could he ever have 'done it.' But they ſhall barely tell you in their hiſtories, 'Sir Paralipomenon, knight of the three ſtars, 'ended the adventure of the ſix hobgoblins;' and not a word all the while of his ſquire's perſon, as if there were no ſuch man, though he was by all the while, poor devil. In ſhort, good people, I don't like it; and once more I ſay, my maſter may e'en go by himſelf for Sancho, and joy betide him. I'll ſtay and keep [illegible] dam ducheſs company here, and mayhap by that time he comes back, he'll find his lady Dulcinea's buſineſs pretty forward; for I mean to give my bare breech a jirking till I bruſh off the very hair, at idle times, that is, when I've nothing elſe to do.

Nevertheleſs, honeſt Sancho, ſaid the ducheſs, if your company be neceſſary in this adventure, you muſt go; for all good people will make it their buſineſs to intreat you; and 'twould look very ill, that through your vain fears, theſe poor gentlewomen ſhould remain thus with rough and briſtly faces. God ſave the king, I cry again, ſaid Sancho, were it a piece of charity for the relief of ſome good ſober gentlewomen, or poor innocent hoſpital girls, ſomething might be ſaid: but to gall my backſide, and venture my neck, to unbeard a pack of idling trollopping chamber-jades, with a murrain! not I, let them go elſewhere for a ſhaver; I wiſh I might ſee the whole tribe of 'em wear beards from

the higheſt to the loweſt, from the proudeſt to the primmeſt, all hairy like ſo many ſhe-goats. You are very angry with waiting-women, Sancho, ſaid the ducheſs: that pothecary has inſpir'd you with this bitter ſpirit. But you're to blame, friend, for I'll aſſure you there are ſome in my family, that may ſerve for patterns of diſcretion to all thoſe of their function; and Donna Rodriguez here will let me ſay no leſs. Ay, ay, madam, ſaid Donna Rodriguez, your grace may ſay what you pleaſe: this is a cenſorious world we live in, but heaven knows all; and whether good or bad, bearded or unbearded, we waiting gentlewomen had mothers as well as the reſt of our ſex; and ſince providence has made us as we are, and plac'd us in the world, it knows wherefore, and ſo we truſt in it's mercy, and no body's beard? Enough, Donna Rodriguez, ſaid Don Quixote; as for you, lady Trifaldi, and the other diſtreſſed matrons, I hope that heaven will ſpeedily look with a pitying eye on your ſorrows, and that Sancho will do as I ſhall deſire. I only wiſh Clavileno would once come, that I may encounter Malambruno, for I am ſure no razor ſhould be more expeditious in ſhaving your ladyſhip's beard, than my ſword to ſhave that giant's head from his ſhoulders: heaven may a while permit the wicked, but not for ever.

Ah! moſt valorous champion, ſaid the diſconſolate matron, may all the ſtars in the celeſtial regions ſhed their moſt propitious influence on your generous valour, which thus ſupports the cauſe of our unfortunate office, ſo expos'd to the poiſonous rancour of apothecaries, and ſo revil'd by ſaucy grooms and ſquires. Now all ill luck attend the low ſpirited quean, who, in the flower of her youth, will not rather chooſe to turn nun, than waiting woman! poor forlorn contemn'd creatures as we are! though deſcended in a direct line from father to ſon, from Hector of Troy himſelf, yet would not our ladies find a more civil way to ſpeak to us, than thee and thou, though it were to

gain 'em a kingdom. O giant Malambruno! thou, who though an inchanter, art always moſt faithful to thy word, ſend us the peerleſs Clavileno, that our misfortunes may have an end. For if the weather grows hotter than it is, and theſe ſhaggy beards ſtill ſprout about our faces, what a ſad pickle will they be in!

The diſconſolate lady utter'd theſe lamentations in ſo pathetic a manner, that the tears of all the ſpectators waited on her complaints; and even Sancho himſelf began to water his plants, and condeſcended at leaſt to ſhare in the adventure, and attend his maſter to the very fag end of the world, ſo he might contribute to the clearing away the weeds that overſpread thoſe venerable faces.

CHAP XLI.

Of Clavileno's * (alias *Wooden-Peg's*) *arrival, with the concluſion of this tedious adventure.*

THESE diſcourſes brought on the night, and with it the appointed time for the famous Clavileno's arrival. Don Quixote, very impatient at his delay, began to fear, that either he was not the knight for whom this adventure was reſerved, or elſe that the giant Malambruno had not courage to enter into a ſingle combat with him. But, unexpectedly, who ſhould enter the garden, but four ſavages covered with green ivy, bearing on their ſhoulders a large wooden horſe, which they ſet upon his legs before the company; and then one of them cry'd out, now let him that has the courage, mount this engine—I am not he, quoth Sancho, for I have no courage, nor am I a knight—and let him take his ſquire behind him, if he has one (continu'd

* A name compounded of the two Spaniſh words, *clavo*, a nail or pin, and *leno*, wood.

the ſavage) with this aſſurance from the valorous Malambruno, that no foul play ſhall be offer'd, nor will he uſe any thing but his ſword to offend him 'Tis but only turning the peg before him, and the horſe will tranſport him through the air to the place where Malambruno attends their coming. But let them blindfold their eyes, leaſt the dazzling and ſtupendious height of their career ſhould make 'em giddy; and let the neighing of the horſe inform 'em that they are arriv'd at their journey's end. Thus having made his ſpeech, the ſavage turn'd about with his companions, and leaving Clavileno, march'd out handſomely the ſame way they came in.

The diſconſolate matron ſeeing the horſe, almoſt with tears, addreſſed Don Quixote; valorous knight, cry'd ſhe, Malambruno is a man of his word, the horſe is here, our beards bud on; therefore I and every one of us conjure you by all the hairs on our chins, to haſten our deliverance; ſince there needs no more, but that you and your ſquire get up, and give a happy beginning to your intended journey. Madam, anſwer'd Don Quixote, I'll do't with all my heart, I will not ſo much as ſtay for a cuſhion, or to put on my ſpurs, but mount inſtantly; ſuch is my impatience to diſbeard your ladyſhip's face, and reſtore ye all to your former graceſulneſs. That's more than I ſhould do, quoth Sancho, I an't in ſuch plaguy haſte, not I; and if the quickſet hedges on their ſnouts can't be lopp'd off without my riding on that hard crupper, let my maſter furniſh himſelf with another ſquire, and theſe gentlewomen get ſome other barber. I'm no witch ſure, to ride through the air at this rate on a broomſtick! what will my iſlanders ſay, think ye, when they hear their governor is flying like a paper-kite? beſides, 'tis three or four thouſand leagues from hence to Candaya, and what if the horſe ſhould tire upon the road? or the giant grow humourſome? what would become of us then? we may be ſeven years a getting home again; and heaven knows

by that time, what would become of my government; neither iſland nor dryland would know poor Sancho again. No, no, I know better things; what ſays the old proverb? Delays breed danger; and when a cow's given thee, run and halter her! I am the gentlewomen's humble ſervant, but they and their beards muſt excuſe me, faith! St. Peter is well at Rome, that is to ſay, here I'm much made of, and by the maſter of the houſe's good-will, I hope to ſee myſelf a governor. Friend Sancho, ſaid the duke, as for your iſland, it neither floats nor ſtirs, ſo there's no fear it ſhould run away before you come back; the foundations of it are fix'd and rooted in the profound abyſs of the earth. Now, becauſe you muſt needs think I cannot but know, that there is no kind of office of any value that is not purchas'd with ſome ſort of bribe or gratification, of one kind or other, all that I expect for advancing you to this government, is only that you wait on your maſter in this expedition, that there may be an end of this memorable adventure: and I here engage my honour, that whether you return on Clavileno with all the ſpeed his ſwiftneſs promiſes, or that it ſhould be your ill fortune to be oblig'd to foot it back like a pilgrim, begging from inn to inn, and door to door, ſtill whenever you come, you will find your iſland where you left it, and your iſlanders as glad to receive you for their governor as ever. And for my own part, Signor Sancho, I'll aſſure you, you'd very much wrong my friendſhip, ſhould you in the leaſt doubt my readineſs to ſerve you. Good your worſhip ſay no more, cry'd Sancho, I am but a poor ſquire, and your goodneſs is too great a load for my ſhoulders. But hang baſeneſs; mount, maſter, and blindfold me, ſomebody; wiſh me a good voyage, and pray for me—But hark ye, good folks, when I am got up, and flying in the ſkies, mayn't I ſay my prayers, and call on the angels myſelf to help me, trow? Yes, yes, anſwer'd Trifaldi; for Malambruno, though an inchanter, is nevertheleſs a Chriſtian, and does all things

with a great deal of ſagacity, having nothing to do with thoſe he ſhould not meddle with. Come on then, quoth Sancho, God and the moſt holy Trinity of Gaeta† help me! Thy fear, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, might by a ſuperſtitious mind be thought ominous; ſince the adventure of the fulling-mills, I have not ſeen thee poſſeſs'd with ſuch a panick terror. But, hark ye, begging this noble company's leave, I muſt have a word with you in private. Then withdrawing into a diſtant part of the garden among ſome trees; my dear Sancho, ſaid he, thou ſeeſt we are going to take a long journey; thou art no leſs ſenſible of the uncertainty of our return, and heaven alone can tell what leiſure or conveniency we may have in all that time: let me therefore beg thee to ſlip aſide to thy chamber, as if it were to get thyſelf ready for our journey; and there preſently diſpatch me only ſome 500 laſhes, on the account of the 3300 thou ſtandeſt engaged for; 'twill ſoon be done, and a buſineſs well begun, you know, is half ended. Stark mad, before George, cry'd Sancho. I wonder you are not aſham'd, Sir. This is juſt as they ſay, you ſee me in haſte, and aſk me for a maidenhead? I am juſt going to ride the wooden horſe, and you would have me flay my backſide. Truly, truly, you're plaguily out this time. Come, come, Sir, let's do one thing after another; let us get off theſe women's whiſkers, and then I'll feague it away for Dulcinea; I have no more to ſay on the matter at preſent. Well, honeſt Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, I'll take thy word for once, and I hope thou'lt make it good; for I believe thou art more fool than knave. I am what I am, quoth Sancho; but whatever I be, I'll keep my word, ne'er fear it.

Upon this they return'd to the company; and juſt as they were going to mount, blind thy eyes, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, and get up. Sure he that ſends ſo far for us, can have no deſign to deceive us! ſince 'twould

† A church in Italy, of ſpecial devotion to the bleſſed Trinity.

never be to his credit, to delude thoſe that rely on his word of honour; and though the ſucceſs ſhould not be anſwerable to our deſires, ſtill the glory of ſo brave an attempt will be ours, and 'tis not in the power of malice to eclipſe it. To horſe then, Sir, cry'd Sancho, to horſe: the tears of thoſe poor bearded gentlewomen have melted my heart, and methinks I feel the briſtles ſticking in it. I ſhan't eat a bit to do me good, till I ſee them have as pretty dimpled ſmooth chins and ſoft lips as they had before. Mount then, I ſay, and blindfold yourſelf firſt; for if I muſt ride behind, 'tis a plain caſe you muſt get up before me. That's right, ſaid Don Quixote; and with that pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket, he gave it to the diſconſolate matron to hoodwink him cloſe. She did ſo; but preſently after, uncovering himſelf, if I remember right, ſaid he, we read in Virgil, of the Trojan Palladium, that wooden horſe which the Greeks offered Pallas, full of arm'd knights, who afterwards prov'd the total ruin of that famous city. 'Twere prudent therefore, before we got up, to probe this ſteed, and ſee what he has in his guts. You need not, ſaid the counteſs Trifaldi, I dare engage there's no ground for any ſuch ſurmiſe; for Malambruno is a man of honour, and would not ſo much as countenance any baſe or treacherous practice; and whatever accident befals ye, I dare anſwer for. Upon this Don Quixote mounted without any reply, imagining that what he might further urge concerning his ſecurity, would be a reflexion on his valour. He then began to try the pin, which was eaſily turn'd; and as he ſat with his long legs ſtretch'd at length for want of ſtirrups, he look'd like one of thoſe antique figures in a Roman triumph, woven in ſome old piece of arras.

Sancho very leiſurely and unwillingly was made to climb up behind him, and fixing himſelf as well as he could on the crupper, felt it ſomewhat hard and uneaſy. With that, looking on the duke, good my lord, quoth he, will you lend me ſomething to clap under

me; ſome pillow from the page's bed, or the ducheſs's cuſhion of ſtate, or any thing; for this horſe's crupper is ſo confounded hard, I fancy 'tis rather marble than wood. 'Tis needleſs, ſaid the counteſs, for Clavileno will bear no kind of furniture upon him; ſo that for your greater eaſe, you had beſt ſit ſideways like a woman. Sancho took her advice; and then, after he had taken his leave of the company, they bound a cloth over his eyes. But preſently after uncovering his face, with a pitiful look on all the ſpectators, good tender-hearted Chriſtians, (cry'd he with tears in his eyes) beſtow a few Pater-Noſters and Ave Mary's on a poor departing brother, and pray for my ſoul, as you expect the like charity yourſelves in ſuch a condition. What! you raſcal, ſaid Don Quixote, d'ye think yourſelf at the gallows, and at the point of death, that you hold forth in ſuch a lamentable ſtrain? Daſtardly wretch without a ſoul, doſt thou not know that the fair Magalona once ſat in thy place, and alighted from thence, not into the grave, thou chicken-hearted varlet, but into the throne of France, if there's any truth in hiſtory? and do not I ſit by thee, that I may vie with the valorous Peter of Provence, and preſs the ſeat that was once preſs'd by him? Come, blindfold thy eyes, poor ſpiritleſs animal, and let me not know thee betray the leaſt ſymptom of fear, at leaſt not in my preſence. Well, quoth Sancho, hoodwink me then among ye: but 'tis no mar'l one ſhould be afraid, when you won't let one ſay his prayers, or be pray'd for, though for ought I know, we may have a legion of imps about our ears, to clap us up in the devil's pound † preſently.

Now both being hoodwink'd, and Don Quixote per-

† In the original it is, to carry us to *Peralvillo*, i. e. To hang us firſt, and try us afterwards, as Jarvis tranſlates it. Stevens's dictionary ſays, *Peralvillo* is a village near Ciudad-Real in Caſtile, where the holy brotherhood, or officers for apprehending highwaymen diſpatch thoſe they take in the fact, without bringing 'em to trial; like what we call, hanging a man firſt, and trying him afterwards.

ceiving every thing ready for their ſetting out, began to turn the pin; and no ſooner had he ſet his hand to it, but the wait ng-women and all the company ſet up their throats, crying out, ſpeed you, ſpeed you well, valorous knight, heaven be your guide, undaunted ſquire! now, now, you fly aloft. See how they cut the air more ſwiftly than an arrow! now they mount, and tower, and ſoar, while the gazing world wonders at their courſe. Sit faſt, ſit faſt, couragious Sancho; you don't ſit ſteady; have a care of falling; for ſhould you now drop from that amazing height, your fall would be greater than the aſpiring youth's, that miſguided the chariot of the ſun his father. All this Sancho heard; and girting his arms faſt about his maſter's waiſt, Sir, quoth he, why do they ſay we are ſo high, ſince we can hear their voices! Troth I hear 'em ſo plainly, that one would think they were cloſe by us. Ne'er mind that, anſwer'd Don Quixote; for in theſe extraordinary kind of flights, we muſt ſuppoſe our hearing and ſeeing will be extraordinary alſo. But don't hold me ſo hard, for you'll make me tumble off. What makes thee tremble ſo? I'm ſure I never rid eaſier in all my life; our horſe goes as if he did not move at all. Come then, take courage; we make ſwinging way, and have a fair and merry gale. I think ſo too, quoth Sancho, for I feel the wind puff as briſkly upon me here, as if I don't know how many pair of bellows were blowing wind in my tail. Sancho was not altogether in the wrong; for two or three pair of bellows were indeed levell'd at him then, which gave air very plentifully; ſo well had the plot of this adventure been laid by the duke, the duchеſs, and their ſteward, that nothing was wanting to further the diverſion.

Don Quixote at laſt feeling the wind, ſure, ſaid he, we muſt be riſen to the middle region of the air, where the winds, hail, ſnow, thunder, lightning, and other meteors are produc'd; ſo that if we mount at this rate, we ſhall be in the region of fire preſently, and what's

worſt, I don't know how to manage this pin, ſo as to avoid being ſcorch'd and roaſted alive. At the ſame time ſome flax, with other combuſtible matter, which had been got ready, was clapp'd at the end of a long ſtick, and ſet on fire at a ſmall diſtance from their noſes, and the heat and ſmoak affecting the knight and the ſquire; may I be hang'd, quoth Sancho, if we ben't come to this fire-place you talk of, or very near it; for the half of my beard is ſing'd already. I have a huge mind to peep out, and ſee whereabouts we are. By no means, anſwer'd Don Quixote,; I remember the ſtrange but true ſtory of doctor Torralva, whom the devils carry'd to Rome hoodwink'd, and beſtriding a reed, in twelve hours time, ſetting him down on the tower of Nona, in one of the ſtreets of that city. There he ſaw the dreadful tumult, aſſault, and death of the conſtable of Bourbon; and the next morning he found himſelf at Madrid, where he related the whole ſtory. Among other things, he ſaid, as he went through the air, the devil bid him open his eyes, which he did, and then he found himſelf ſo near the moon, that he could touch it with his finger; but durſt not look towards the earth, leſt the diſtance ſhould make his brains turn round. So Sancho, we muſt not unveil our eyes, but rather wholly truſt to the care and providence of him that has charge of us; and fear nothing, for we only mount high, to come ſouſe down like a hawk, upon the kingdom of Candaya, which we ſhall reach preſently: for though it appears not half an hour to us ſince we left the garden, we have, neverthleſs, travel'd over a vaſt tract of air. I know nothing of the matter, reply'd Sancho, but this I am very certain, that if your madam Magulane, or Magalona (what d'ye call her) could ſit this damn'd wooden crupper without a good cuſhion under her tail, ſhe muſt have a harder pair of buttocks than mine.

This dialogue was certainly very pleaſant all this while to the duke and ducheſs, and the reſt of the com-

pany; and now at laſt reſolving to put an end to this extraordinary adventure, which had ſo long entertain'd 'em ſucceſsfully, they order'd one of their ſervants to give fire to Clavileno's tail; and the horſe being ſtuft full of ſquibs, crackers, and other fire works, burſt preſently into pieces, with a mighty noiſe, throwing the knight one way, and the ſquire another, both ſufficiently ſing'd. By this time, the diſconſolate matron, and bearded regiment, were vaniſh'd out of the garden, and all the reſt counterfeiting a trance, lay flat upon the ground; Don Quixote and Sancho ſorely bruis'd, made ſhift to get up, and looking about, were amaz'd to find themſelves in the ſame garden whence they took horſe, and ſee ſuch a number of people lie dead, as they thought, on the ground. But their wonder was diverted by the appearance of a large lance ſtuck in the ground, and a ſcroll of white parchment faſten'd to it by two green ſilken ſtrings, with the following inſcription upon it in golden characters.

'The renowned knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, 'atchiev'd the adventure of the counteſs Trifaldi, o-'therwiſe call'd the Diſconſolate Matron, and her com-'panions in diſtreſs, by barely attempting it. Malam-'bruno is fully ſatisfy'd. The waiting gentlewomen 'have loſt their beards: king Clavijo and queen An-'tonomaſia have reſum'd their priſtine ſhapes; and when 'the ſquire's penance ſhall be finiſh'd, the white dove 'ſhall 'ſcape the pounces of the pernicious hawks that 'purſue her, and her pining lover ſhall lull her in his 'arms. This is pre-ordain'd by the ſage Merlin, pro-'to-inchanter of inchanters.'

Don Quixote having read this oracle, and conſtruing it to refer to Dulcinea's diſinchantment, render'd thanks to heaven for ſo great a deliverance; and approaching the duke and ducheſs, who ſeem'd as yet in a ſwoon, he took the duke by the hand: courage, courage, noble Sir, cry'd he, there's no danger; the adventure is

finiſh'd without blood-ſhed, as you may read it regiſter'd in that record.

The duke, yawning and ſtretching, as if he had been wak'd out of a ſound ſleep, recover'd himſelf by degrees, as did the ducheſs, and the reſt of the company; all of them acting the ſurprize ſo naturally, that the jeſt could not be diſcovered. The duke, rubbing his eyes, made a ſhift to read the ſcroll; then embracing Don Quixote, he extolled his valour to the ſkies, aſſuring him, he was the braveſt knight the earth had ever poſſeſſed. As for Sancho, he was looking up and down the garden for the diſconſolate matron, to ſee what ſort of a face ſhe had got, now her furz buſh was off. But he was informed, that as Clavileno came down flaming in the air, the counteſs, with her women, vaniſhed immediately, but not one of 'em chinbriſtled, nor ſo much as a hair upon their faces.

Then the ducheſs aſked Sancho, how he had fared in his long voyage; why truly, madam, anſwered he, I have ſeen wonders; for you muſt know, that though my maſter would not ſuffer me to pull the cloth from my eyes, yet as I have a kind of itch to know every thing, and a ſpice of the ſpirit of contradiction, ſtill hankring after what's forbidden me; ſo when, as my maſter told me, we were flying through the region of fire, I ſhoved my handkerchief a little above my noſe, and looked down; and what d you think I ſaw? I ſpied the earth a hugeous way afar off below me (heaven bleſs us!) no bigger than a muſtard ſeed; and the men walking to and fro upon't not much larger than hazle nuts. Judge now if we were not got up woundy high! have a care what you ſay, my friend, ſaid the ducheſs; for if the men were bigger than hazle-nuts, and the earth no bigger than a muſtard ſeed, one man muſt be bigger than the whole earth, and cover it ſo that you could not ſee it. Like enough, anſwered Sancho; but for all that, d'you ſee, I ſaw it with a kind of a ſide look upon one part of it, or ſo.

Look you, Sancho, replied the ducheſs, that won't bear; for nothing can be wholly ſeen by any part of it. Well, well, madam, quoth Sancho, I don't underſtand your parts and wholes! I ſaw it, and there's an end of the ſtory. Only you muſt think, that as we flew by inchantment, ſo we ſaw by inchantment; and thus I might ſee the earth, and all the men, which way ſoever I looked. I'll warrant, you won't believe me neither when I tell you, that when I thruſt up the kerchief above my brows, I ſaw myſelf ſo near heaven, that between the top of my cap and the main ſky, there was not a ſpan and a half. And, heaven bleſs us! forſooth, what a hugeous great place it is! and we happened to travel that road where the ſeven * She-Goat ſtars were: and faith and troth, I had ſuch a mind to play with 'em (having been once a goat herd myſelf) that I fancy I'd have cried myſelf to death, had I not done it. So ſoon as I ſpied 'em, what does me I, but ſneaks down very ſoberly from behind my maſter, without telling any living ſoul, and play'd and leaped about for three quarters of an hour by the clock, with pretty nanny-goats, who are as ſweet and fine as ſo many marigolds or gilly flowers; and honeſt Wooden Peg ſtirred not one ſtep all the while. And while Sancho employed himſelf with the goats, aſked the duke, how was Don Quixote employed? truly, anſwered the knight, I am ſenſible all things were altered from their natural courſe; therefore what Sancho ſays, ſeems the leſs ſtrange to me. But for my own part, I neither ſaw heaven nor hell, ſea nor ſhore. I perceived indeed we paſſed through the middle region of the air, and were pretty near that of fire, but that we came ſo near heaven, as Sancho ſays, is altogether incredible; becauſe we then muſt have paſſed quite through the fiery region, which lies between the ſphere of the moon, and the upper region of the air.

* The *pleiades*, vulgarly called in Spaniſh, the Seven Young She-Goats.

Now it was impoſſible for us to reach that part, where are the Pleiades, or the Seven Goats, as Sancho calls 'em, without being conſumed in the elemental fire; and therefore ſince we eſcaped thoſe flames, certainly we did not ſoar ſo high, and Sancho either lies or dreams. I neither lie nor dream, replied Sancho. Uds precious! I can tell you the marks and colour of every goat among 'em. If you don't believe me, do but aſk and try me. You'll eaſily ſee whether I ſpeak true or no. Well, ſaid the ducheſs, prithee tell them me, Sancho Look you, anſwered Sancho, there were two of 'em green, two carnation, two blue, and one party coloured. Truly ſaid the duke, that's a new kind of goats you have found out, Sancho, we have none of thoſe colours upon earth. Sure, Sir, replied Sancho, you'll make ſome ſort of difference between heavenly the goats, and the goats of this world? But, Sancho, ſaid the duke, among theſe the goats, did you ſee never a he*? not one horned beaſt of the maſculine gender? not one, Sir, I ſaw no other horned thing but the moon; and I have been told, that neither he-goats, nor any other cornuted tups are ſuffered to lift their horns beyond thoſe of the moon.

They did not think fit to aſk Sancho any more queſtions about his airy voyage, for, in the humour he was in, they judged he would not ſtick to ramble all over the heavens, and tell 'em news of whatever was doing there, though he had not ſtirred out of the garden all the while.

Thus ended, in ſhort, the adventure of the diſconſolate matron, which afforded ſufficient ſport to the duke and ducheſs, not only for the preſent, but for the reſt of their lives? and might have ſupplied Sancho with matter of talk from generation to generation, for many ages, could he have lived ſo long. Sancho

* *Cabron:* A jeſt on the double meaning of that word, which ſignifies both a He-Goat and Cuckold. Sancho, by his anſwer, ſeems to take, or hit by chance on the jeſt.

(ſaid Don Quixote, whiſpering him in the ear) ſince thou wouldſt have us believe what thou haſt ſeen in heaven, I deſire thee to believe what I ſaw in Monteſinos's cave. Not a word more.

CHAP. XLII.

The inſtructions which Don Quixote gave Sancho Pança, before he went to the government of his iſland, with other matters of moment.

THE ſatisfaction which the duke and ducheſs received by the happy ſucceſs of the adventure of the diſconſolate matron, encouraged 'em to carry on ſome other pleaſing project, ſince they could with ſo much eaſe impoſe on the credulity of Don Quixote, and his ſquire. Having therefore given inſtructions to their ſervants and vaſſals how to behave themſelves towards Sancho in his government; the day after the ſcene of the wooden horſe, the duke bid Sancho prepare, and be in a readineſs to take poſſeſſion of his government; for now his iſlanders wiſhed as heartily for him, as they did for rain in a dry ſummer. Sancho made an humble bow, and looking demurely on the duke, Sir, quoth he, ſince I came down from heaven, whence I ſaw the earth ſo very ſmall, I an't half ſo hot as I was for being a governor. For what greatneſs can there be in being at the head of a puny dominion, that's but a little nook of a tiny muſtard ſeed? and what dignity and power can a man be reckoned to have, in governing half a dozen men no bigger than hazle nuts? for I could not think there were any more in the whole world. No, if your grace would throw away upon me never ſo little a corner in heaven, though it were but half a league, or ſo, I would take it with better will than I would the largeſt iſland on earth. Friend Sancho, anſwered the duke, I can't

diſpoſe of an inch in heaven; for that's the province of God alone; but what I am able to beſtow, I give you; that is, an iſland tight and clever, round and well proportioned, fertile and plentiful to ſuch a degree, that if you have but the art and underſtanding to manage things right, you may hoard there both of the treaſure of this world and the next.

Well then, quoth Sancho, let me have this iſland, and I'll do my beſt to be ſuch a governor, that, in ſpite of rogues, I ſhan't want a ſmall nook in heaven one day or other. 'Tis not out of covetouſneſs neither, that I'd leave my little cott, and ſet up for ſome body, but merely to know what kind of thing it is to be a governor. Oh! Sancho, ſaid the duke, when once you've had a taſte of it, you'll never leave licking your fingers, 'tis ſo ſweet and bewitching a thing to command and be obeyed. I am confident, when your maſter comes to be an emperor (as he cannot fail to be, according to the courſe of his affairs) he will never by any conſideration be perſuaded to abdicate; his only grief will be, that he was one no ſooner.

Troth, Sir, replied Sancho, I am of your mind; 'tis a dainty thing to command, though 'twere but a flock of ſheep. Oh! Sancho, cried the duke, let me live and die with thee: for thou haſt an inſight into every thing. I hope thou'lt prove as good a governor as thy wiſdom beſpeaks thee. But no more at this time, —to-morrow, without further delay, you ſet forward to your iſland, and ſhall be furniſhed this afternoon with equipage and dreſs anſwerable to your poſt, and all other neceſſaries for your journey.

Let 'em dreſs me as they will, quoth Sancho, I ſhall be the ſame Sancho Pança ſtill. That's true, ſaid the duke, yet every man ought to wear cloaths ſuitable to his place and dignity; for a lawyer ſhould not go dreſſed like a ſoldier, nor a ſoldier like a prieſt. As for you, Sancho, you are to wear the habit both of a captain and a civil magiſtrate; ſo your dreſs ſhall be a

compound of thoſe two; for on the government that I beſtow on you, arms are as neceſſary as learning, and a man of letters as requiſite as a ſwordſman ——Nay, as for letters, quoth Sancho, I can't ſay much for myſelf: for as yet I ſcarce know my A, B, C; but yet, if I can but remember my Chriſt's croſs*, 'tis enough to make me a good governor: as for my arms I'll not quit my weapon as long as I can ſtand, and ſo heaven be our guard. Sancho can't do amiſs, ſaid the duke, while he remembers theſe things.

By this time Don Quixote arrived, and hearing how ſuddenly Sancho was to go to his government, with the duke's permiſſion, he took him aſide to give him ſome good inſtructions for his conduct in the diſcharge of his office.

Being entered Don Quixote's chamber, and the door ſhut, he almoſt forcibly obliged Sancho to ſit by him; and then with a grave deliberate voice he thus began

I give heaven infinite thanks, friend Sancho, that before I have the happineſs of being put in poſſeſſion of my hopes, I can ſee thine already crowned: fortune haſtening to meet thee with thy wiſhes. I, who had aſſigned the reward of thy ſervices upon my happy ſucceſs, am yet but on the way to preferment; and thou, beyond all reaſonable expectation, art arrived at the aim and end of thy deſires. Some are aſſiduous, ſollicitous, importunate, riſe early, bribe, intreat, preſs, will take no denial, obſtinately perſiſt in their ſuit, and yet at laſt never obtain it. Another comes on, and by a lucky hit or chance, bears away the prize, and jumps into the preferment which ſo many had purſued, in vain; which verifies the ſaying,

'The happy have their days, and thoſe they chuſe;
'The unhappy have but hours, and thoſe they loſe.'

Thou, who ſeems to me a very blockhead, without

* He means the Chriſt's-croſs-row; ſo called from the croſs being put at the beginning of the A, B, C.

ſitting up late, or riſing early, or any manner of fatigue or trouble, only the air of knight errantry being breathed on thee, art advanced to the government of an iſland in a trice, as if it were a thing of no moment, a very trifle. I ſpeak this, my dear Sancho, not to upbraid thee, nor out of envy, but only to let thee know, thou art not to attribute all this ſucceſs to thy own merit, while it is entirely owing to the kind heavenly diſpoſer of human affairs, to whom thy thanks ought to be returned But, next to heaven, thou art to aſcribe thy happineſs to the greatneſs of the profeſſion of knight errantry, which includes within itſelf ſuch ſtores of honour and preferment.

Being convinced of what I have already ſaid, be yet attentive, O my ſon, to what I, thy Cato, have further to ſay: Liſten, I ſay, to my admonitions, and I will be thy north ſtar, and pilot to ſteer and bring thee ſafe into the port of honour, out of the tempeſtuous ocean, into which thou art juſt going to lanch; for offices and great employments are no better than profound gulphs of confuſion.

Firſt of all, O my ſon, fear God; for the fear of God is the beginning of wiſdom, and wiſdom will never let thee go aſtray.

Secondly, conſider what thou wert, and make it thy buſineſs to know thyſelf, which is the moſt difficult leſſon in the world. Yet from this leſſon thou wilt learn to avoid the frog's fooliſh ambition of ſwelling to rival the bigneſs of the ox; elſe the conſideration of your having been a hog driver, will be, to the wheel of your fortune, like the peacock's ugly feet*.

True, quoth Sancho, but I was then but a little boy; for when I grew up to be ſomewhat bigger, I drove geeſe, and not hogs. But methinks that's nothing to the purpoſe; for all governors can't come from kings and princes.

* The peacock, in the fable, prided herſelf in her beauty, till ſhe was put in mind of her ugly feet.

Very true, purſued Don Quixote; therefore thoſe who want a noble deſcent, muſt allay the ſeverity of their office with mildneſs and civility, which, directed by wiſdom, may ſecure 'em from the murmurs and malice, from which no ſtate nor condition is exempt.

Be well pleaſed with the meanneſs of thy family, Sancho; nor think it a diſgrace to own thyſelf derived from labouring men; for, if thou art not aſhamed of it thyſelf, no body elſe will ſtrive to make thee ſo. Endeavour rather to be eſteemed humble and virtuous, than proud and vicious. The number is almoſt infinite, of thoſe who, from low and vulgar births, have been raiſed to the higheſt dignities, to the papal chair, and the imperial throne; and thus I could prove by examples enough to tire thy patience.

Make virtue the medium of all thy actions, and thou wilt have no cauſe to envy thoſe whoſe birth gives 'em the title of great men, and princes; for nobility is inherited, but virtue acquired: and virtue is worth more in itſelf, than nobleneſs of birth.

If any of thy poor relations come to ſee thee, never reject nor affront 'em; but, on the contrary, receive and entertain 'em with marks of favour; in this thou wilt diſpay a generoſity of nature, and pleaſe heaven, that would have nobody to deſpiſe what it has made.

If thou ſend'ſt for thy wife, as 'tis not fit a man in thy ſtation ſhould be long without his wife, and ſhe ought to partake of her huſband's good fortune, teach her, inſtruct her, poliſh her the beſt thou canſt, till her native ruſticity is refined to a handſomer behaviour; for often an ill-bred wife throws down all that a good and diſcreet huſband can build up.

Shouldſt thou come to be a widower (which is not impoſſible) and thy poſt recommend thee to a bride of a higher degree, take not one that ſhall, like a fiſhing-rod, only ſerve to catch bribes. For, take it from

me, the judge muſt, at the general and laſt court of judicature, give a ſtrict account of the diſcharge of his duty, and muſt pay ſeverely at his dying day for what he has ſuffered his wife to take.

Let never obſtinate ſelf conceit be thy guide; 'tis the voice of the ignorant, who vainly preſume on their underſtanding.

Let the tears of the poor find more compaſſion, tho' not more juſtice, than the informations of the rich.

Be equally ſollicitous to find out the truth, where the offers and preſents of the rich, and the ſobs and importunities of the poor, are in the way.

Wherever equity ſhould, or may take place, let not the extent or rigour of the law bear too much on the delinquent; for 'tis not a better character in a judge to be rigorous, than to be indulgent.

When the ſeverity of the law is to be ſoftened, let pity, not bribes be the motive.

If thy enemy has a cauſe before thee, turn away thy eyes from thy prejudice, and fix them on the matter of fact.

In another man's cauſe, be not blinded by thy own paſſions, for thoſe errors are almoſt without remedy; or their cure will prove expenſive to thy wealth and reputation.

When a beautiful woman comes before thee, turn away thy eyes from her tears, and thy ears from her lamentations; and take time to conſider ſedately her petition, if thou wouldſt not have thy reaſon and honeſty loſt in her ſighs and tears.

Revile not with words thoſe whom their crimes oblige thee to puniſh in deed; for the puniſhment is enough to the wretches, without the addition of ill language.

In the trial of criminals, conſider as much as thou canſt without prejudice to the plaintiff, how defenceleſs and open the miſerable are to the temptations of

our corrupt and depraved nature, and ſo far ſhew thyſelf full of pity and clemency; for though God's attributes are equal, yet his mercy is more attractive and pleaſing in our eyes, than his juſtice.

If thou obſerveſt theſe rules, Sancho, thy days ſhall be long, thy fame eternal, thy recompence full, and thy felicity unſpeakable. Thou ſhalt marry thy children and grand children to thy heart's deſire; they ſhall want no titles: beloved of all men, thy life ſhall be peaceable, thy death in a good and venerable old age, and the offspring of thy grand children, with their ſoft youthful hands, ſhall cloſe thy eyes.

The precepts I have hitherto given thee, regard the good and ornament of thy mind. Now give attention to thoſe directions that relate to the adorning of thy body.

CHAP. XLIII.

The ſecond part of Don Quixote's advice to Sancho Pança.

WHO would not have taken Don Quixote for a man of extraordinary wiſdom, and as excellent morals, having heard him documentize his ſquire in this manner; only, as we have often obſerv'd in this hiſtory, the leaſt talk of knight-errantry ſpoil'd all, and made his underſtanding muddy; but in every thing elſe, his judgment was very clear, and his apprehenſion very nice, ſo that every moment his actions us'd to diſcredit his judgment, and his judgment his actions. But in theſe oeconomical precepts which he gave Sancho, he ſhew'd himſelf maſter of a pleaſant fancy, and mingled his judgment and extravagance in equal proportions. Sancho lent him a great deal of attention, in hopes to regiſter all thoſe good counſels in his mind, and put them in practice; not doubting but by their means he ſhould acquit himſelf of his duty like a man of honour.

As to the government of thy perſon and family (purſu'd Don Quixote) my firſt injunction is cleanlineſs. Pare thy nails, nor let 'em grow as ſome do, whoſe folly perſuades them, that long nails add to the beauty of the hand; till they look more like caſtril's claws, than a man's nails 'Tis ſoul and unſightly.

Keep thy clothes tight about thee; for a ſlovenly looſeneſs is an argument of a careleſs mind; unleſs ſuch a negligence, like that of Julius Caeſar, be affected for ſome cunning deſign.

Prudently examine what thy income may amount to in a year: and if ſufficient to afford thy ſervants liveries, let them be decent and laſting, rather than gaudy and for ſhow; and for the overplus of thy good huſbandry, beſtow it on the poor. That is, if thou canſt keep ſix footmen, have but three; and let what would maintain three more, be laid out in charitable uſes. By that means thou wilt have attendants in heaven as well as on earth, which our vain-glorious great ones, who are ſtrangers to this practice, are not like to have.

Leſt thy breath betray thy peaſantry, defile it not with onions and garlick.

Walk with gravity, and ſpeak with deliberation, and yet not as if thou didſt harken to thy own words; for all affectation is a fault.

Eat little at dinner, and leſs at ſupper; for the ſtomach is the ſtorehouſe, whence health is to be imparted to the whole body.

Drink moderately; for drunkenneſs neither keeps a ſecret, nor obſerves a promiſe.

Be careful not to chew on both ſides, that is, fill not thy mouth too full, and take heed not to eruct before company.

Eruct, quoth Sancho, I don't underſtand that cramp word. To eruct, anſwer'd Don Quixote, is as much as to ſay, to belch; but this being one of the moſt diſagreeable and beaſtly words in our language, though

very expreſſive and ſignificant, the more polite, inſtead of belching, ſay eructing, which is borrow'd from the Latin Now though the vulgar may not underſtand this, it matters not much; for uſe and cuſtom will make it familiar and underſtood. By ſuch innovations are languages enrich'd, when the words are adopted by the multitude, and naturaliz'd by cuſtom.

Faith and troth, quoth Sancho, of all your counſels, I'll be ſure not to forget this, for I've been mightily given to belching. Say eructing, reply'd Don Quixote, and leave off belching. Well, quoth Sancho, be it as you ſay, eruct, I'll be ſure to remember.

In the next place, Sancho, ſaid the knight, do not overlard your common diſcourſe with that glut of proverbs, which you mix in it continually; for though proverbs are properly conciſe and pithy ſentences, yet as thou bringſt 'em in, in ſuch a huddle, by the head and ſhoulders, thou makeſt 'em look like ſo many abſurdities. Alas! Sir, quoth Sancho, this is a diſeaſe that heaven alone can cure; for I've more proverbs than will fill a book; and when I talk, they crowd ſo thick and faſt to my mouth, that they quarrel which ſhall get out firſt; ſo that my tongue is forc'd to let 'em out as faſt, firſt come firſt ſerv'd, though nothing to my purpoſe. But henceforwards I'll ſet a watch on my mouth, and let none fly out, but ſuch as ſhall befit the gravity of my place. For in a rich man's houſe the cloth is ſoon laid: where there's plenty the gueſts can't be empty. A blot's no blot till 'tis hit. He's ſafe who ſtands under the bells; you can't eat your cake and have your cake: and ſtore's no ſore.

Go on, go on, friend, ſaid Don Quixote, thread, tack, ſtitch on, heap proverb upon proverb, out with 'em, man, ſpew them out! there's no body coming. My mother whips me, and I whip the gigg. I warn thee to forbear foiſting in a rope of proverbs every where, and thou blunder'ſt out a whole litany of old ſaws, as much to the purpoſe as the laſt years ſnow. Obſerve

me, Sancho, I condemn not the uſe of proverbs; but 'tis moſt certain, that ſuch a confuſion and hodge podge of 'em, as thou throw'ſt out and dragg'ſt in by the hair together, make converſation fulſome and poor.

When thou do'ſt ride, caſt not thy body all on the crupper, nor hold thy legs ſtiff down, and ſtraddling from the horſe's belly; nor yet ſo looſe, as if thou wert ſtill on Dapple; for the air and graceſulneſs of ſitting a horſe, diſtinguiſhes ſometimes a gentleman from a groom. Sleep with moderation; for he that riſes not with the ſun, loſes ſo much day. And remember this Sancho, that diligence is the mother of good fortune: ſloth, on the contrary, never affected any thing that ſprung from a good and reaſonable deſire.

The advice which I ſhall conclude with, I would have thee to be ſure to fix in thy memory, though it relate not to the adorning thy perſon; for I am perſwaded, it will redound as much to thy advantage, as any I have yet given thee: and this it is:

Never undertake to diſpute, or decide any controverſies, concerning the pre-eminence of families; ſince in the compariſon, one muſt be better than the other; for he that is leſſen'd by thee will hate thee, and the other whom thou preferreſt will not think himſelf obliged to thee.

As for thy dreſs wear cloſe breeches and hoſe, a long coat, and a cloak a little longer. I don't adviſe thee to wear wide knee'd breeches, or trunk-hoſe, for they become neither ſwordſmen, nor men of buſineſs.

This is all the advice, friend Sancho, I have to give thee at preſent. If thou takeſt care to let me hear from thee hereafter, I ſhall give thee more, according as the occaſions and emergencies require.

Sir, ſaid Sancho, I ſee very well that all you have told me is mighty good, wholſome, and to the purpoſe: but what am I the better, if I cannot keep it in my head? I grant you, I ſhan't eaſily forget that about paring my nails, and marrying again, if I ſhould

have the luck to bury my wife. But for all that other gallimaufry, and heap of ſtuff, I can no more remember one ſyllable of it, than the ſhapes of laſt year's clouds. Therefore let me have it in black and white, I beſeech you. 'Tis true, I can neither write nor read, but I'll give it to my father confeſſor, that he may beat and hammer it into my noddle, as occaſion ſerves. O heaven, cry'd Don Quixote, how ſcandalous it looks in a governor not to be able to write or read! I muſt needs tell thee, Sancho, that for a man to be ſo illiterate, or to be left-handed, implies that either his parents were very poor and mean, or that he was of ſo perverſe a nature, he could not receive the impreſſions of learning, or any thing that is good. Poor ſoul, I pity thee! this is indeed a very great defect. I would have thee at leaſt learn to write thy name. Oh! as for that, quoth Sancho, I can do well enough: I can ſet my name; for when I ſerv'd offices in our pariſh, I learn't to ſcrawl a ſort of letters, ſuch as they mark bundles of ſtuff with, which they told me ſpelt my name. Beſides, I can pretend my right hand is lame, and ſo another ſhall ſign for me; for there's a remedy for all things but death. And ſince I've the power, I'll do what I liſt; for as the ſaying is, he whoſe father is judge, goes ſafe to his trial §. And as I am a governor, I hope I am ſomewhat higher than a judge. New lords, new laws. Ay, ay, any, let them come as they will, and play at bo-peep. Let 'em back-bite me to my face, I'll bite back the biters. Let 'em come for wool, and I'll ſend 'em home ſhorn. Whom God loves, his houſe happy proves. The rich man's follies

§ The new tranſlation has it, *He whoſe father is mayor*-----with a break, and this note at bottom, *viz.*

Sancho hints at ſome well known proverb.

The proverb may be found in Steven's dictionary: *Quien padre tiene Alcalde ſeguro val al juicio.* The original indeed does break off in the middle, as being a well known proverb, applicable to all that have powerful friends.

paſs for wiſe ſayings in this world. So I, being rich, d'you ſee, and a governor, and free-hearted too into the bargain, as I intend to be, I ſhall have no faults at all. 'Tis ſo, daub yourſelf with honey, and you'll never want flies. What a man has, ſo much he's ſure of, ſaid my old grannam; and who ſhall hang the bell about the cat's neck?

Confound thee, cry'd Don Quixote, for an eternal proverb voiding ſwag-belly. Threeſcore thouſand Belzebubs take thee, and thy damn'd nauſeous rubbiſh. Thou haſt been this hour ſtringing them together, like ſo many ropes of onions, and poiſoning and racking || me with 'em. I dare ſay, theſe wicked proverbs will one day bring thee to the gallows; they'll provoke thy iſlanders to pull thee down, or at leaſt make them ſhun thee like a common nuſance. Tell me, thou eſſence of ignorance, where doſt thou rake 'em up? and who taught thy cods-head to apply 'em? for it makes me ſweat, as if I were delving and threſhing, to ſpeak but one, and apply it properly.

Udſprecious! my good maſter, quoth Sancho, what a ſmall matter puts you in a pelting chafe! why the devil ſhould you grudge me the uſe of my own goods and chattels? I have no other eſtate. Proverbs on proverbs are all my ſtock. And now I have four ready to pop out, as pat to the purpoſe as pears to a panier§. But mum for that. Now ſilence is my name*. No, reply'd Don Quixote, rather prate roaſt and ſauce-

|| The original is, *draughts of the rack*. It alludes to a particular kind of torture in Spain; namely, a thin piece of gauze moiſten'd and put to the lips of a perſon dying with thirſt, who ſwallows it down by degrees, and then it is pull'd up again by the end the executioner holds in his hand.

§ Pears ſent to Madrid from Daroca, in March, when they are ſcarce, and made up nicely, to prevent bruiſing.

* In the original, *To keep ſilence well is called* Sancho. The proverb is, *To keep ſilence well is called* (ſanto) *holy*: but Sancho, out of archneſs or ignorance, changes *ſanto* to his own name *Sancho*.

box I ſhould call thee; for thou art all tittle tattle and obſtinacy. Yet methinks I'd fain hear theſe four notable proverbs that come ſo pat to the purpoſe. I thank heaven I have a pretty good memory, and yet I can't for my ſoul call one to mind. Why, Sir, quoth Sancho, what proverbs would you have better than theſe? Between two cheek-teeth never clap thy thumbs. And when a man ſays, get out of my houſe; what would you with my wife? there's no anſwer to be made And again, whether the pitcher hit the ſtone, or the ſtone the pitcher, 'tis bad for the pitcher. All theſe fit to a hair, Sir; that is, let nobody meddle with his governor or his betters, or he'll rue for it, as ſure as a gun; as he muſt expect who runs his finger between two cheek teeth (and though they were not cheek-teeth, if they be but teeth, that's enough). In the next place, let the governor ſay what he will, there's no gain-ſaying him; 'tis as much as when one ſays, get out of my houſe; what would you with my wife? and as for the ſtone and the pitcher, a blind man may ſee through it. And ſo he that ſees a mote in another man's eye, ſhould do well to take the beam out of his own; that people may'nt ſay, the pot calls the kettle black arſe, and the dead woman's afraid of her that's ſtead Beſides, your worſhip knows, that a fool knows more in his own houſe, than a wiſe body in another man's. That's a miſtake, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote; for the fool knows nothing, neither in his own houſe, nor in another man's; for no ſubſtantial knowledge can be erected on ſo bad a foundation as folly. But let's break off this diſcourſe: if thou doſt not diſcharge the part of a good governor, thine will be the fault, though the ſhame and diſcredit will be mine. However, this is my comfort, I've done my duty in giving thee the beſt and moſt wholeſome advice I could: and ſo heaven proſper and direct thee in thy government, and diſappointing my fears of thy turning all things upſide down in that poor iſland; which I might indeed

prevent, by giving the duke a more perfect inſight into thee, and diſcovering to him, that all that gorbelly'd paunch-gutted little corps of thine, is nothing but a bundle of proverbs, and a ſack full of knavery.

Look you, Sir, quoth Sancho, if you think me not fit for this government, I'll think no more on't. Alas! the leaſt ſnip of my ſoul's nails (as a body may ſay) is dearer to me than my whole body: and I hope I can live plain Sancho ſtill, upon a luncheon of bread and a clove of garlick, as contented as governor Sancho upon capons and partridges. Death and ſleep makes us all alike, rich and poor, high and low. Do but call to mind what firſt put this whim of government into my noddle, you'll find 'twas your own ſelf; for as for me, I know no more what belongs to iſlands and governors than a blind buzzard.

So if you fancy the devil will have me for being a governor, let me be plain Sancho ſtill, and go to heaven, rather than my lord governor, and go to hell.

Theſe laſt words of thine, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, in my opinion, prove thee worthy to govern a thouſand iſlands. Thou haſt naturally a good diſpoſition, without which all knowledge is inſufficient. Recommend thyſelf to the divine providence, and be ſure never to depart from uprightneſs of intention; I mean, have ſtill a firm purpoſe and deſign to be thoroughly inform'd in all the buſineſs that ſhall come before thee, and act upon juſt grounds, for heaven always favours good deſires: and ſo let's go to dinner, for I believe now the duke and ducheſs expect us.

CHAP. XLIV.

How Sancho Pança was carried to his government, and of the ſtrange adventure that befel Don Quixote in the caſtle.

WE have it from the traditional account of this hiſtory, that there is a manifeſt difference between the tranſlation and the Arabick in the beginning of this chapter; Cid Hamet having in the original taken an occaſion of criticizing on himſelf, for undertaking ſo dry and limited a ſubject, which muſt confine him to the bare hiſtory of Don Quixote and Sancho, and debar him the liberty of launching into epiſodes and digreſſions that might be of more weight and entertainment. To have his fancy, his hand and pen bound up to a ſingle deſign, and his ſentiments confin'd to the mouths of ſo few perſons, he urg'd as an unſupportable toil, and of ſmall credit to the undertaker; ſo that, to avoid this inconveniency, he has introduc'd into the firſt part, ſome novels, as, *The Curious Impertinent*, and that of the *Captive*, which were in a manner diſtinct from the deſign, though the reſt of the ſtories which he brought in there, fall naturally enough in with Don Quixote's affairs, and ſeem of neceſſity to claim a place in the work. It was his opinion likewiſe, as he has told us, that the adventures of Don Quixote, requiring ſo great a ſhare of the reader's attention, his novels, muſt expect but an indifferent reception, or, at moſt, but a curſory view, not ſufficient to diſcover their artificial contexture, which muſt have been very obvious had they been pu liſh'd by themſelves, without the interludes of Don Quixote's madneſs, or Sancho's impertinence. He has therefore in this ſecond part avoided all diſtinct and independent ſtories, introducing only ſuch as have the appearance

of epiſodes, yet flow naturally from the deſign of the ſtory, and theſe but ſeldom, and with as much brevity as they can be expreſs'd. Therefore ſince he has ty'd himſelf up to ſuch narrow bounds, and confin'd his underſtanding and parts, otherwiſe capable of the moſt copious ſubjects, to the pure matter of this preſent undertaking, he begs it may add a value to his work; and that he may be commended, not ſo much for what he has writ, as for what he has forborn to write. And then he proceeds in his hiſtory as follows.

After dinner Don Quixote gave Sancho in writing the copy of his verbal inſtructions, ordering him to get ſomebody to read them to him. But the ſquire had no ſooner got them, but he dropt the paper, which fell into the duke's hands; who communicating the ſame to the ducheſs, they found a freſh occaſion of admiring the mixture of Don Quixote's good ſenſe and extravagance: and ſo carrying on the humour, they ſent Sancho that afternoon with a ſuitable equipage to the place he was to govern, which, wherever it lay, was to be an iſland to him.

It happen'd that the management of this affair was committed to a ſteward of the duke's, a man of a facetious humour, and who had not only wit to ſtart a pleaſant deſign, but diſcretion to carry it on; two qualifications which make an agreeable concert when they meet, nothing being truly agreeable without good ſenſe. He had already perſonated the counteſs Trifaldi very ſucceſsfully, and, with his maſter's inſtructions, in relation to his behaviour towards Sancho, could not but diſcharge his truſt to a wonder. Now it fell out, that Sancho no ſooner caſt his eyes on the ſteward, but he fancy'd he ſaw the very face of Trifaldi; and turning to his maſter, the devil fetch me, Sir, quoth he, if you don't own that this ſame ſteward of the duke's here has the very phiz of my lady Trifaldi; Don Quixote look'd very earneſtly on the ſteward; and having peruſ'd him from top to toe, Sancho, ſaid he, thou need'ſt

not give thyſelf to the devil to confirm this matter: I ſee their faces are the very ſame; yet for all that the ſteward and the diſconſolate lady cannot be the ſame perſon; for that would imply a very great contradiction, and might involve us in more abſtruſe and difficult doubts, than we have conveniency now to diſcuſs or examine. Believe me, friend, our devotion cannot be too earneſt, that we may be deliver'd from the power of theſe curſed inchantments. Adad, Sir, quoth Sancho, you may think I m in jeſt but I heard him open juſt now, and I thought the very voice of madam Triſaldi ſounded in my ears but mum's the word; I ſay nothing, though I ſhall watch his waters to find out whether I am right or wrong in my ſuſpicion. Well, do ſo, ſaid Don Quixote; and fail not to acquaint me with all the diſcoveries thou can'ſt make in this affair, and other occurrences in thy government.

At laſt Sancho ſet out, with a numerous train. He was dreſs'd like a man of the long robe, and wore over his other clothes a white ſad-colour'd coat or gown of water'd camblet, and a cap of the ſame ſtuff. He was mounted on a he-mule, and rid ſhort after the gannet faſhion. Behind him, by the duke's order, was led his Dapple, bridled and ſaddled like a horſe of ſtate, in gaudy trappings of ſilk; which ſo delighted Sancho, that every now and then he turn'd his head about to look upon him, and thought himſelf ſo happy, that now he would not have chang'd fortunes with the emperor of Germany. He kiſſed the duke and ducheſs's hand at parting, and receiv'd his maſter's benediction, while the Don wept, and Sancho blubber'd abundantly.

Now, reader, let the noble governor depart in peace, and ſpeed him well. His adminiſtration in his government may perhaps make you laugh to ſome purpoſe, when it comes in play. But in the mean time let us obſerve the fortune of his maſter the ſame night; for though it don't make you laugh outright, it may chance to make ye draw in your lips, and ſhew your teeth like

of epiſodes, yet flow naturally from the deſign of the ſtory, and theſe but ſeldom, and with as much brevity as they can be expreſs'd. Therefore ſince he has ty'd himſelf up to ſuch narrow bounds, and confin'd his underſtanding and parts, otherwiſe capable of the moſt copious ſubjects, to the pure matter of this preſent undertaking, he begs it may add a value to his work; and that he may be commended, not ſo much for what he has writ, as for what he has forborn to write. And then he proceeds in his hiſtory as follows.

After dinner Don Quixote gave Sancho in writing the copy of his verbal inſtructions, ordering him to get ſomebody to read them to him. But the ſquire had no ſooner got them, but he dropt the paper, which fell into the duke's hands; who communicating the ſame to the ducheſs, they found a freſh occaſion of admiring the mixture of Don Quixote's good ſenſe and extravagance: and ſo carrying on the humour, they ſent Sancho that afternoon with a ſuitable equipage to the place he was to govern, which, wherever it lay, was to be an iſland to him.

It happen'd that the management of this affair was committed to a ſteward of the duke's, a man of a facetious humour, and who had not only wit to ſtart a pleaſant deſign, but diſcretion to carry it on; two qualifications which make an agreeable concert when they meet, nothing being truly agreeable without good ſenſe. He had already perſonated the counteſs Trifaldi very ſucceſsfully, and, with his maſter's inſtructions, in relation to his behaviour towards Sancho, could not but diſcharge his truſt to a wonder. Now it fell out, that Sancho no ſooner caſt his eyes on the ſteward, but he fancy'd he ſaw the very face of Trifaldi; and turning to his maſter, the devil fetch me, Sir, quoth he, if you don't own that this ſame ſteward of the duke's here has the very phiz of my lady Trifaldi; Don Quixote look'd very earneſtly on the ſteward; and having peruſ'd him from top to toe, Sancho, ſaid he, thou need'ſt

not give thyſelf to the devil to confirm this matter: I ſee their faces are the very ſame; yet for all that the ſteward and the diſconſolate lady cannot be the ſame perſon; for that would imply a very great contradiction, and might involve us in more abſtruſe and difficult doubts, than we have conveniency now to diſcuſs or examine. Believe me, friend, our devotion cannot be too earneſt, that we may be deliver'd from the power of theſe curſed inchantments. Adad, Sir, quoth Sancho, you may think I m in jeſt but I heard him open juſt now, and I thought the very voice of madam Triſaldi ſounded in my ears but mum's the word; I ſay nothing, though I ſhall watch his waters to find out whether I am right or wrong in my ſuſpicion. Well, do ſo, ſaid Don Quixote; and fail not to acquaint me with all the diſcoveries thou can'ſt make in this affair, and other occurrences in thy government.

At laſt Sancho ſet out, with a numerous train. He was dreſs'd like a man of the long robe, and wore over his other clothes a white ſad-colour'd coat or gown of water'd camblet, and a cap of the ſame ſtuff. He was mounted on a he-mule, and rid ſhort after the gannet faſhion. Behind him, by the duke's order, was led his Dapple, bridled and ſaddled like a horſe of ſtate, in gaudy trappings of ſilk; which ſo delighted Sancho, that every now and then he turn'd his head about to look upon him, and thought himſelf ſo happy, that now he would not have chang'd fortunes with the emperor of Germany. He kiſſed the duke and ducheſs's hand at parting, and receiv'd his maſter's benediction, while the Don wept, and Sancho blubber'd abundantly.

Now, reader, let the noble governor depart in peace, and ſpeed him well. His adminiſtration in his government may perhaps make you laugh to ſome purpoſe, when it comes in play. But in the mean time let us obſerve the fortune of his maſter the ſame night; for though it don't make you laugh outright, it may chance to make ye draw in your lips, and ſhew your teeth like

a monkey; for 'tis the property of his adventures, to create always either ſurprize or merriment.

'Tis reported then, that immediately upon Sancho's departure, Don Quixote found the want of his preſence; and had it been in his power, he would have revok'd his authority, and depriv'd him of his commiſſion. The ducheſs perceiving his diſquiet, and deſiring to underſtand the cauſe of his melancholy, told him, that if it was Sancho's abſence made him uneaſy, ſhe had ſquires enough and damſels in her houſe, that ſhould ſupply his place in any ſervice he wou'd be pleas'd to command 'em. 'Tis true, madam, anſwer'd Don Quixote, I am ſomewhat concern'd for the abſence of Sancho; but there is a more material cauſe of my preſent uneaſineſs; and I muſt beg to be excus'd, if among the many obligations your grace is pleas'd to confer on me, I decline all but the good intention that has offer'd 'em. All I have further to crave, is your grace's permiſſion to be alone in my apartment, and to be my own ſervant. Your pardon, Sir, reply'd the ducheſs; I can't conſent you ſhou'd be alone: I have four damſels, blooming as ſo many roſes, that ſhall attend you. They will be no roſes to me, return'd Don Quixote, but ſo many prickles to my conſcience; and if they come into my chamber, they muſt fly in at the window. If your grace wou'd crown the many favours you have heap'd on this worthleſs perſon, I beſeech you to leave him to himſelf, and the ſervice of his own hands. No deſires, madam, muſt enter my doors; for the walls of my chamber have always been a bulwark to my chaſtity, and I ſhall not infringe my rule, for all the bounty you can laviſh on me. In fine, rather than think of being undreſs'd by any mortal, I would lie rough the whole night. Enough, enough, noble Sir, ſaid the ducheſs; I deſiſt, and will give orders that not ſo much as the buzzing of a fly, much leſs the impertinence of a damſel, ſhall diſturb your privacy I am far from impoſing any thing, Sir, that ſhould urge Don Quixote to a tranſgreſſion in point

of decency; for if I conjecture right, among the many virtues that adorn him, his modesty is the most distinguishable. Dress therefore and undress by yourself, how you please, when you will, and nobody shall molest you: nay, that you may not be obliged to open your doors upon the account of any natural necessity, care shall be taken that you may find in your room whatever you may have occasion for in the night. And may the great Dulcinea del Toboso live a thousand ages, and her fame be diffus'd all over the habitable globe, since she has merited the love of so valorous, so chaste, and loyal a knight; and may the indulgent heavens incline the heart of our governor Sancho Pança, to put a speedy end to his discipline, that the beauties of so great a lady may be restor'd to the view of the admiring world! madam, return'd Don Quixote, your grace has spoken like yourself; so excellent a lady could utter nothing but what denotes the goodness and generosity of her mind: and certainly 'twill be Dulcinea's peculiar happiness to have been prais'd by you; for 'twill raise her character more to have had your grace for her panegyrist, than if the best orators in the world had labour'd to set it forth. Sir, said the duchess, waving this discourse, 'tis supper-time, and my lord expects us: come then, let's to supper, that you may go to bed betimes; for you must needs be weary still with the long journey you took to Candaya yesterday. Indeed, madam, answer'd Don Quixote, I feel no manner of weariness, for I can safely swear to your grace, that I never rid an easier beast, nor a better goer than Clavileno. For my part, I can't imagine what could induce Malambruno to part with so swift and gentle a horse, nay, and to burn him too in such a manner. 'Tis to be suppos'd, said the duchess, that being sorry for the harm he had done, not only to the countess Trifaldi and her attendants, but to many others, and repenting of the bad deeds which, as a wizzard and a necromancer, he doubtless had committed,

he had a mind to deſtroy all the inſtruments of his wicked profeſſion, and accordingly he burn'd Clavileno as the chief of 'em, that engine having ſerv'd him to rove all over the world: or perhaps he did not think any man worthy of beſtriding him after the great Don Quixote, and ſo with his deſtruction, and the inſcription which he has caus'd to be ſet up, he has eterniz'd your valour.

Don Quixote return'd his thanks to the ducheſs, and after ſupper retir'd to his chamber, not ſuffering any body to attend him; ſo much he fear'd to meet ſome temptation that might endanger the fidelity which he had conſecrated to his Dulcinea, keeping always the eyes of his mind fix'd on the conſtancy of Amadis, the flower and mirror of knight-errantry. He therefore ſhut the door of his chamber after him, and undreſs'd himſelf by the light of two wax-candles. But oh! the misfortune that befel him, unworthy ſuch a perſon. As he was ſtraining to pull off his hoſe, there fell not ſighs, or any thing that might diſgrace his decent cleanlineſs, but about four and twenty ſtitches of one of his ſtockings, which made it look like a lattice-window. The good knight was extremely afflicted, and would have given then an ounce of ſilver for a dram of green ſilk; green ſilk, I ſay, becauſe his ſtockings were green.

Here Benengeli could not forbear exclaiming: O poverty! poverty! what could induce that great Cordova poet to call thee a holy thankleſs gift! even I that am a moor, have learn'd by the converſe I have had with Chriſtians, that holineſs conſiſts in charity, in humility, in faith, in obedience, and in poverty: but ſure he who can be contented when poor, had need to be ſtrengthen'd by God's peculiar grace; unleſs the poverty which is included among theſe virtues be only that poorneſs in ſpirit, which teaches us to uſe the things of this world, as if we had 'em not. But thou, ſecond poverty, fatal indigence, of which I now am ſpeaking, why doſt thou intrude upon gentlemen, and affect well-

born ſouls more than other people? why doſt thou reduce them to cobble their ſhoes, and wear ſome ſilk, ſome hair, and ſome glaſs buttons on the ſame tatter'd waiſtcoat, as if it were only to betray variety of wretchedneſs? why muſt their ruffs be of ſuch a diſmal hue, in rags, dirty, rumpl'd, and ill ſtarch'd? (and by this you may ſee how ancient is the uſe of ſtarch and ruffs). How miſerable is a poor gentleman, who to keep up his honour, ſtarves his perſon, fares ſorrily, or faſts unſeen within his ſolitary narrow apartment; then putting the beſt face he can upon the matter, comes out picking his teeth, though 'tis but an honourable hypocriſy, and though he has eaten nothing that requires that nice exercife! unhappy he, whoſe honour is in continual alarms, who thinks that at a mile's diſtance every one diſcovers the patch in his ſhoe, the ſweat of his forehead ſoak'd thro' his old ruſty hat, the bareneſs of his clothes, and the very hunger of his famiſh'd ſtomach.

All theſe melancholy reflexions are renew'd on Don Quixote's mind, by the rent in his ſtocking. However, for his conſolation, he bethought himſelf that Sancho had left him a pair of light boots, which he deſign'd to put on the next day.

In ſhort, to bed he went, with a penſive heavy mind, the thoughts of Sancho's abſence, and the irreparable damage that his ſtocking had receiv'd, made him uneaſy: he would have darn'd it, though it had been with ſilk of another colour, one of the greateſt tokens of want a poor gentleman can ſhew, during the courſe of his tedious miſery.

At laſt he put out the lights, but 'twas ſultry hot, and he could not compoſe himſelf to reſt. Getting up therefore, he open'd a little ſhutter of a barr'd window that look'd into a fine garden, and was preſently ſenſible that ſome people were walking and talking there: he liſten'd, and as they rais'd their voices, he eaſily overheard their diſcourſe.

No more, dear Emerenia, ſaid one to the other: do not preſs me to ſing; you know that from the firſt moment this ſtranger came to the caſtle, and my unhappy eyes gaz'd on him, I have been too converſant with tears and ſorrow, to ſing or reliſh ſongs. Alas! all muſic jars when the ſoul's out of tune. Beſides, you know the leaſt thing wakens my lady, and I would not for the world ſhe ſhould find us here. But grant ſhe might not wake, what will my ſinging ſignify, if this new Aeneas, who is come to our habitation to make me wretched, ſhould be aſleep, and not hear the ſound of my complaints? Pray, my dear Altiſidora, ſaid the other, do not make yourſelf uneaſy with thoſe thoughts; for without doubt the ducheſs is faſt aſleep, and every body in the houſe but we, and the lord of thy deſires; he is certainly awake, I heard him open his window juſt now; then ſing, my poor grieving creature, ſing and join the melting muſic of thy lute, to the ſoft accents of thy voice. If my lady happens to hear us, we'll pretend we came out for a little air. The heat within doors will be our excuſe. Alas! my dear, reply'd Altiſidora, 'tis not that frights me moſt: I would not have my ſong betray my thoughts; for thoſe that do not know the mighty force of love, will be apt to take me for a light and indiſcreet creature—But yet ſince it muſt be ſo, I'll venture: better ſhame on the face, than ſorrow in the heart! This ſaid, ſhe began to touch her lute ſo ſweetly, that Don Quixote was raviſh'd. At the ſame time an infinite number of adventures of this nature, ſuch as he had read of in his idle books of knight errantry, windows, grates, gardens, ſerenades, amorous meetings, parleys, and fopperies, all crowded into his imagination, and he preſently fancied, that one of the ducheſs's damſels was fallen in love with him, and ſtruggl'd with her modeſty to conceal her paſſion. He began to be apprehenſive of the danger to which his fidelity was expos'd, but yet firmly determin'd to withſtand the powerful allurement; and ſo

recommending himſelf with a great deal of fervency to his lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, he reſolv'd to hear the muſic; and, to let the ſerenading ladies know he was awake, he feign'd a kind of a ſneeze, which did not a little pleaſe 'em; for 'twas the only thing they wanted, to be aſſured their jeſt was not loſt. With that, Altiſidora having tun'd her lute afreſh, after a flouriſh, began the following ſong.

The mock ſerenade.

'WAKE, Sir knight, now love's invading,
'Sleep in Holland ſheets no more;
'When a nymph is ſerenading,
'Tis an errant ſhame to ſnore.

'Hear a damſel, tall and tender,
'Honing in moſt rueful guiſe,
'With heart almoſt burn'd to cinder,
'By the ſun-beams of thy eyes.

'To free damſels from diſaſter,
'Is, they ſay, your daily care;
'Can you then deny a plaiſter,
'To a wounded virgin here?

'Tell me, doughty youth, who curs'd thee
'With ſuch humours and ill luck?
'Was't ſome ſullen bear dry-nurs'd thee,
'Or ſhe-dragon gave thee ſuck?

'Dulcinea, that virago,
'Well may brag of ſuch a kid:
'Now her name is up, and may go
'From Toledo to Madrid.

'Would ſhe but her prize ſurrender,
'(Judge how on thy face I doat!)
'In exchange I'd gladly ſend her
'My beſt gown and petticoat.

'Happy I, would fortune doom thee
'But to have me near thy bed,
'Stroak thee, pat thee, curry-comb thee,
'And hunt o'er thy ſolid head.

'But I aſk too much ſincerely,
'And I doubt I ne'er muſt do't,
'I'd but kiſs thy toe, and fairly
'Get the length thus of thy foot.

'How I'd rig thee, and what riches
'Should be heap'd upon thy bones;
'Caps and ſocks, and cloaks and breeches,
'Matchleſs pearls, and precious ſtones.

'Do not from above, like Nero,
'See me burn, and ſlight my woe!
'But to quench my fires, my hero,
'Caſt a pitying eye below.

'I'm a virgin-pullet truly;
'One more tender ne'er was ſeen,
'A meer chicken, fledg'd but newly;
'Hang me if I'm yet fifteen.

'Wind and limb, all's tight about me,
'My hair dangles to my feet,
'I am ſtreight too, if you doubt me,
'Truſt your eyes, come down and ſee't.

'I've a bob noſe has no fellow,
'And a ſparrow's mouth as rare,
'Teeth like topazes all yellow;
'Yet I'm deem'd a beauty here.

'You know what a rare muſician,
'(If you hearken) courts your choice;
'I can ſay my diſpoſition
'Is as taking as my voice.

'Theſe and ſuch like charms I've plenty,
'I'm a damſel of this place:
'Let Altiſidora tempt ye;
'Or ſhe's in a woeful caſe.

Here the courting damſel ended her ſong, and the courted knight began his expoſtulation. Why, (ſaid he, with a ſigh heaved from the bottom of his heart) why muſt I be ſo unhappy a knight, that no damſel can gaze on me without falling in love? why muſt the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo be ſo unfortunate, as not to be permitted the ſingle enjoyment of my tranſcendent fidelity? Queens, why do you envy her? Empreſſes, why do you perſecute her? Damſels of fifteen, why do you attempt to deprive her of her right? leave! oh, leave the unfortunate fair! let her triumph, glory, and rejoice in the quiet poſſeſſion of the hearts which love has allotted her, and the abſolute ſway which ſhe bears over my yielding ſoul. Away, unwelcome crowd of loving impertinents; Dulcinea alone can ſoften my manly temper, and mould me as ſhe pleaſes. For her I am all ſweetneſs, for you I'm bitterneſs itſelf. There is to me no beauty, no prudence, no modeſty, no gaiety, no nobility among your ſex, but in Dulcinea alone. All other women ſeem to be deform'd, ſilly, wanton, and baſe born, when compared with her. Nature brought me forth only that I might be devoted to her ſervice. Let Altiſidora weep or ſing: let the lady deſpair on whoſe account I have received ſo many blows in the diſaſtrous caſtle of the inchanted Moor*; ſtill I am Dulcinea's, and

* Alluding to the ſtory of Maritornes and the carrier, in the former part of the hiſtory.

her's alone, dead or alive, dutiful, unſpotted, and unchanged, in ſpite of all the necromantic powers in the world. This ſaid, he haſtily clapped to the window, and flung himſelf into his bed, with as high an indignation, as if he had received ſome great affront. There let us leave him a while, in regard the great Sancho Pança calls upon us to ſee him commence his famous government.

CHAP. XLV.

How the great Sancho Pança took poſſeſſion of his iſland, and in what manner he began to govern.

O Thou perpetual ſurveyor of the Antipodes, bright luminary of the world, and eye of heaven, ſweet fermenter of liquids †, here Timbrius called, there Phœbus, in one place an archer, in another a phyſician! parent of poeſy, and inventer of muſic, perpetual mover of the univerſe, who, tho' thou ſeem'ſt ſometimes to ſet, art always riſing! O ſun, by whoſe aſſiſtance man begets man, on thee I call for help! inſpire me, I beſeech thee, warm and illumine my gloomy imagination, that my narration may keep pace with the great Sancho Pança's actions throughout his government; for without thy powerful influence, I feel myſelf benumb'd, diſpirited, and confuſed——Now I proceed.

Sancho, with all his attendants, came to a town that had about a thouſand inhabitants, and was one of the beſt where the duke had any power: they gave

† *Sweet motive of wine-cooling bottles*, ſo Jarvis has it, with the following note, viz. *cantimplora* is a ſort of bottle for keeping wine cool, with a very long neck, and very broad and flat below, that the ice may lie conveniently upon it in the pail, and a broad cork fitted to the pail, with a hole in the middle to let the neck of the bottle through.

him to underſtand, that the name of the place was the iſland of Barataria, either becauſe the town was called Baratario, or becauſe the government coſt him ſo * cheap. As ſoon as he came to the gates (for it was wall'd) the chief officers and inhabitants in their formalities came out to receive him, the bells rung, and all the people gave general demonſtrations of their joy. The new governor was then carried in mighty pomp to the great church, to give heaven thanks; and after ſome ridiculous ceremonies, they delivered him the keys of the gates, and received him as a perpetual governor of the iſland of Barataria. In the mean time, the garb, the port, the huge beard, and the ſhort and thick ſhape of the new governor, made every one who knew nothing of the jeſt wonder, and even thoſe who were privy to the plot, who were many, were not a little ſurprized.

In ſhort, from the church they carried him to the court of juſtice; where, when they had placed him in his ſeat, My lord Governor, ſaid the duke's ſteward to him, 'tis an ancient cuſtom here, that he who takes poſſeſſion of this famous iſland, muſt anſwer to ſome difficult and intricate queſtion that is propounded to him; and by the return he makes, the people feel the pulſe of his underſtanding and by an eſtimate of his abilites, judge whether they ought to rejoice, or to be ſorry for his coming.

All the while the ſteward was ſpeaking, Sancho was ſtaring on an inſcription in large characters on the wall over againſt his ſeat, and as he could not read, he aſked, what was the meaning of that which he ſaw painted upon the wall? Sir, ſaid they, 'tis an account of the day when your lordſhip took poſſeſſion of this iſland: and the inſcription runs thus: 'This day, be-'ing ſuch a day of this month, in ſuch a year, the 'Lord Don Sancho Pança took poſſeſſion of this iſland, 'which may he long enjoy.' And who is he, aſked

* *Barato*, ſignifies cheap.

Sancho, whom they call Don Sancho Pança? Your lordſhip, anſwered the ſteward; for we know of no other Pança in this iſland but yourſelf, who now ſits in this chair. Well, friend, ſaid Sancho, pray take notice, that Don does not belong to me, nor was it borne by any of my family before me. Plain Sancho Pança is my name; my father was called Sancho, my grandfather Sancho; and all of us have been Panças, without any Don or Donna added to our name. Now do I already gueſs your Dons are as thick as ſtones in this iſland. But 'tis enough that heaven knows my meaning; if my government happens but to laſt four days to an end, it ſhall go hard but I'll clear the iſland of thoſe ſwarms of Dons that muſt needs be as troubleſome as ſo many fleſh-flies*. Come, now for your queſtion, good Mr. Steward, and I'll anſwer it as well as I can, whether the town be ſorry or pleaſed.

At the ſame inſtant two men came into the court, the one dreſſed like a country fellow, the other looked like a taylor, with a pair of ſheers in his hand. An't pleaſe you, my lord, cried the taylor, I and this farmer here are come before your worſhip. This honeſt man came to my ſhop yeſterday; for, ſaving your preſence, I am a taylor, and heaven be praiſed free of my company: ſo my lord, he ſhewed me a piece of cloth: Sir, quoth he, is there enough of this to make me a cap†? whereupon I meaſured the ſtuff, and anſwered him, yes, an't like your worſhip. Now as I imagined, d'ye ſee, he could not but imagine (and perhaps he imagined right enough) that I had a mind to cabbage ſome of his cloth; judging hard of us ho-

* A ſevere ſatire on the Spaniſh pride and affectation of gentility. Don is a title properly belonging to only families of note, but of late 'tis grown very common, which is the abuſe which Sancho would here redreſs.

† *Caperuza* in the original, which means a country man's cap, though Steevens tranſlates it in this place, a cloak: but he's miſtaken, as the reader will ſoon ſee.

neſt taylors. Prithee, quoth he, look whether there ben't enough for two caps? now I ſmelt him out, and told him there was. Whereupon the old knave (an't like your worſhip) going on to the ſame tune, bid me look again and ſee whether it would not make three? and at laſt if it would not make five? I was reſolved to humour my cuſtomer, and ſaid it might. So we ſtruck a bargain; juſt now the man is come for his caps, which I gave him, but when I aſked him for my money, he'll have me give him his cloth again, or pay him for it. Is this true, honeſt man, ſaid Sancho to the farmer? Yes, an't pleaſe you, anſwered the fellow; but pray let him ſhew the five caps he has made me. With all my heart, cried the taylor; and with that, pulling his hand from under his cloak, he held up five little tiny caps, hanging upon his four fingers and thumb, as upon ſo many pins. There, quoth he, you ſee the five caps this good gaffer asks for; and may I never whip a ſtich more, if I have wronged him of the leaſt ſnip of his cloth, and let any workman be judge. The ſight of the caps, and the oddneſs of the cauſe ſet the whole court a laughing. Only Sancho ſat gravely conſidering a while, and then, methinks, ſaid he, this ſuit here needs not be long depending, but may be decided without any more ado, with a great deal of equity; and therefore the judgment of the court is, that the taylor ſhall loſe his making, and the country man his cloth, and that the caps be given to the poor priſoners, and ſo let there be an end of the buſineſs.

If this ſentence provoked the laughter of the whole court, the next no leſs raiſed their admiration. For after the governor's order was executed, two old men appeared before him, one of 'em with a large cane in his hand, which he uſed as a ſtaff. My lord, ſaid the other, who had none, ſome time ago I lent this man ten gold crowns to do him a kindneſs; which money he was to repay me on demand. I did not ask him

for it again in a good while, leſt it ſhould prove a greater inconveniency to him to repay me than he laboured under when he borrowed it: however, perceiving that he took no care to pay me, I have asked him for my due; nay, I have been forced to dun him hard for it. But ſtill he did not only refuſe to pay me again, but denied he owed me any thing, and ſaid, that if I lent him ſo much money, he certainly returned it. Now, becauſe I have no witneſſes of the loan, nor he of the pretended payment, I beſeech your lordſhip to put him to his oath; and if he will ſwear he has paid me, I'll freely forgive him before God and the world. What ſay you to this, old gentleman with the ſtaff, asked Sancho? Sir anſwered the old man, I own he lent me the gold; and ſince he requires my oath, I beg you'll be pleaſed to hold down your rod of juſtice†, that I may ſwear upon't, how I have honeſtly and truly returned him his money. Thereupon the governor held down his rod, and in the mean time the defendant gave his cane to the plaintiff to hold, as if it hindered him, while he was to make a croſs, and ſwear over the judge's rod: this done, he declared, that 'twas true the other had lent him the ten crowns: but that he had really returned him the ſame ſum into his own hands; and that becauſe he ſuppoſed the plaintiff had forgot it, he was continually asking him for it. The great governor hearing this, asked the creditor what he had to reply? he made anſwer, that ſince his adverſary had ſworn it, he was ſatisfied; for he believed him to be a better Chriſtian than to offer to forſwear himſelf, and that perhaps he had forgot he had been repaid. Then the defendant took his cane again, and having made a low obeiſance to the judge, was immediately leaving the court. Which when Sancho perceived, reflecting on the paſſage of the cane, and admiring the creditor's

† The way of ſwearing in Spain in ſome caſes, is to hold down the rod of juſtice, and making a croſs on it, ſwear by that.

patience, after he had ſtudied a while with his head leaning over his ſtomach, and his fore finger on his noſe, on a ſudden he ordered the old man with the ſtaff to be called back. When he was returned, honeſt man, ſaid Sancho, let me ſee that cane a little; I have a uſe for't. With all my heart, anſwered the other; Sir, here it is; and with that he gave it him. Sancho took it; and giving it the other old man, there, ſaid he, go your ways, and heaven be with you; for now you are paid. How ſo, my lord, cried the old man? do you judge this cane to be worth ten gold crowns? Certainly, ſaid the governor, or elſe I am the greateſt dunce in the world. And now you ſhall ſee whether I have not a head-piece fit to govern a whole kingdom upon a ſhift. This ſaid, he ordered the cane to be broken in open court, which was no ſooner done, but out dropt the ten crowns. All the ſpectators were amazed, and began to look on their governor as a ſecond Solomon. They asked him how he could conjecture that the ten crowns were in the cane? he told them, that having obſerved how the defendant gave it to the plaintiff to hold while he took his oath, and then ſwore he had truly returned him the money in his own hands, after which he took his cane again from the plaintiff; this conſidered, it came into his head, that the money was lodged within the reed. From whence it may be learned, that though ſometimes thoſe that govern are deſtitute of ſenſe, yet it often pleaſes God to direct 'em in their judgment. Beſides, he had heard the curate of his pariſh tell of ſuch another buſineſs; and he had ſo ſpecial a memory, that were it not that he was ſo unlucky as to forget all he had a mind to remember, there could not have been a better in the whole iſland. At laſt the two old men went away, the one to his ſatisfaction, the other with eternal ſhame and diſgrace; and the beholders were aſhoniſhed, inſomuch that the perſon, who was commiſſioned to regiſter Sancho's words and actions,

and obſerve his behaviour, was not able to determine, whether he ſhould not give him the character of a wiſe man, inſtead of that of a fool, which he had been thought to deſerve.

No ſooner was this trial over, but in came a woman, haling along a man that looked like a good ſubſtantial graſier. Juſtice, my lord governor, juſtice! cried ſhe aloud; and if I cannot have it on earth, I'll have it from heaven! ſweet lord governor, this wicked fellow met me in the middle of a field, and has had the full uſe of my body; he has handled me like a diſh-clout. Woe's me, he has robbed me of that which I had kept theſe three and twenty years. Wretch that I am, I had guarded it ſafe from natives and foreigners, Chriſtians and Infidels! I have been always as tough as cork; no ſalamander ever kept itſelf more intire in fire, nor no wool among the briers, than did poor I, till this lewd man, with naſty fiſts, handled me at this rate. Woman, woman, quoth Sancho, no reflections yet; whether your gallant's hands were naſty or clean, that is not to the purpoſe. Then turning to the graſier, well, friend, ſaid he, what have you to ſay to this woman's complaint? My lord, (anſwered the man, looking as if he had been frighted out of his wits) I am a poor drover, and deal in ſwine; ſo this morning I was going out of this town, after I had ſold § (under correction be it ſpoken) four hogs, and what with the duties and the ſharping tricks of the officers, I hardly cleared any thing by the beaſts. Now as I was trudging home, whom ſhould I pick up by the way, but this hedge-madam here; and the devil, who has a finger in every pye, being powerful, forced us to yoke

§ In the original *Eſta manana ſalia deſte lugar de vender*, &c. which the new tranſlation turns thus; *This morning I was going out of this town to ſell*, &c. not *after I had ſold*, &c. The critics muſt judge which is right. I don't mention this to depreciate that performance, which I muſt own I admire for its accuracy, no leſs than the prints for their beauty.

together. I gave her that which would have contented any reaſonable woman; but ſhe was not ſatisfied, and wanted more money; and would never leave me, 'till ſhe had dragged me hither. She'll tell ye I raviſhed her; but by the oath I have taken, or mean to take, ſhe lies like a drab as ſhe is, and this is every tittle true. Fellow, quoth, Sancho, haſt thou any ſilver about thee? Yes, an't like your worſhip, anſwered the drover, I have ſome, twenty ducats in ſilver in a leathern purſe here in my boſom. Give it the plaintiff, money and all, quoth Sancho. The man, with a trembling hand, did as he was commanded: the woman took it, and dropped a thouſand courteſies to the company, wiſhing on her knees as many bleſſings to the good governor, who took ſuch ſpecial care of poor fatherleſs and motherleſs children, and abuſed virgins; and then ſhe nimbly tripped out of court, holding the purſe faſt in both her hands; though firſt ſhe took care to peep into it, to ſee whether the ſilver was there. Scarce was ſhe gone, when Sancho turning to the fellow, who ſtood with the tears in his eyes, and looked as if he had parted with his blood as well as his money; friend, ſaid he, run and overtake the woman, and take the purſe from her, whether ſhe will or no, and bring it hither. The drover was neither ſo deaf nor ſo mad as to be twice bid; away he flew like lightening after his money. The whole court was in mighty expectation, and could not tell what could be the end of the matter. But a while after, the man and the woman came back, he pulling, and ſhe tugging; ſhe with her petticoat tucked up, and the purſe in her boſom and he uſing all the ſtrength he had to get it from her. But it was to no purpoſe; for the woman defended her prize ſo well, that all his manhood little avail'd. Juſtice, cried ſhe, for heaven's ſake, juſtice, gentlemen! look you, my lord, ſee this impudent ruffian, that on the king's high way, nay, in the face of the court, would rob me of my purſe, the very purſe you

condemned him to give me. And has he got it from you? aſked the governor. Got it! quoth the woman, I'll loſe my life before I loſe my purſe. I were a pretty baby then, to let him wipe my noſe thus? No, you muſt ſet other dogs upon me than this ſorry ſneaking mangy whelp; pincers, hammers, mallets, and chiſſels ſhan't wrench it out of my clutches; no, not the claws of a lion; they ſhall ſooner have my ſoul than my money. She ſays the truth, my lord, ſaid the fellow, for I am quite ſpent: the jade is too ſtrong for me; I cannot grapple with her. Sancho then called to the female. Here, quoth he, honeſty! you ſhe dragon, let me ſee the purſe. The woman delivered it to him; and then he returned to the man; hark you, miſtreſs, ſaid he to her, had you ſhewed yourſelf as ſtout and valiant to defend your body, (nay, but half ſo much) as you've done to defend your purſe, the ſtrength of Hercules could not have forc'd you. Hence, impudence, get out of my ſight. Away, with a pox to you; and do not offer to ſtay in this iſland, nor within ſix leagues of it, on pain of two hundred laſhes. Out, as faſt as you can, you tricking, brazen faced brimſtone, hedge-drab, away. The wench was in a terrible fright, and ſneaked away, hanging down her head as ſhamefully as if ſhe had been catched in the deed of darkneſs. Now friend, ſaid the governor to the man, get you home with your money, and heaven be with you: but another time, if you han't a mind to come off worſe, be ſure you don't yoke with ſuch cattle. The drover thanked him as well as he could, and away he went; and all the people admired afreſh their new governor's judgment and ſentences. An account of which was taken by him that was appointed to be his hiſtoriographer, and forthwith tranſmitted to the duke, who expected it with impatience. Now let us leave honeſt Sancho here; for his maſter, with great earneſtneſs, requires our attendance, Altiſidora's ſerenade, having ſtrangely diſcompoſed his mind.

CHAP XLVI.

Of the dreadful alarms given to Don Quixote by the bells and cats, during the courſe of Altiſidora's amours.

WE left the great Don Quixote profoundly buried in the thoughts into which the enamour'd Altiſidora's ſerenade had plung'd him. He threw himſelf into his bed, but the cares and anxieties which he brought thither with him, like ſo many fleas, allow'd him no repoſe, and the misfortune of his torn ſtocking, added to his affliction. But as time is ſwift, and no bolts nor chains can bar his rapid progreſs, poſting away on the wings of the hours, the morning came on apace. At the return of light, Don Quixote, more early than the ſun, forſook his downy bed, put on his ſhamoy apparel, and drawing on his walking boots, conceal'd in one of 'em the diſaſter of his hoſe: he threw his ſcarlet cloke over his ſhoulder, and clapp'd on his valiant head his cap of green velvet edg'd with ſilver lace. Over his right ſhoulder he hung his belt †, the ſuſtainer of his truſty executing ſword. About his wriſt he wore the roſary, which he always carry'd about him. And thus accoutered, with a great deal of ſtate and majeſty, he moved towards the anti-chamber, where the duke and ducheſs were ready dreſs'd, and, in a manner, expecting his coming. As he went through a gallery he met Altiſidora and her companion, who waited for him in the paſſage; and no ſooner did Altiſidora eſpy him, but ſhe diſſembled a ſwooning fit, and immediately dropp'd into the arms of her friend, who preſently began to unlace her ſtays. Which Don

† Here his belt, according to the true ſignification of *Tahali*, is one hung on his ſhoulders: at *Diego de Mirandas* it ſeem'd to be a belt girded about his loins, and was made of a ſkin proper for the weakneſs he was ſuppos'd to have in them.

Quixote perceiving, he approach'd, and turning to the damſel, I know the meaning of all this, ſaid he, and whence theſe accidents proceed. You know more than I do, anſwer'd the aſſiſting damſel: but this I am ſure of, that hitherto there's not a damſel in this houſe, that has enjoy'd her health better than Altiſidora; I never knew her make the leaſt complaint before. A vengeance ſeize all the knights-errant in the world, if they are all ſo ungrateful. Pray, my lord Don Quixote, retire, for this poor young creature will not come to herſelf as long as you are by. Madam, anſwer'd the knight, I beg that a lute may be left in my chamber this evening, that I may aſſwage this lady's grief as well as I can; for in the beginning of an amour, a ſpeedy and free diſcovery of our averſion or pre engagement, is the moſt effectual cure. This ſaid, he left 'em, that he might not be found alone with them by thoſe that might happen to go by. He was ſcarce gone, but Altiſidora's counterfeited fit was over, and turning to her companion, By all means, ſaid ſhe, let him have a lute; for without doubt the knight has a mind to give us ſome muſic, and we ſhall have ſport enough. Then they went and acquainted the ducheſs with their proceeding, and Don Quixote's deſiring a lute. Whereupon, being overjoy'd at the occaſion, ſhe plotted with the duke and her women a new contrivance to have a little harmleſs ſport with the Don. After this, they expected, with a pleaſing impatience, the return of night, which ſtole upon them as faſt as had done the day, which the duke and ducheſs paſs'd in agreeable converſe with Don Quixote. The ſame day ſhe diſpatch'd a trusty page of hers, who had perſonated Dulcinea in the wood, to Tereſa Pança, with her huſband's letter, and the bundle of clothes which he had left behind, charging him to bring her back a faithful account of every particular between 'em.

At laſt, it being eleven o'clock at night, Don Quixote retir'd to his apartment, and finding a lute there, he

tun'd it, open'd the window, and perceiving there was ſomebody walking in the garden, he ran over the ſtrings of the inſtrument, and having tun'd it again as nicely as he could, he cough'd and clear'd his throat, and then with a voice ſomewhat hoarſe, yet not unmuſical, he ſung the following ſong, which he had compos'd himſelf that very day.

THE ADVICE.

'LOVE, a ſtrong deſigning foe,
'Careleſs hearts with eaſe deceives;
'Can that breaſt reſiſt his blow,
'Which your ſloth unguarded leaves?

'If you're idle, you're deſtroy'd,
'All his art on you he tries;
'But be watchful and employ'd,
'Straight the baffled tempter flies,

'Maids, for modeſt grace admir'd,
'If they would their fortunes raiſe,
'Muſt in ſilence live retir'd,
''Tis their virtue ſpeaks their praiſe.

'Prudent men in this agree,
'Whether arms or courts they uſe;
'They may trifle with the free,
'But for wives the virtuous chuſe.

'Wanton loves, which in their way
'Roving travellers put on,
'In the morn are freſh and gay,
'In the evening cold and gone.

'Loves that come with eager haſte,
'Still with equal haſte depart;

'For an image ill impreſt,
'Soon is vaniſh'd from the heart.

'On a picture fair and true,
'Who wou'd paint another face?
'Sure no beauty can ſubdue,
'While a greater holds the place.

'The divine Toboſan, fair
'Dulcinea, claims me whole;
'Nothing can her image tear;
''Tis one ſubſtance with my ſoul.

'Then let fortune ſmile or frown,
'Nothing ſhall my faith remove;
'Conſtant truth, the lover's crown,
'Can work miracles in love.

No ſooner had Don Quixote made an end of his ſong, to which the duke, ducheſs, Altiſidora, and almoſt all the people in the caſtle liſten'd all the while; but on a ſudden, from an open gallery, that was directly over the knight's window, they let down a rope, with at leaſt a hundred little tinkling bells hanging about it. After that came down a great number of cats, pour'd out of a huge ſack, all of 'em with ſmaller bells ty'd to their tails. The jangling of the bells, and the ſquawling of the cats made ſuch a diſmal noiſe, that the very contrivers of the jeſt themſelves were ſcar'd for the preſent, and Don Quixote was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd and quite diſmay'd. At the ſame time, as ill luck would have it, two or three frighted cats leap'd in through the bars of his chamber window, and running up and down the room like ſo many evil ſpirits, one would have thought a whole legion of devils had been flying about the chamber. They put out the candles that ſtood lighted there, and endeavoured to get out. Mean while the rope, with the bigger bells

about it, was pull'd up and down, and thoſe who knew nothing of the contrivance were greatly ſurpriz'd. At laſt, Don Quixote, recovering from his aſtoniſhment, drew his ſword, and fenc'd and laid about him at the window, crying aloud, Avaunt ye wicked inchanters! hence infernal ſcoundrels! for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, and all your damn'd devices cannot work their ends againſt me. And then running after the cats that friſk'd about the room, he began to thruſt and cut at them furiouſly, while they ſtrove to get out. At laſt they made their eſcape at the window, all but one of 'em, who finding himſelf hard put to it, flew in his face; and laying hold on his noſe with his claws and teeth, put him to ſuch pain, that the Don began to roar out as loud as he could. Thereupon the duke and the ducheſs, imagining the cauſe of his outcry, ran to his aſſiſtance immediately; and having open'd the door of his chamber with a maſter-key, found the poor knight ſtruggling hard with the cat, that would not quit its hold. By the light of the candles which they had with them, they ſaw the unequal combat: the duke offer'd to interpoſe, and take off the animal; but Don Quixote would not permit him. Let no body take him off, cry'd he; let me alone hand to hand with this devil, this ſorcerer, this necromancer! I'll make him know what it is to deal with Don Quixote de la Mancha. But the cat, not minding his threats, growl'd on, and ſtill held faſt; till at length the duke got its claws unhook'd from the knight's fleſh, and flung the beaſt out at the window. Don Quixote's face was hideouſly ſcratch'd, and his noſe in no very good condition: yet nothing vex'd him ſo much as that they had reſcu'd out of his hands that villanous necromancer. Immediately ſome ointment was ſent for, and Altiſidora herſelf, with her own lilly-white hands, apply'd ſome plaiſters to his ſores, and whiſpering him in the ear, as ſhe was dreſſing him, Cruel hard-hearted knight, ſaid ſhe, all theſe diſaſters are befallen

thee, as a juſt puniſhment for thy obdurate ſtubbornneſs and diſdain. May thy ſquire Sancho forget to whip himſelf, that thy darling Dulcinea may never be deliver'd from her inchantment, nor thou be ever bleſs'd with her embraces, at leaſt ſo long as I thy neglected adorer lives. Don Quixote made no anſwer at all to this, only he heav'd up a profound ſigh, and then went to take his repoſe, after he had return'd the duke and ducheſs thanks, not ſo much for their aſſiſtance againſt that raſcally crew of caterwauling and jangling inchanters, for he defy'd them all, but for their kindneſs and good intent. Then the duke and ducheſs left him, not a little troubled at the miſcarriage of their jeſt, which they did not think would have prov'd ſo fatal to the knight, as to oblige him, as it did, to keep his chamber five days. During which time, there happen'd to him another adventure, more pleaſant than the laſt; which, however, cannot be now related; for the hiſtorian muſt return to Sancho Pança, who was very buſy, and no leſs pleaſant in his government.

CHAP. XLVII.

A further account of Sancho Pança's behaviour in his government.

THE hiſtory informs us, that Sancho was conducted from the court of juſtice to a ſumptuous palace; where, in a ſpacious room, he found the cloth laid, and a moſt neat and magnificent entertainment prepar'd. As ſoon as he enter'd, the wind-muſic play'd, and four pages waited on him, in order to the waſhing his hands; which he did with a great deal of gravity. And now the inſtruments ceaſing, Sancho ſat down at the upper end of the table; for there was no ſeat but there, and the cloth was only laid for one. A certain perſonage, who afterwards appear'd to be a phyſician,

came and ſtood at his elbow, with a whalebone wand in his hand. Then they took off a curious white cloth that lay over the diſhes on the table, and diſcover'd great variety of fruit, and other eatables. One that look'd like a ſtudent, ſaid grace; a page put a lac'd bib under Sancho's chin; and another, who did the office of ſewer, ſet a diſh of fruit before him†. But he had hardly put one bit into his mouth, before the phyſician touch'd the diſh with his wand, and then it was taken away by a page in an inſtant. Immediately another with meat was clapp'd in the place; but Sancho no ſooner offer'd to taſte it, but the doctor with the wand, conjur'd it away as faſt as the fruit. Sancho was amaz'd at this ſudden removal, and looking about him on the company, aſk'd them whether they us'd to tantalize people at that rate, feeding their eyes, and ſtarving their bellies? My lord governor, anſwer'd the phyſician, you are to eat here, no otherwiſe than according to the uſe and cuſtom of other iſlands where there are governors. I am a doctor of phyſick, my lord, and have a ſalary allow'd me in this iſland, for taking charge of the governor's health, and I am more careful of it than of my own; ſtudying night and day his conſtitution, that I may the better know what to preſcribe when he falls ſick. Now the chief thing I do, is to attend him always at his meals, to let him eat what I think convenient for him, and to prevent his eating what I imagine to be prejudicial to his health, and offenſive to his ſtomach. Therefore I now order'd the fruit to be taken away, becauſe 'tis too cold and moiſt; and the other diſh, becauſe 'tis as much too hot, and overſeaſon'd with ſpices, which are apt to increaſe thirſt; and he that drinks much, deſtroys and conſumes the radical moiſture, which is the fuel of life. So then, quoth Sancho, this diſh of roaſted partridges here, can do me no manner of harm. Hold, ſaid the phyſician, the lord governor ſhall not eat of them, while I live

† The Spaniards and Italians begin dinner with fruit, as we end it.

to prevent it. Why ſo? cry'd Sancho: becauſe, anſwer'd the doctor, our great maſter Hippocrates, the north-ſtar, and luminary of phyſic, ſays in one of his aphoriſms, *Omnis ſaturatio mala, perdicis autem peſſima*: That is, all repletion is bad, but that of partridges is worſt of all. If it be ſo, ſaid Sancho, let Mr. Doctor ſee which of all theſe diſhes on the table will do me moſt good and leaſt harm, and let me eat my belly-full of that, without having it whiſk'd away with his wand. For, by my hopes, and the pleaſures of government, as I live, I am ready to die with hunger; and not to allow me to eat any victuals (let Mr. Doctor ſay what he will) is the way to ſhorten my life, and not to lengthen it. Very true, my lord, reply'd the phyſician, however, I am of opinion, you ought not to eat of theſe rabbets, as being a hairy, furry ſort of food; nor would I have you taſte of that veal: indeed if it were neither roaſted nor pickled, ſomething might be ſaid; but as it is, it muſt not be. Well, then, ſaid Sancho, what think you of that huge diſh yonder that ſmoaks ſo? I take it to be an * olla podrida; and that being a hodge-podge of ſo many ſorts of victuals, ſure I can't but light upon ſomething there that will nick me, and be both wholeſome and toothſome. *Abſit*, cry'd the doctor, far be ſuch an ill thought from us; no diet in the world yields worſe nutriment than thoſe miſhmaſhes do. No, leave that luxurious compound to your rich monks and prebendaries, your maſters of colleges, and luſty feeders at country-weddings: but let them not incumber the tables of governors, where nothing but delicate unmix'd viands in their prime, ought to make their appearance. The reaſon is, that ſimple medicines are generally allow'd to be better than compound; for in a compoſition there may happen a miſtake by the unequal proportion of the ingredients; but ſimples are not ſubject to that accident. Therefore what I would adviſe at preſent, as a fit diet for the governor, for the preſervation and ſupport of

* 'Tis what we corruptly call an *olio*, all ſorts of meat ſtew'd together.

his health, is a hundred of ſmall wafers, and a few thin ſlices of marmalade, to ſtrengthen his ſtomach and help digeſtion. Sancho hearing this, lean'd back upon his chair, and looking earneſtly in the doctor's face, very ſeriouſly aſk'd him what his name was, and where he had ſtudied? My lord, anſwer'd he, I am call'd doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero. The name of the place where I was born, is Tirteafuera, and lies between Caraquel and Almodabar del Campo, on the right hand; and I took my degree of doctor in the univerſity of Oſuna. Hark you, ſaid Sancho, in a mighty chafe, Mr. Dr. Pedro Rezio de Aguero, born at Tirteafuera, that lies between Caraquel and Almodabar del Campo, on the right hand, and who took your degrees of doctor at the univerſity of Oſuna, and ſo forth, take yourſelf away! avoid the room this moment, or by the ſun's light, I'll get a good cudgel, and beginning with your carcaſe, will ſo belabour and rib roaſt all the phyſick-mongers in the iſland, that I will not leave therein one of the tribe of thoſe, I mean that are ignorant quacks; for as for learned and wiſe phyſicians, I'll make much of 'em, and honour 'em like ſo many angels. Once more Pedro Rezio, I ſay, get out of my preſence. Avaunt! or I'll take the chair I ſit upon, and comb your head with it to ſome purpoſe; and let me be call'd to an account about it when I give up my office; I don't care, I'll clear myſelf by ſaying, I did the world good ſervice, in ridding it of a bad phyſician, the plague of a commonwealth. Body of me! let me eat, or let 'em take their government again; for an office that won't afford a man his victuals, is not worth two horſe-beans. The phyſician was terrify'd, ſeeing the governor in ſuch a heat, and would that moment have ſlunk out of the room, had not the ſound of a poſt-horn in the ſtreet been heard that moment; whereupon the ſteward immediately

† The doctor's name and birth-place are fictitious; *rezio de aguero* ſignifies *poſitive of the omen*; and *tirteafuera*, *take yourſelf away*.

looking out of the window, turn'd back, and ſaid, there was an expreſs come from the duke, doubtleſs with ſome diſpatch of importance.

Preſently the meſſenger enter'd ſweating, with haſte and concern in his looks, and pulling a packet out of his boſom, deliver'd it to the governor. Sancho gave it to the ſteward, and order'd him to read the direction, which was this: 'To Don Sancho Pança, gover-'nor of the iſland of Barataria, to be deliver'd into 'his own hands, or thoſe of his ſecretary.' Who is my ſecretary? cry'd Sancho. 'Tis I, my lord, (anſwer'd one that was by) for I can write and read, and am a Biſcayner. That laſt qualification is enough to make thee ſet up for ſecretary to the emperor himſelf, ſaid Sancho. Open the letter then, and ſee what it ſays. The new ſecretary did ſo, and having perus'd the diſpatch by himſelf, told the governor, that 'twas a buſineſs that was to be told only in private: Sancho order'd every one to leave the room, except the ſteward and the carver, and then the ſecretary read what follows.

'I Have received information, my lord Don Sancho 'Pança, that ſome of our enemies intend to attack 'your iſland with great fury, one of theſe nights: you 'ought therefore to be watchful, and ſtand upon your 'guard, that you may not be found unprovided. I 'have alſo had intelligence from faithful ſpies, that 'there are four men got into the town in diſguiſe, to 'murder you; your abilities being regarded as a great 'obſtacle to the enemy's deſigns. Look about you, 'take heed how you admit ſtrangers to ſpeak with you, 'and eat nothing that is laid before you, I will take 'care to ſend you aſſiſtance, if you ſtand in need of it: 'and in every thing I rely on your prudence. From 'our caſtle, the 16th of Auguſt, at four in the morn-'ing.

Your friend,

The DUKE.

Sancho was aſtoniſh'd at the news, and thoſe that were with him, ſeem'd no leſs concern'd. But at laſt turning to the ſteward, I'll tell you, ſaid he, what is firſt to be done in this caſe, and that with all ſpeed; clap me that ſame doctor Rezio in a dungeon; for if any body has a mind to kill me, it muſt be he, and that with a lingring death, the worſt of deaths, hunger-ſtarving. However, ſaid the carver, I am of opinion, your honour ought not to eat any of the things that ſtand here before ye; for they were ſent in by ſome of the convents; and 'tis a common ſaying, *The devil lurks behind the croſs*: Which no body can deny, quoth Sancho; and therefore let me have for the preſent but a luncheon of bread, and ſome four pound of raiſins; there can be no poiſon in that: for, in ſhort I cannot live without eating; and if we muſt be in readineſs againſt theſe battles, we had need be well victuall'd; for 'tis the belly keeps up the heart, and not the heart the belly. Meanwhile, ſecretary, do you ſend my lord duke an anſwer, and tell him, his order ſhall be fulfill'd in every part without fail. Remember me kindly to my lady ducheſs, and beg of her not to forget to ſend one on purpoſe, with my letter and bundle, to Tereſa Pança my wife; which I ſhall take as a ſpecial favour; and I will be mindful to ſerve her to the beſt of my power: and when your hand's in, you may crowd in my ſervice to my maſter Don Quixote de la Mancha, that he may ſee I am neither forgetful nor ungrateful; the reſt I leave to you; put in what you will, and do your part like a good ſecretary, and a ſtanch Biſcayner. Now take away here, and bring me ſomething to eat; and then you ſhall ſee I am able to deal with all the ſpies, wizzards and cut-throat dogs that dare to meddle with me and my iſland

At that time a page entering the room; My lord, ſaid he, there's a countryman without deſires to ſpeak with your lordſhip about buſineſs of great conſequence.

'Tis a ſtrange thing, cry'd Sancho, that one muſt ſtill be plagu'd with theſe men of buſineſs! is it poſſible, they ſhould be ſuch ſots, as not to underſtand this is not a time for buſineſs? do they fancy, that we governors and diſtributers of juſtice are made of iron and marble, and have no need of reſt and refreſhment like other creatures of fleſh and blood. Well, before heaven, and o'my conſcience, if my government does but laſt, as I ſhrewdly gueſs it will not, I'll get ſome of theſe men of buſineſs laid by the heels. Well, for once let the fellow come in—but firſt take heed he be'nt one of the ſpies or ruffian-rogues that would murder me. As for that, ſaid the page, I dare ſay he had no hand in the plot; poor ſoul, he looks as if he could not help it; there's no more harm in him to ſee to, than in a piece of good bread* There's no need to fear, ſaid the ſteward, ſince we are all here by you. But hark you, quoth Sancho, now Dr Rezio's gone, might not I eat ſomething that has ſome ſubſtance in it, though it were but a cruſt and an onion? At night, anſwer'd the carver, your honour ſhall have no cauſe to complain: ſupper ſhall make amends for the want of your dinner. Heaven grant it may, ſaid Sancho.

Now the countryman came in, and by his looks ſeem'd to be a good harmleſs ſilly ſoul. As ſoon as he enter'd the room, which is my lord governor, quoth he? Who but he that ſits in the chair, anſwer'd the ſecretary! I humble myſelf to his worſhip's preſence, quoth the fellow; and with that, falling on his knees, begg'd to kiſs his hand; which Sancho refus'd, but bid him riſe and tell him what he had to ſay. The countryman then got up; My lord, quoth he, I am a huſbandman of Miguel Turra, a town ſome two leagues from Ciudadreal. Here's another Tirte a fuera, quoth Sancho; Well, go on friend; I know the place full well; 'tis not far from our town. An't pleaſe you, ſaid the

* *Bueno como el pan.* When the country people wou'd define an honeſt good natur'd man, they ſay, *He is as good as bread itſelf.*

countryman, my buſineſs is this: I was married by heaven's mercy in the face of our holy mother, the Roman catholick church; and I have two boys that take their learning at the college; the youngeſt ſtudies to become a batchelor, and the eldeſt to be a maſter of arts. I am a widower, becauſe my wife is dead; ſhe dy'd, an't pleaſe you, or to ſpeak more truly, ſhe was kill'd as a body may ſay, by a damn'd doctor, that gave her a purge when ſhe was with child. Had it been heaven's bleſſed will that ſhe had been brought to bed of a boy, I would have ſent him to ſtudy, to have been a doctor, that he might have had no cauſe to envy his brothers. So then, quoth Sancho, had not your wife died, or had they not made her die, you had not been a widower. Very true, anſwer'd the man. We are much the nearer, cry'd Sancho; go on, honeſt friend, and prithee diſpatch; for 'tis rather time to take an afternoon's nap, than to talk of buſineſs. Now, Sir, I muſt tell you, continu'd the farmer, that that ſon of mine the batchelor of arts that is to be, fell in love with a maiden of our town, Clara Perlerino by name, the daughter of Andrew Perlerino, a mighty rich farmer; and Perlerino is not the right name neither; but becauſe the whole generation of 'em is troubled with the palſy*, they us'd to be call'd from the name of that ailing, Perlaticos; but now they go by that of Perlerino; and truly it fits the young woman rarely, for ſhe is a precious pearl for beauty, eſpecially if you ſtand on her right ſide, and view her, ſhe looks like a flower in the fields. On the left indeed ſhe does not look altogether ſo well; for there ſhe wants an eye, which ſhe loſt by the ſmall pox, that has digg'd many pits ſomewhat deep all over her face; but thoſe that wiſh her well, ſay, that's nothing; and that thoſe pits are but ſo many graves to bury lovers hearts in. She is ſo cleanly, that becauſe ſhe will not have her noſe

* *Perleſia*, in Spaniſh, is the palſy; and thoſe who have it, the Spaniards call *perlaticos*; whence this name.

drop upon her lips, ſhe carries it cock'd up, and her noſtrils are turn'd up on each ſide, as if they ſhun'd her mouth, that is ſomewhat of the wideſt; and for all that ſhe looks exceeding well; and were it not for ſome ten or dozen of her butter teeth and grinders, which ſhe wants, ſhe might ſet up for one of the clevereſt laſſes in the country. As for her lips, I don't know what to ſay of 'em, for they are ſo thin and ſo ſlender, that were it the faſhion to wind lips as they do ſilk, one might make a ſkin of her's; beſides, they are not of the ordinary hue of common lips; no, they are of the moſt wonderful colour that ever was ſeen, as being ſpeckled with blue, green, and orange tawny. I hope my lord governor will pardon me, for dwelling thus on the picture, and ſeveral rare features of her that is one day to be my daughter, ſeeing 'tis meerly out of my hearty love and affection for the girl. Prithee paint on as long as thou wilt, ſaid Sancho; I am mightily taken with this kind of painting, and if I had but dined, I would not deſire a better deſert than thy original. Both myſelf and that are at your ſervice, quoth the fellow; or at leaſt we may be in time, if we are not now. But, alas! Sir, that is nothing; could I ſet before your eyes her pretty carriage, and her ſhape, you would admire. But that's not to be done; for ſhe is ſo crooked and crumpled up together, that her knees and her chin meet, and yet any one may perceive that if ſhe could but ſtand upright, her head would touch the very ceiling; and ſhe would have given her hand to my ſon, the batchelor, in the way of matrimony before now, but that ſhe's not able to ſtretch it forth, the ſinews being quite ſhrunk up: however, the broad long-gutter'd nails add no ſmall grace to it, and may let you know what a well-made hand ſhe has.

So far ſo good, ſaid Sancho; but let us ſuppoſe you have drawn her from head to foot: what is it you'd be at now? come to the point, friend, without ſo many windings and turnings, and going round about the

buſh. Sir, ſaid the farmer, I would deſire your honour to do me the kindneſs to give me a letter of accommodation to the father of my daughter-in-law, beſeeching him to be pleas'd to let the marriage be fulfill'd; ſeeing we are not unlike, neither in eſtate, nor in bodily concerns. For, to tell you the truth, my lord governor, my ſon is bewitch'd, and there is not a day paſſes over his head, but the foul fiends torment him three or four times; and having once had the ill luck to fall into the fire, the ſkin of his face is ſhrivell'd up like a piece of parchment, and his eyes are ſomewhat ſore and full of rheum. But when all is ſaid, he has the temper of an angel; and were he not apt to thump and belabour himſelf now and then in his fits, you would take him to be a ſaint.

Have you any thing elſe to aſk, honeſt man, ſaid Sancho? Only one thing more, quoth the farmer; but I am ſomewhat afraid to ſpeak it: yet I cannot find in my heart to let it rot within me; and therefore, fall back fall edge, I muſt out with it. I would deſire your worſhip to beſtow on me ſome three hundred or ſix hundred ducats towards my batchelor's portion, only to help him to begin the world, and furniſh him a houſe; for, in ſhort, they wou'd live by themſelves, without being ſubject to the impertinencies of a father-in law. Well, ſaid Sancho, ſee if you would have any thing elſe; if you would, don't let fear or baſhfulneſs be your hindrance: out with it man. No truly, quoth the farmer; and he had hardly ſpoke the words, when the governor ſtarting up, and laying hold of the chair he ſat on: You brazen fac'd ſilly impudent country-booby, cry'd he, get out of my preſence this moment, or, by the blood of the Pançis, I'll crack your jolter-head with this chair, you whoreſon raggamuffin, painter for the devil; doſt thou come at this time of day to aſk me for ſix hundred ducats? where ſhould I have 'em, mangy clod pate? and if I had 'em, why ſhould I give 'em thee, thou old doating ſcoundrel? what a pox are

I for Miguel Turra, or all the generation of the Perlerinos? avoid the room, I ſay, or by the life of the duke, I'll be as good as my word, and ding out thy cookoo-brains. Thou art no native of Miguel Turra, but ſome imp of the devil, ſent on his maſter's errands to tempt my patience. 'Tis not a day and half that I have been governor, and thou would'ſt have me have ſix hundred ducats already, dunderheaded ſot.

The ſteward made ſigns to the farmer to withdraw, and he went out accordingly, hanging down his head, and to all appearance very much afraid, leſt the governor ſhould make good his angry threats; for the cunning knave knew very well how to act his part. But let us leave Sancho in his angry mood, and let there be peace and quietneſs, while we return to Don Quixote, whom we left with his face covered over with plaiſters; the ſcratches which he had got when the cat ſo clapper-clawed him, having obliged him to no leſs than eight days retirement; during which time there happened that to him, which Cid Hamet promiſes to relate with the ſame punctuality and veracity with which he delivers the particulars of his hiſtory, how trivial ſoever they may be.

CHAP. XLVIII.

What happened to Don Quixote with Donna Rodriguez the ducheſs's woman; as alſo other paſſages worthy to be recorded, and had in eternal remembrance.

DON Quixote, thus unhappily hurt, was extremely ſullen and melancholy, his face wrapped up and marked, not by the hand of a ſuperior being, but the paws of a cat, a misfortune incident to knight-errantry. He was ſix days without appearing in pub-

lic; and one night when he was thus confined to his apartment, as he lay awake, reflecting on his misfortunes, and Altiſidora's importunities, he perceived ſome body was opening his chamber door with a key, and preſently imagined that the amorous damſel was coming to make an attempt on his chaſtity, and expoſe him to the danger of forfeiting that loyalty which he had vowed to his lady Dulcinea del Toboſo. Prepoſſeſſed with that conceit, no, (ſaid he loud enough to be heard) the greateſt beauty in the univerſe ſhall never remove the dear idea of the charming fair, that is engraved and ſtamped in the very center of my heart, and the moſt ſecret receſſes of my breaſt. No, thou only miſtreſs of my ſoul, whether transformed into a rank country wench, or into one of the nymphs of the golden Tagus, that weave ſilk and gold in the loom: whether Merlin or Monteſinos detain thee where they pleaſe, be where thou wilt, thou ſtill art mine; and wherever I ſhall be, I muſt and will be thine; juſt as he ended his ſpeech, the door opened. Up he got in the bed, wrapped from head to foot in a yellow ſatin quilt, with a woollen cap on his head, his face and his muſtachio's bound up; his face to heal his ſcratches, and his muſtachio's to keep them from hanging down: in which poſture, he looked like the ſtrangeſt apparition that can be imagined. He fixed his eyes towards the door, and when he expected to have ſeen the yielding and doleful Altiſidora, he beheld a moſt reverend matron approaching in a white veil, ſo long that it covered her from head to foot. Betwixt her left hand fingers ſhe carried half a candle lighted, and held her right hand before her face to keep the blaze of the taper from her eyes, which were hidden by a huge pair of ſpectacles. All the way ſhe trod very ſoftly, and moved a very ſlow pace. Don Quixote watched her motions, and obſerving her garb and her ſilence, took her for ſome witch or inchantreſs, that came in that dreſs to practiſe her wicked ſorceries

upon him; and began to make the ſign of the croſs as faſt as he could. The viſion advanced all the while, and being got to the middle of the chamber, liſted up it's eyes, and ſaw Don Quixote thus making a thouſand croſſes on his breaſt. But if he was aſtoniſhed at ſight of ſuch a figure, ſhe was no leſs affrighted at his; ſo that as ſoon as ſhe ſpied him thus wrapped up in yellow, ſo lank, bepatched and muffled up; bleſs me, cried ſhe, what's this! with the ſudden fright, ſhe dropped the candle, and now being in the dark, as ſhe was running out, the length of her coats made her ſtumble, and down ſhe fell in the middle of the chamber: Don Quixote at the ſame time was in great anxiety: Phantom, cried he, or whatever thou art, I conjure thee to tell me who thou art, and what thou requireſt of me? If thou art a ſoul in torment, tell me, and I will endeavour thy eaſe to the utmoſt of my power; for I am a Catholick Chriſtian, and love to do good to all mankind; for which reaſon I took upon me the order of knight errantry, whoſe extenſive duties engage me to relieve the ſouls in purgatory. The poor old woman hearing herſelf thus conjured, judged Don Quixote's fears by her own; and therefore with a low and doleful voice, My lord Don Quixote, ſaid ſhe, (if you are he) I am neither a phantom nor a ghoſt, nor a ſoul in purgatory, as I ſuppoſe you fancy; but Donna Rodriguez, my lady ducheſs's matron of honour, who come to you about a certain grievance, of the nature of thoſe which you uſe to redreſs. Tell me, Donna Rodriguez, ſaid Don Quixote, are not you come to manage ſome love intrigue? if you are, take it from me, you'll lose your labour: 'tis all in vain, thanks to the peerleſs beauty of my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo. In a word, madam, provided you come not on ſome ſuch embaſſy you may go light your candle and return, and we will talk of any thing you pleaſe; but remember I bar all dangerous inſinuations, all amorous enticements: what! I procure for others, cried

the matron! I find you don't know me, Sir. I am not ſo ſtale yet, to be reduced to ſuch poor employments. I have good fleſh ſtill about me, heaven be praiſed, and all my teeth in my head, except ſome few, which the rheums, ſo rife in this country of Arragon, have robbed me of. But ſtay a little, I'll go light my candle, and then I'll tell you my misfortunes, for 'tis you that ſet to rights every thing in the world. This ſaid, away ſhe went, without ſtaying for an anſwer.

Don Quixote expected her a while quietly, but his working brain ſoon ſtarted a thouſand chimeras concerning this new adventure; and he fancied he did ill in giving way, though but to a thought of endangering his faith to his miſtreſs. Who knows, ſaid he to himſelf, but that the devil is now endeavouring to circumvent me with an old governante, though it has not been in his power to do it with counteſſes, marchioneſſes, ducheſſes, queens, nor empreſſes. I have often heard ſay, and that by perſons of great judgment, that if he can, he will rather tempt a man with an ugly object, than with one that's beautiful *. Who knows but this ſolitude, this occaſion, the ſtillneſs of the night, may rouze my ſleeping deſires, and cauſe me in my latter age to fall, where I never ſtumbled before? in ſuch caſes 'tis better to fly than to ſtay to face the danger. But why do I argue ſo fooliſhly? ſure 'tis impoſſible that an antiquated waiting matron, in a long white veil, like a winding ſheet, with a pair of ſpectacles over her noſe, ſhould create, or waken an unchaſte thought in the moſt abandoned libertine in the world. Is there any of theſe duena's, or governantes, that has good fleſh? is there one of thoſe implements of antichambers that is not impertinent, affected, and intolerable? avaunt then, all ye idle crowd of wrinkled

* In the original with a flat-noſed rather than a hawk-noſed woman.

female waiters, unfit for any human recreation! How is that lady to be commended, who, they tell us, ſet up only a couple of mawkins in her chamber exactly repreſenting two waiting matrons, with their work before 'em! the ſtate and decorum of her room was as well kept with thoſe ſtatues, as it would have been with real duenas. So ſaying, he ſtarted from the bed, to lock the door, and ſhut out Donna Rodriguez; but in that very moment ſhe happen'd to come in with a wax candle lighted; at what time ſpying the knight near her wrapped in his quilt, his face bound up, and a woollen cap on his head; ſhe was frighted again, and ſtarted two or three ſteps back. Sir knight, ſaid ſhe, is my honour ſafe? for I don't think it looks handſomely in you to come out of your bed? I ought to aſk you the ſame queſtion, madam, ſaid Don Quixote; and therefore tell me whether I ſhall be ſafe from being aſſaulted and raviſhed. Whom are you afraid of, Sir knight, cried ſhe? Of you, replied Don Quixote: for in ſhort, I am not made of marble, nor you of braſs; neither is it now the noon of day, but that of night, and a little later too, if I am not miſtaken; beſide, we are in a place more cloſe and private than the cave muſt have been, where the falſe and preſumptuous Aeneas enjoyed the beautiful and tender-hearted Dido. However, give me your hand, madam; for I deſire no greater ſecurity than that of my own continence and circumſpection. This ſaid, he kiſſed his own right hand, and with it took hold of her's, which ſhe gave him with the ſame ceremony.

Here Cid Hamet (making a parentheſis) ſwears by Mahomet, he would have given the beſt coat of two that he had, only to have ſeen the knight and the matron walk thus hand in hand from the chamber door to the bed ſide. To make ſhort, Don Quixote went to bed again, and Donna Rodriguez ſat down in a chair at ſome diſtance, without taking off her ſpectacles, or ſetting down the candle. Don Quixote

crowded up together, and covered himſelf cloſe, all but his face, and after they had both remained a while in ſilence, the firſt that broke it was the knight. Now, madam, ſaid he, you may freely unburden your heart, ſure of attention to your complaints, from chaſte ears, and aſſiſtance in your diſtreſs, from a compaſſionate heart. I believe as much, ſaid the matron, and promiſed myſelf no leſs charitable an anſwer from a perſon of ſo graceful and pleaſing a preſence. The caſe then is, noble Sir, that though you ſee me ſitting in this chair, in the middle of Arragon, in the habit of an inſignificant unhappy duena, I am of Aſturias de Oviedo, and one of the beſt families in that province. But my hard fortune, and the neglect of my parents, who fell to decay, too ſoon, I can't tell how, brought me to Madrid; where, becauſe they could do no better, for fear of the worſt, they placed me with a court lady, to be her chambermaid. And though I ſay it, for all manner of plain work, I was never outdone by any one in all my life. My father and mother left me at ſervice, and returned home; and ſome few years after, they both died, and went to heaven, I hope: for they were very good and religious Catholicks. Then was I left an orphan, and wholly reduced to the ſorrowful condition of ſuch court ſervants, wretched wages, and a ſlender allowance. About the ſame time the gentleman uſher fell in love with me, before I dreamt of any ſuch thing, heaven knows. He was ſomewhat ſtricken in years, had a fine beard, was a perſonable man, and what's more, as good a gentleman as the king; for he was of the mountains. We did not carry matters ſo cloſe in our love, but it came to my lady's ears; and ſo to hinder people's tongues, without any more ado, ſhe cauſed us to be married in the face of our holy mother the Catholick church; which matrimony produced a daughter, that made an end of my good fortune, if I had any. Not that I died in childbed; for I went my full time, and

was ſafely delivered; but becauſe my huſband (reſt his ſoul) died a while after of a fright; and had I but time to tell you how it happened, I dare ſay you would wonder. Here ſhe began to weep piteouſly; good Sir, cried ſhe, I muſt beg your pardon, for I can't contain myſelf. As often as I think of my poor huſband, I can't forbear ſhedding of tears. Bleſs me, how he looked! and with what ſtatelineſs he would ri'e, with my lady behind him, on a ſtout mule as black as jet (for coaches and chairs were not uſed then as they are now adays, but the ladies rode behind the gentlemen uſhers). And now my tongue's in, I can't help telling you the whole ſtory, that you may ſee what a fine well bred man my dear huſband was, and how nice in every punctilio.

One day, at Madrid, as he came into St. James's ſtreet, which is ſomewhat narrow, with my lady behind him, he met a judge of the court, with two officers before him: whereupon, as ſoon as he ſaw him, to ſhew his reſpect, my huſband turned about his mule, as if he deſigned to have waited on him. But my lady whiſpering him in the ear, what d'ye mean, ſaid ſhe, blockhead! don't you know I am here? The judge on his ſide was no leſs civil, and ſtopping his horſe, Sir, ſaid he, pray keep your way; you muſt not wait on me, it becomes me rather to wait on my lady Gaſilda (for that was my lady's name). However my huſband with his hat in his hand, perſiſted in his civil intentions. But at laſt, the lady being very angry with him for it, took a great pin, or rather, as I am apt to believe, a bodkin out of her caſe, and run it into his back; upon which my huſband ſuddenly ſtarting, and crying out, fell out of the ſaddle, and pulled down my lady after him. Immediately two of her footmen ran to help her, and the judge and his officers did the like. The gate of Guadalajara was preſently in a hubbub (the idle people about the gate I mean). In ſhort, my lady returned home a foot, and my huſband went

to a ſurgeon, complaining that he was pricked through the lungs. And now this civility of his was talked of every where, inſomuch that the very boys in the ſtreets would flock about him and jeer him: for which reaſon, and becauſe he was ſomewhat ſhort ſighted, my lady diſmiſſed him her ſervice; which he took ſo to heart, poor man, that it coſt him his life ſoon after. Now was I left a poor helpleſs widow, and with a daughter to keep, who ſtill increaſed in beauty as ſhe grew up, like the foam of the ſea. At length, having the name of an excellent work-woman at my needle, my lady ducheſs, who was newly married to his grace, took me to live with her in Arragon, and my daughter, as well as myſelf. In time the girl grew up, and became the moſt accompliſhed creature in the world. She ſings like a lark, dances like a fairy, trips like a wild buck, writes and reads like a ſchoolmaſter, and caſts accompts like an uſurer. I ſay nothing of her neatneſs; but certainly the pureſt ſpring water that runs is not more cleanly; and then for her age, ſhe is now, if I miſtake not, juſt ſixteen years, five months, and three days old. Now who ſhould happen to fall in love with this daughter of mine, but a mighty rich farmer's ſon, that lives in one of my lord duke's villages not far off; and indeed, I can't tell how he managed matters, but he plied her ſo cloſe, that upon a promiſe of marriage he wheedled her into a conſent, and in ſhort, got his will of her, and now refuſes to make his word good. The duke is no ſtranger to the buſineſs; for I have made my complaint to him about it many and many times, and begged of him to enjoin the young man to wed my daughter; but he turns his deaf ear to me, and can't endure I ſhould ſpeak to him of it, becauſe the young knave's father is rich, and lends the duke money, and is bound for him upon all occaſions, ſo that he would by no means diſoblige him.

Therefore, Sir, I apply myſelf to your worſhip, and

beſeech you to ſee my daughter righted, either by intreaties, or by force, ſeeing every body ſays you were ſent into this world to redreſs grievances, and aſſiſt thoſe in adverſity. Be pleas'd to caſt an eye of pity on my daughter's orphan ſtate, her beauty, her youth, and all her other good parts; for, o'my conſcience, of all the damſels my lady has, there is not one can come up to her by a mile; no, not ſhe that's cry'd up as the airieſt and fineſt of 'em all, whom they call Altiſidora: I am ſure ſhe is not to be nam'd the ſame day: for, let me tell you, Sir, all is not gold that gliſters. This ſame Altiſidora after all, is a hoity-toity, that has more vanity than beauty, and leſs modeſty than confidence: beſides, ſhe is none of the ſoundeſt neither, for her breath is ſo ſtrong, that no body can endure to ſtand near her for a moment. Nay, my lady ducheſs too—but I muſt ſay no more, for as they ſay, walls have ears. What of my lady ducheſs? ſaid Don Quixote. By all that's dear to you, Donna Rodriguez, tell me, I conjure you. Your intreaties, ſaid the matron, are too ſtrong a charm to be reſiſted, dear Sir, and I muſt tell you the truth. Do you obſerve, Sir, that beauty of my lady's, that ſoftneſs, that clearneſs of complexion, ſmooth and ſhining like a poliſh'd ſword; thoſe cheeks, all milk and vermilion, fair like the moon, and glorious like the ſun; that air when ſhe treads, as if ſhe diſdain'd to touch the ground; and, in ſhort, that look of health that enlivens all her charms; let me tell you, Sir, ſhe may thank heaven for't in the firſt place, and next to that, two iſſues in both her legs, which ſhe keeps open to carry off the ill humours, with which the phyſicians ſay her body abounds. Bleſs'd virgin, cry'd Don Quixote! is it poſſible the ducheſs ſhould have ſuch drains! I ſhould not have believ'd it from any body but you, though a bare-foot friar had ſworn it. But yet certainly from ſo much perfection, no ill humours can flow, but rather liquid amber. Well, I am now perſwaded ſuch ſluices may be of importance to health.

Scarce had Don Quixote ſaid thoſe words, when at one bounce the chamber-door flew open; whereupon Donna Rodriguez was ſeiz'd with ſuch a terrible fright, that ſhe let fall her candle, and the room remain'd as dark as a wolf's mouth *, as the ſaying is; and preſently the poor duena felt ſomebody hold her by the throat, and ſqueeze her weaſand ſo hard, that it was not in her power to cry out. And another having pull'd up her coats, laid on her ſo unmercifully upon her bare buttocks with a ſlipper, or ſome ſuch thing, that it would have mov'd any one but thoſe that did it, to pity. Don Quixote was not without compaſſion, yet he did not think fit to ſtir from the bed, but lay ſnug and ſilent all the while, not knowing what the meaning of this buſtle might be, fearing leſt the tempeſt that pour'd on the matron's poſteriors, might alſo light upon his own; and not without reaſon: for indeed, after the mute executioners had well curried the old gentlewoman (who durſt not cry out) they came to Don Quixote, and turning up the bed-clothes, pinched him ſo hard, and ſo long, that in his own defence, he could not forbear laying about him with his fiſts as well as he could; till at laſt, after the ſcuffle had laſted about half an hour, the inviſible phantoms vaniſh'd. Donna Rodriguez ſet her coats to-rights, and lamenting her hard fortune, left the room, without ſpeaking a word to the knight. As for him, he remain'd where he was, ſadly pinch'd and tir'd, and very moody and thoughtful, not knowing who this wicked inchanter ſhou'd be, that had us'd him in this manner: but we ſhall know that in it's proper time. Now let us leave him and return to Sancho Pança, who calls upon us, as the order of our hiſtory requires.

* Becauſe a wolf's mouth is black, ſay the dictionaries.

CHAP. XLIX.

What happen'd to Sancho Pança, as he went the rounds in his iſland.

WE left our mighty governor much out of humour, and in a pelting chaſe with that ſaucy knave of a countryman, who, according to the inſtructions he had receiv'd from the ſteward, and the ſteward from the duke, had banter'd his worſhip with his impertinent deſcription. Yet as much a dunce and a fool as he was, he made his party good againſt them all. At laſt, addreſſing himſelf to thoſe about him, among whom was Dr. Pedro Rezio, who had ventur'd into the room again, after the conſult about the duke's letter was over; now, ſaid he, do I find in good earneſt that judges and governors muſt be made of braſs, or ought to be made of braſs, that they may be proof againſt the importunities of thoſe that pretend buſineſs, who at all hours, and at all ſeaſons, would be heard and diſpatch'd, without any regard to any body but themſelves, let what will come of the reſt, ſo their turn is ſerv'd. Now if a poor judge does not hear and diſpatch them preſently, either becauſe he is otherways buſy and cannot, or becauſe they don't come at a proper ſeaſon, then do they grumble, and give him their bleſſing backwards, rake up the aſhes of his forefathers, and would gnaw his very bones. But with your leave, good Mr. Buſy-body, with all your buſineſs you are too haſty, pray have a little patience, and wait a fit time to make your application. Don't come at dinner-time, or when a man is going to ſleep, for we judges are fleſh and blood, and muſt allow nature what ſhe naturally requires; unleſs it be poor I, who am not to allow mine any food, thanks to my friend, maſter doctor Pedro Rezio Tirteafuera here preſent, who is for

ſtarving me to death, and then ſwears 'tis for the preſervation of my life. Heaven grant him ſuch a life, I pray, and all the gang of ſuch phyſick-mongers as he is; for the good phyſicians deſerve palms and laurels.

All that knew Sancho wonder'd to hear him talk ſo ſenſibly, and began to think that offices and places of truſt inſpir'd ſome men with underſtanding, as they ſtupify'd and counfounded others. However, doctor Pedro Rezio Aguero de Tirteafuera, promis'd him he ſhould ſup that night, though he treſpaſs'd againſt all the aphoriſms of Hippocrates. This pacify'd the governor for the preſent, and made him wait with a mighty impatience for the evening, and ſupper. To his thinking the hour was ſo long a coming, that he fancy'd time ſtood ſtill, but yet at laſt the wiſh'd-for moment came, and they ſerv'd him up ſome minc'd beef with onions, and ſome calves feet ſomewhat ſtale. The hungry governor preſently fell to with more eagerneſs and appetite than if they had given him Milan godwits, Roman pheaſants, Sorrentum veal, Moron partridges, or Lavajos green geeſe. And after he had pretty well taken off the ſharp edge of his ſtomach, turning to the phyſician, look you, quoth he, Mr doctor, hereafter never trouble yourſelf to get me dainties or tit-bits to humour my ſtomach; that would but take it quite off the hinges; by reaſon it has been us'd to nothing but good beef, bacon, pork, goats fleſh, turnips, and onions; and if you ply me with your kickſhaws, your nice courtiers fare, 'twill but make my ſtomach ſqueamiſh and untoward, and I ſhould perfectly loath them one time or other. However, I ſhall not take it amiſs, if maſter ſewer will now and then get me one of thoſe ollas podrida's, and the ſtronger they are the better *; where all ſorts of good things are rotten

* A diſh conſiſting of a great number of ingredients, as fleſh, fowl, &c. all ſtew'd together. *Olla* ſignifies a *pot*, and *podrida*, *putrify'd*, *rotten*; as if the ſtewing them together was ſuppos'd to have the ſame effect, as to making 'em tender, as rottenneſs would have. But *Covar-*

ſtew'd, and as if it were loſt in one another: and the more they are thus rotten, and like their name, the better the ſmack; and there you may make a jumble of what you will, ſo it be eatable, and I ſhall remember him, and make him amends one of theſe days. But let no body put tricks upon travellers, and make a fool of me; for either we are or we are not. Let's be merry and wiſe; when God ſends his light he ſends it to all; I'll govern this iſland fair and ſquare, without underhand dealings, or taking of bribes; but take notice, I won t bate an inch of my right; and therefore let every one carry an even hand, and mind their hits, or elſe I'd have them to know there's rods in piſs for 'em. They that urge me too far ſhall rue for it; make yourſelf honey, and the flies will eat you. Indeed, my lord governor, ſaid the ſteward, your lordſhip is much in the right in all you have ſaid; and I dare engage for the inhabitants of this iſland, that they will obey and obſerve your commands, with diligence, love, and punctuality; for your gentle way of governing in the beginning of your adminiſtration, does not give them the leaſt opportunity to act, or but to deſign, any thing to your lordſhip's diſadvantage. I believe as much, anſwer'd Sancho, and they would be ſilly wretch s, ſhould they offer to do or think otherwiſe. Let me tell you too, 'tis my pleaſure you take care of me, and my Dapple, that we may both have our food as we ought, which is the moſt material buſineſs. Next, let us think of going the rounds, when 'tis time for me to do it; for I intend to clear this iſland of all filth and rubbiſh, of all rogues and vagrants, idle luſks and ſturdy beggars For I would have you to know, my good friends, that your ſlothful, lazy, lewd people in a commonwealth, are like drones in a bee-hive, that waſte and devour the honey which the labouring bees gather. I

ruvius, in his etymologies, derives it from *poderoſo*, *powerful*; becauſe all the ingredients are ſubſtantial and nouriſhing; and this is confirm'd by Sancho's adding, *the ſtronger they are the better*.

deſign to encourage huſbandmen, preſerve the priviledges of the gentry, reward virtuous perſons, and above all things, reverence religion, and have regard to the honour of religious men. What think you of this, my good friends? do I talk to the purpoſe, or do I talk idly? you ſpeak ſo well, my lord governor, anſwer'd the ſteward, that I ſtand in admiration to hear a man ſo unletter'd as you are (for I believe your lordſhip can't read at all) utter ſo many notable things, and in every word a ſentence; far from what they who ſent you hither, and they who are here preſent, ever expected from your underſtanding. But every day produces ſome new wonder, jeſts are turn'd into earneſt, and thoſe who deſign'd to laugh at others, happen'd to be laugh'd at themſelves.

It being now night, and the governor having ſupp'd, with Doctor Rezio's leave, he prepar'd to walk the rounds, and ſet forward, attended by the ſteward, the ſecretary, the gentleman-waiter, the hiſtoriographer who was to regiſter his acts, ſeveral ſerjeants and other limbs of the law, ſo many in number, that they made a little battalion, in the middle of which the great Sancho march'd with his rod of juſtice in his hand, in a notable manner. They had not walk'd far in the town, before they heard the claſhing of ſwords, which made 'em haſten to the place whence the noiſe came. Being come thither, they found only two men fighting, who gave over, perceiving the officers. What (cry'd one of them at the ſame time) do they ſuffer folks to be robb'd in this town in defiance of heaven and the king? Do they let men be ſtript in the middle of the ſtreet? hold, honeſt man, ſaid Sancho, have a little patience, and let me know the occaſion of this fray, for I am the governor. My lord, ſaid the other party, I'll tell you in few words: your lordſhip muſt know, that this gentleman, juſt now, at a gaming ordinary over the way, won above a thouſand reals, heaven knows how I ſtood by all the while, and gave judgment for him in more than one doubtful caſt, though I could

not tell how to do it in conſcience. He carried off his winnings, and when I expected he would have given me a crown gratuity *, as it is a claim among gentlemen of my faſhion, who frequent gaming ordinaries, from thoſe that play high and win, for preventing quarrels, being at their backs, and giving judgment right or wrong, nevertheleſs he went away without giving me any thing: I ran after him, not very well pleas'd with his proceeding, yet very civilly deſir'd him to conſider I was his friend, that he knew me to be a gentleman, though fallen to decay, that had nothing to live upon, my friends having brought me up to no employment; and therefore I intreated him to be ſo kind as to give me eight reals; but the ſtingy ſoul, a greater thief than Cacus, and a worſe ſharper than Andradilla, would give me but ſneaking four reals. And now, my lord, you may ſee how little ſhame and conſcience there's in him. But i'faith, had not your lordſhip come juſt in the nick, I would have made him bring up his winnings, and taught him the difference between a rook and a jack-daw. What ſay you to this, cry'd Sancho to the other? the other made anſwer, that he could not deny what his antagoniſt had ſaid, that he would give him but four reals, becauſe he had given him money ſeveral times before; and they who expect the benevolence, ſhould be mannerly, and be thankful for what is given them, without haggling with thoſe that have won, unleſs they know 'em to be common cheats, and the money not won fairly; and that to ſhew he was a fair gameſter, and no ſharper, as the other ſaid, there needed no better proof than his refuſal to give him any thing, ſince the ſharpers are always in

* *Barato;* it originally ſignifies *cheap*; but amongſt gameſters, *dar barato* is, when a winning gameſter, by way of courteſy, or for ſome other reaſon gives ſomething to a ſtander-by. And this in Spain is a common practice among all ranks of people, and many live upon it; for it is expected as due, and ſometimes, to make the reward the greater, theſe raſcals give judgment wrongfully for the winner.

ſee with theſe bully-rocks who know 'em, and wink at their cheats. That's true, ſaid the ſteward: now what would your lordſhip have us to do with theſe men? I'll tell you, ſaid Sancho, firſt, you that are the winner, whether by fair play or by foul, give your bully-back here a hundred reals immediately, and thirty more for the poor priſoners: and you that have nothing to live on, and were brought up to no employment, and go ſharping up and down from place to place, pray take your hundred reals, and be ſure by to-morrow to go out of this iſland, and not to ſet foot in it again theſe ten years and a day, unleſs you have a mind to make an end of your baniſhment in another world; for if I find you here, I will make you ſwing on a gibbet, with the help of the hangman; away, and let no body offer to reply, or I'll lay him by the heels. Thereupon the one diſburs'd, and the other receiv'd; the firſt went home, and the laſt went out of the iſland; and then the governor going on, either I ſhall want of my will, ſaid he, or I'll put down theſe diſorderly gaming-houſes; for I have a fancy they are highly prejudicial. As for this houſe in queſtion, ſaid one of the officers, I ſuppoſe it will be a hard matter to put it down, for it belongs to a perſon of quality, who loſes a great deal more by play at the year's end, than he gets by his cards You may ſhew your authority againſt other gaming-houſes of leſs note, that do more miſchief, and harbour more dangerous people than the houſes of gentlemen and perſons of quality, where your notorious ſharpers dare not uſe their ſlights of hand. And ſince gaming is a vice that is become a common practice, 'tis better to play in good gentlemen's houſes, than in thoſe of under officers, where they ſhall draw you in a poor bubble, and after they have kept him playing all the night long, ſend him away ſtripp'd naked to the ſkin. Well, all in good time, ſaid Sancho: I know there's a great deal to be ſaid in this matter. At the ſame time, one of the officers came holding a youth, and having brought him

before the governor; an't pleaſe your worſhip, ſaid he, this young man was coming towards us, but as ſoon as he perceiv'd it was the rounds, he ſheer'd off, and ſet a running as faſt as his legs would carry him; a ſign he's no better than he ſhould be I ran after him, but had not he happen'd to fall, I had never come up with him. What made you run away, friend? ſaid Sancho. Sir, anſwer'd the young man, 'twas only to avoid the queſtions one is commonly teiz'd with by the watch. What buſineſs d'you follow? aſk'd Sancho. I am a weaver by trade, anſwer'd the other. A weaver of what? aſk'd the governor. Of ſteel heads for lances, with your worſhip's good leave, ſaid t'other. Oh hoh, cry'd Sancho, you are a wag I find, and pretend to paſs your jeſts upon us: very well. And pray whither are you going at this time of night? To take the air, an't like your worſhip, anſwer'd the other. Good, ſaid Sancho, and where do they take the air in this iſland? Where it blows, ſaid the youth. A very proper anſwer, cry'd Sancho. You are a very pretty impudent fellow, that's the truth on't. But pray make account that I am the air, or the wind, which you pleaſe, and that I blow in your poop, and drive you to the round houſe.—Here—take him and carry him away thither to rights: I'll take care the youngſter ſhall ſleep out of the air to night; he might catch cold elſe by lying abroad. Before George, ſaid the young man, you ſhall as ſoon make me a king as make me ſleep out of the air to night Why, you young ſlip ſtring, ſaid Sancho, is it not in my power to commit thee to priſon, and fetch thee out again, as often as 'tis my will and pleaſure? For all your power, anſwer'd the fellow, you ſhan't make me ſleep in priſon Say you ſo, cry'd Sancho, here, away with him to priſon, and let him ſee to his coſt who is miſtaken, he or I; and leſt the jaylor ſhould be greas'd in the fiſt to let him out, I'll fine him two thouſand ducats if he let thee ſtir a foot out of priſon. All that's a jeſt, ſaid the other; for I

defy all mankind to make me ſleep this night in a priſon. Tell me, devil incarnate, ſaid Sancho, haſt thou ſome angel to take off the irons which I'll have thee clapp'd in, and get thee out? Well, now, my good lord governor, (ſaid the young man very pleaſantly) let us talk reaſon, and come to the point. Suppoſe your lordſhip ſhould ſend me to jail, and get me laid by the heels in the dungeon, ſhackled and manacled, and lay a heavy penalty on the jaylor in caſe he let me out; and ſuppoſe your orders be ſtrictly obey'd; yet for all that, if I have no mind to ſleep, but will keep awake all night without ſo much as ſhutting my eyes, pray can you, with all the power you have, make me ſleep whether I will or no? No certainly, ſaid the ſecretary, and the young man has made out his meaning. Well, ſaid Sancho, but I hope you mean to keep yourſelf awake, and only forbear ſleeping to pleaſe your own fancy, and not to thwart my will. I mean nothing elſe indeed, my lord, ſaid the lad. Why then go home and ſleep, quoth Sancho, and heaven ſend thee good reſt. I'll not be thy hind'rance. But have a care another time of ſporting with juſtice; for you may meet with ſome men in an office, that may chance to break your head, while you are breaking your jeſt. The youth went his way, and the governor continued his rounds.

A while after came two of the officers, bringing a perſon along with them. My lord governor, ſaid one of 'em, we have brought here one that's dreſs'd like a man, yet is no man, but a female, and no ugly one neither. Thereupon they lifted up to her eyes two or three lanthorns, and by their light diſcovered the face of a woman about ſixteen years of age, beautiful to admiration, with her hair put up in a net work caul of gold and green ſilk. They examin'd her dreſs from head to foot, and found that her ſtockings were of carnation ſilk, and her garters of white taffeta, fring'd with gold and pearls. Her breeches were of gold tiſſue upon a green ground, and her coat of the ſame ſtuff; under

which ſhe wore a doublet of very fine ſtuff gold and white. Her ſhoes were white, and made like mens. She had no ſword, but only a very rich dagger, and ſeveral coſtly rings on her fingers. In a word, the young creature ſeem'd very lovely to 'em all, but not one of 'em knew her Thoſe of the company who liv'd in the town, could not imagine who ſhe was; and thoſe who were privy to all the tricks that were to be put upon Sancho, were more at a loſs than the reſt, well knowing that this adventure was not of their own contriving; which put them in great expectation of the event. Sancho was ſurpriz'd at her beauty, and aſk'd her who ſhe was, whether ſhe was going, and upon what account ſhe had put on ſuch a dreſs Sir, ſaid ſhe (caſting her eyes on the ground with a decent baſhfulneſs) I can't tell you before ſo many people, what I have ſo much reaſon to wiſh may be kept a ſecret. Only this one thing I do aſſure you, I am no thief, nor evil-minded perſon; but an unhappy maid, whom the force of jealouſy has conſtrain'd to tranſgreſs the laws of maiden decency. The ſteward hearing this, my lord governor, ſaid he, be pleas'd to order your attendants to retire, that the gentlewoman may more freely tell her mind. The governor did accordingly, and all the company remov'd at a diſtance, except the ſteward, the gentleman-waiter, and the ſecretary; and then the young lady thus proceeded

I am the daughter of Pedro Perez Mazorca, farmer of the wool in this town, who comes very often to my father's houſe. This will hardly paſs, madam, ſaid the ſteward, for I know Pedro Perez very well, and I am ſure he has neither ſon nor daughter: beſides you tell us he's your father, and at the ſame time that he comes very often to your father's houſe. I obſerv'd as much, ſaid Sancho. Indeed, gentlemen, ſaid ſhe, I am now ſo troubled in mind, that I know not what I ſay, but the truth is, I am the daughter of Diego de la Llana, whom I ſuppoſe you all know. Now this may paſs, ſaid the

ſteward, for I know Diego de la Llana, who is a very conſiderable gentleman, has a good eſtate, and a ſon and a daughter. But ſince his wife dy'd, no body in this town can ſay he ever ſaw that daughter, for he keeps her ſo cloſe, that he hardly ſuffers the ſun to look on her; though indeed the common report is, that ſhe is an extraordinary beauty. You ſay very true, Sir, reply'd the young lady; and I am that very daughter; as for my beauty, if fame has given a wrong character of it, you will now be undeceiv'd, ſince you have ſeen my face; and with this ſhe burſt out into tears. The ſecretary perceiving this, whiſper'd the gentleman waitter in the ear: ſure, ſaid he, ſome extraordinary matter muſt have happened to this poor young lady, ſince it could oblige one of her quality to come out of doors in this diſguiſe, and at this unſeaſonable hour. That's without queſtion, anſwer'd the other; for her tears too confirm the ſuſpicion. Sancho comforted her with the beſt reaſons he could think on; and bid her not be afraid, but tell 'em what had befallen her, for they would all really do whatever lay in their power to make her eaſy.

You muſt know, gentlemen, ſaid ſhe, that 'tis now ten years that my father has kept me cloſe, ever ſince my mother dy'd. We have a ſmall chapel richly adorn'd in the houſe, where we hear maſs; and in all that time I have ſeen nothing but the ſun by day, and the moon and ſtars by night; neither do I know what ſtreets, ſquares, market-places, and churches are, no nor men, except my father, my brother, and that Pedro Perez the wool-farmer, whom I at firſt would have paſs'd upon you for my father, that I might conceal the right. This confinement (not being allow'd to ſtir abroad, though but to go to church) has made me uneaſy this great while, and made me long to ſee the world, or at leaſt the town where I was born, which I thought was no unlawful or unſeemly deſire. When I heard 'em talk of bull-feaſts, prizes, acting of plays,

and other public ſports, I aſk'd my brother, who is a year younger than I, what they meant by thoſe things, and a world of others, which I have not ſeen; and he inform'd me as well as he could: but that made me but the more eager to be ſatisfy'd by my own eyes. In ſhort, I begg'd of my brother—I wiſh I never had done it—— and here ſhe relapſed into tears. The ſteward perceiving it: come, madam, ſaid he, pray proceed, and make an end of telling us what has happened to you; for your words and your tears keep us all in ſuſpence. I have but few words more to add, anſwer'd ſhe, but many more tears to ſhed; for they are commonly the fruit of ſuch imprudent deſires.

That gentleman of the duke's, who acted the part of Sancho's ſewer, or gentleman-waiter, and was ſmitten with the young lady's charms, could not forbear lifting up his lanthorn to get another look; and as he view'd her with a lover's eye, the tears that trickled down her cheeks, ſeem'd to him ſo many pearls, or ſome of the heavenly dew on a fair drooping flower, precious as oriental gems. This made him wiſh that the misfortune might not be ſo great as her ſighs and tears beſpoke it. As for the governor, he ſtood fretting to hear her hang ſo long upon her ſtory; and therefore bid her make an end, and keep 'em no longer thus, for it was late, and they had a great deal of ground to walk over yet. Thereupon, with broken ſobs, and half fetch'd ſighs, Sir, ſaid ſhe, all my misfortune is, that I deſir'd my brother to lend me ſome of his clothes, and that he would take me out ſome night or other to ſee all the town, while our father was aſleep. Importun'd by my intreaties, he conſented, and having lent me his clothes, he put on mine, which fit him as if they had been made for him; for he has no beard at all, and makes a mighty handſome woman. So this very night, about an hour ago, we got out, and being guided by my father's foot-boy, and our own unruly deſires, we took a ramble over the whole town;

and as we were going home, we perceived a great number of people coming our way; whereupon, ſaid my brother, ſiſter, this is certainly the watch; follow me, and let us not only run, but fly as faſt as we can, for if we ſhould be known, 'twould be the worſe for us. With that he fell a running as faſt as if he had wings to his feet. I fell a running too, but was ſo frighted, that I fell down before I had gone half a dozen ſteps; and then a man overtook me, and brought me before you, and this crowd of people, by whom, to my ſhame, I am taken for an ill creature; a bold indiſcreet night-walker. And has nothing befallen you but this, cry'd Sancho? you talk'd at firſt of ſome jealouſy, that had ſet you a gadding. Nothing elſe indeed, anſwer'd the damſel; though I pretended jealouſy; I ventur'd out on no other account but a little to ſee the world, and that too no further than the ſtreets of this town. All this was afterwards confirmed by her brother, who now was brought by ſome of the watch, one of whom had at laſt overtaken him, after he had left his ſiſter. He had nothing on but a very rich petticoat, and a blue damaſk manteau, with a gold galloon; his head without any ornament but his own hair, that hung down in natural curls like ſo many rings of gold. The governor, the ſteward, and the gentleman waiter took him aſide, and after they had examin'd him apart, why he had put on that dreſs, he gave the ſame anſwer his ſiſter had done, and with no leſs baſhfulneſs and concern, much to the ſatisfaction of the gentleman-waiter, who was much ſmitten with the young lady's charms.

As for the governor, after he had heard the whole matter, truly, gentlefolks, ſaid he, here's a little piece of childiſh folly: and to give an account of this wild frolic, and ſlip of youth, there needed not all thoſe ſighs and tears, nor theſe hems and haughs, and long excuſes. Could not you, without any more ado, have ſaid, our names are ſo and ſo, and we ſtole out of our

father's houſe for an hour or two, only to ramble about the town, and ſatisfy a little curioſity, and there had been an end of the ſtory, without all this weeping and wailing? you ſay very well, ſaid the young damſel, but you may imagine that in the trouble and fright I was in, I could not behave myſelf as I ſhould have done. Well, ſaid Sancho, there's no harm done; go along with us, and we'll ſee you home to your father's, perhaps you mayn't yet be miſs'd. But have a care how you gad abroad to ſee faſhions another time. Don't be too ventureſome. An honeſt maid ſhould be ſtill at home, as if ſhe had one leg broken. A hen and a woman are loſt by rambling; and ſhe that longs to ſee, longs alſo to be ſeen. I need ſay no more.

The young gentleman thank'd the governor for his civility, and then went home under his conduct. Being come to the houſe, the young ſpark threw a little ſtone againſt one of the iron barr'd windows; and preſently a maid ſervant, who ſat up for them, came down, open'd the door, and let him and his ſiſter in.

The governor with his company then continued his rounds, talking all the way they went, of the genteel carriage and beauty of the brother and ſiſter, and the great deſire theſe poor children had to ſee the world by night.

As for the gentleman-waiter, he was ſo paſſionately in love, that he reſolved to go the next day and demand her of her father in marriage, not doubting but the old gentleman would comply with him, as he was one of the duke's principal ſervants. On the other ſide, Sancho had a great mind to ſtrike a match between the young man and his daughter Sanchica; and he reſolved to bring it about as ſoon as poſſible; believing no man's ſon could think himſelf too good for the governor's daughter. At laſt his round ended for that night, and his government two or three days after; which alſo put an end to all his great deſigns and expectations, as ſhall be ſeen hereafter.

CHAP. L.

Who the inchanters and executioners were that whipp'd the duena, and pinch'd and ſcratch'd Don Quixote; with the ſucceſs of the page that carried Sancho's letter to his wife Tereſa Pança.

CID Hamet, the moſt punctual enquirer into the minuteſt particles of this authentic hiſtory, relates, that when Donna Rodriguez was going out of her chamber to Don Quixote's apartment, another old waiting-woman that lay with her perceiv'd it: and as one of the chief pleaſures of all thoſe female implements conſiſts in enquiry, prying, and running their noſes into every thing, ſhe preſently watch'd her fellow ſervant's motions, and follow'd her ſo cautiouſly that the good woman did not diſcover it. Now Donna Rodriguez was no ſooner got into the knight's chamber, but the other, leſt ſhe ſhould forfeit her character of a true tatting waiting-woman, flew to tell the ducheſs in her ear, that Donna Rodriguez was in Don Quixote's chamber. The ducheſs told the duke, and having got his leave to take Altiſidora with her, and go to ſatisfy her curioſity about this night-viſit, they very ſilently crept along in the dark, till they came to Don Quixote's door, and as they ſtood liſtning there, overheard very eaſily every word they ſaid within. So that when the ducheſs heard her leaky woman expoſe the fountains * of her iſſues, ſhe was not able to contain, nor was Altiſidora leſs provok'd. Full of rage and greedy of revenge, they ruſh'd into the chamber,

* *El aranjuez*, in the original. It is a royal garden, near Madrid, famous for its fountains and water-works. The metaphor is too far fetch'd for an Engliſh tranſlation.

and beat the duena, and claw'd the knight, as has been related. For thoſe affronting expreſſions that are level'd againſt the beauty of women, or the good opinion of themſelves, raiſe their anger and indignation to the higheſt degree, and incenſe them to a deſire of revenge.

The ducheſs diverted the duke with an account of what had paſs'd; and having a mighty mind to continue the merriment which Don Quixote's extravagancies afforded 'em, the page that acted the part of Dulcinea, when 'twas propos'd to end her enchantment, was diſpatched away to Tereſa Pança, with a letter from her husband, (for Sancho having his head full of his government, had quite forgot to do it) and at the ſame time the ducheſs ſent another from herſelf, with a large coſtly ſtring of coral, as a preſent.

Now the ſtory tells us, that the page was a ſharp and ingenious lad, and being very deſirous to pleaſe his lord and lady, made the beſt of his way to Sancho's village. When he came near the place, he ſaw a company of females waſhing at a brook, and aſk'd 'em, whether they could inform him, if there liv'd not in that town a woman whoſe name was Tereſa Pança, wife to one Sancho Pança, ſquire to a knight call'd Don Quixote de la Mancha? he had no ſooner aſked the queſtion, but a young wench, that was waſhing among the reſt ſtood up: that Tereſa Pança is my mother, quoth ſhe; that gaffer Sancho is my own father, and that ſame knight our maſter. Well then, damſel, ſaid the page, pray, go along with me, and bring me to your mother; for I have a letter and a token here for her from your father. That I will with all my heart, Sir, ſaid the girl, who ſeem'd to be about fourteen years of age, little more or leſs; and with that, leaving the clothes ſhe was waſhing, to one of her companions, and without ſtaying to dreſs her head, or put on her ſhoes, away ſhe ſprung before the page's horſe, bare legg'd, and with her hair about her ears. Come a-

long, an't pleaſe you, quoth ſhe, our houſe is hard by; 'tis but juſt as you come into the town, and my mother's at home, but brimfull of ſorrow, poor ſoul, for ſhe has not heard from my father I don't know how long. Well, ſaid the page, I bring thoſe tidings that will cheer her heart, I warrant her. At laſt, what with leaping, running, and jumping, the girl being come to the houſe, mother, mother, (cry'd ſhe as loud as ſhe could, before ſhe went in) come out, mother, come out! here's a gentleman has brought letters and tokens from my father. At that ſummons, out came the mother, ſpinning a lock of coarſe flax, with a ruſſet petticoat about her, ſo ſhort, that it looked as if it had been cut off at the placket; a waiſtcoat of the ſame, and her ſmoke hanging looſe about it. Take her otherwiſe, ſhe was none of the oldeſt, but look'd ſomewhat turned of forty, ſtrong built, ſinewy, hale, vigorous, and in good caſe. What's the matter, girl? (quoth ſhe, ſeeing her daughter with the page) what gentleman is that? A ſervant of your ladyſhip's, my lady Tereſa Pança, anſwer'd the page; and at the ſame time alighting, and throwing himſelf at her feet with the moſt humble ſubmiſſion, my noble lady Donna Tereſa, ſaid he, permit me the honour to kiſs your ladyſhip's hand, as you are the only legitimate wife of my lord Don Sancho Pança, proper governor of the iſland of Barataria. Alack a day, good Sir, quoth Tereſa, what do you do? by no means: I am none of your court-dames, but a poor ſilly country body, a ploughman's daughter, the wife indeed of a ſquire errant, but no governor. Your ladyſhip, reply'd the page, is the moſt worthy wife of a thrice worthy governor: and for proof of what I ſay, be pleas'd to receive this letter, and this preſent: with that he took out of his pocket a ſtring of coral beads ſet in gold, and putting it about her neck: this letter, ſaid he, is from his honour the governor, and another that I have for you, toge-

ther with theſe beads, are from her grace the lady duchеſs, who ſends me now to your ladyſhip.

Tereſa ſtood amazed, and her daughter was tranſported. Now I'll be hang'd quoth the young baggage, if our maſter Don Quixote, be not at the bottom of this, Ay, this is his doing, he has given my father that ſame government or earldom he has promis'd him ſo many times. You ſay right, anſwer'd the page: 'tis for the lord Don Quixote's ſake that the lord Sancho is now governor of the iſland of Barataria, as the letter will inform you. Good Sir, quoth Tereſa, read it me, an t like your worſhip; for tho' I can ſpin, I can't read a jot: nor I neither, e'fackins, cry'd Sanchica; but do but ſtay a little, and I'll go fetch one that ſhall, either the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco, or our parſon himſelf, who will come with all their hearts, to hear news of my father. You may ſpare yourſelf the trouble, ſaid the page; for though I cannot ſpin, yet I can read; and I'll read it to ye: with that he read the letter which is now omitted, becauſe it has been inſerted before. That done, he pull'd out another from the duchеſs, which runs as follows.

Friend Tereſa,

'YOUR huſband Sancho's good parts, his wit, and 'honeſty, obliged me to deſire the duke my huſ'band, to beſtow on him the government of one of 'his iſlands. I am inform'd he is as ſharp as a hawk 'in his office; for which I am very glad, as well as my 'lord duke, and return heaven many thanks, that I 'have not been deceiv'd in making choice of him for 'that preferment. For you muſt know, Signiora Te'reſa, 'tis a difficult thing to meet with a good gover'nor in this world; and may heaven make me as good 'as Sancho proves in his government.

'I have ſent you, my dear friend, a ſtring of coral 'beads, ſet in gold; I could wiſh they were oriental 'pearls for your ſake; but a ſmall token may not hin-

'der a great one. The time will come when we ſhall 'be better acquainted; and when we have conversd 'together, who knows what may come to paſs? com-'mend me to your daughter Sanchica, and bid her from 'me to be in a readineſs; for I deſign to marry her 'greatly when ſhe leaſt thinks of it.

'I underſtand you have fine large acorns in your 'town; pray ſend me a dozen or two of 'em; I ſhall 'ſet a greater value upon 'em, as coming from your 'hands. And pray let me have a good long letter, to 'let me know how you do; and if you have occaſion 'for any thing, 'tis but aſk and have; I ſhall even 'know your meaning by your gaping. So heaven pre-'ſerve you.

'Your loving friend,

From this Caſtle. 'The DUCHESS.'

Bleſs me, quoth Tereſa, when ſhe had heard the letter, what a good lady's this! not a bit of pride in her! heaven grant me to be buried with ſuch ladies, and not with ſuch proud madams as we have in our town, who becauſe they are gentlefolks forſooth, think the wind muſt not blow upon 'em, but come flaunting to church, as ſtately as if they were queens. It ſeems they think it ſcorn to look on a poor countrywoman: but la you here's a good lady, who, though ſhe be a ducheſs, calls me her friend, and uſes me as if I were as high as herſelf. Well, may I ſee her as high as the higheſt ſteeple in the whole country! as for the acorns ſhe writes for, maſter o'mine, I'll ſend her good lady-ſhip a whole peck, and ſuch ſwinging acorns, that every body ſhall come to admire 'em far and near. And now, Sanchica, ſee that the gentleman be made welcome, and want for nothing. Take care of his horſe. Run to the ſtable, get ſome eggs, cut ſome bacon; he ſhall fare like a prince: the rare news he has brought us, and his good looks deſerve no leſs. Mean while

I'll among my neighbours; I can't hold, I muſt run and tell 'em the news; our good curate too ſhall know it, and maſter Nicholas the barber; for they have all along been thy father's friends. Ay, do, mother, ſaid the daughter; but hark you, you muſt give me half the beads; for I dare ſay, the great lady knows better things than to give them all to you. 'Tis all thy own, child, cry'd the mother; but let me wear it a few days about my neck; for thou can'ſt not think how it rejoices the very heart of me. You will rejoice more preſently, ſaid the page, when you ſee what I have got in my portmantle; a fine ſuit of green cloth, which the governor wore but one day a hunting, and has here ſent to my lady Sanchica. Oh the Lord love him, cry'd Sanchica, and the fine gentleman that brings it me!

Preſently away ran Tereſa with the beads about her neck, and the letters in her hand, all the while playing with her fingers on the papers (as if they had been a timbrel) and meeting by chance the curate and the batchelor Carraſco, ſhe fell a dancing and friſking about; faith and troth, cry'd ſhe, we are all made now. Not one ſmall body in all our kindred. We have got a poor thing call'd a government. And now let the proudeſt of 'em all toſs up her noſe at me, and I'll give her as good as ſhe brings, I'll make her know her diſtance. How now, Tereſa, ſaid the curate? what mad fit is this? what papers are thoſe in your hand? No mad fit at all, anſwer'd Tereſa; but theſe are letters from ducheſſes and governors, and theſe beads about my neck are right coral, the Ave-Maries I mean; and the Pater-Noſters are of beaten gold, and I'm a madam governeſs I'll aſſure ye. Verily, ſaid the curate, there's no underſtanding you, Tereſa, we don't know what you mean. There's what will clear the riddle, quoth Tereſa, and with that ſhe gave 'em the letters. Thereupon the curate having read 'em aloud, that Sampſon Carraſco might alſo be informed, they

both ſtood and looked on one another, and were more at a loſs than before. The batchelor aſk'd her who brought the letter? Tereſa told them they might go home with her and ſee: 'twas a ſweet handſome young man, as fine as any thing; and that he had brought her another preſent worth twice as much. The curate took the ſtring of beads from her neck, and view'd it ſeveral times over, and finding that it was a thing of value, he could not conceive the meaning of all this. By the habit that I wear, cry'd he, I cannot tell what to think of this buſineſs. In the firſt place, I am convinced theſe beads are right coral and gold; and in the next here's a ducheſs ſends to beg a dozen or two of acorns. Crack that nut if you can, ſaid Sampſon Carraſco. But come, let's go ſee the meſſenger, and probably he'll clear our doubts.

Thereupon going with Tereſa, they found the page ſifting a little corn for his horſe, and Sanchica cutting a raſher * of bacon to be fry'd with eggs for his dinner. They both lik'd the page's mien and garb, and after the uſual compliments, Sampſon deſir'd him to tell 'em ſome news of Don Quixote and Sancho Pança; for though they had read a letter from the latter to his wife, and another from the ducheſs, they were no better than riddles to 'em, nor could they imagine how Sancho ſhould come by a government, eſpecially of an iſland, well knowing that all the iſlands in the Mediterranean, or the greateſt part of 'em, were the kings.

Gentlemen, anſwer'd the page, 'tis a certain truth, that Signior Don Sancho Pança is a governor, but whether it be of an iſland or not, I do not pretend to determine: but this I can aſſure you, that he commands in a town that has above a thouſand inhabitants. And as for my lady ducheſs's ſending to a country woman

* In the original it is, *cutting a raſher to fry, and to pave it with eggs*, i. e. eggs laid as cloſe together in a frying pan, as pebbles in a pavement.

for a few acorns, that's no ſuch wonder; for ſhe is ſo free from pride, that I have known her ſend to borrow a comb of one of her neighbours. You muſt know our ladies of Arragon, though they are as noble as thoſe of Caſtile, do not ſtand ſo much upon formalities and punctilio's; neither do they take ſo much ſtate upon 'em, but treat people with more familiarity.

While they were thus diſcourſing, in came Sanchica skipping, with her lap full of eggs; and turning to the page, pray Sir, ſaid ſhe, tell me, does my father wear trunk-breeches † now he's grown a governor? truly, ſaid the page, I never minded it, but without doubt he does. O gemini! cry'd the young wench, what would not I give to ſee my father in his trunk-breeches! is it not a ſtrange thing, that ever ſince I can remember myſelf, I have wiſh'd to ſee my father in trunk-breeches. You'll ſee him as you'd have him, ſaid the page, if your ladyſhip does but live. Odsfiſh, if his government holds but two months, you'll ſee him go with an umbrella over his head.

The curate and the batchelor plainly perceiv'd that the page did but laugh at the mother and daughter; but yet the coſtly ſtring of beads, and the hunting ſuit, which by this time Tereſa had let 'em ſee, confounded 'em again. In the mean while they could not forbear ſmiling at Sanchica's odd fancy, and much leſs at what her mother ſaid. Good maſter curate, quoth ſhe, do ſo much as enquire whether any of our neighbours are going to Madrid or Toledo. I'd have 'em buy me a hugeous farthingale, of the neweſt and moſt courtly faſhion, and the very fineſt that can be got for money; for by my holy dame, I mean to credit my huſband's government as much as I can; and if they vex me, I'll hie me to that ſame court, and ride in my coach too as well as the beſt of 'em; for ſhe that is a

† In the original *calças atacadas*. They are breeches and ſtockings all in one, and laced, or claſped, or tied to the girdle.

governor's lady, may very well afford to have one. O rare mother, cry'd Sanchica, would 'twere to-night before to-morrow. May hap, when they ſaw me ſitting in our coach by my lady mother, they would jeer and flout; look, look, would they ſay, yonder's goody trollop, the plough jobbers's bearn! how ſhe flaunts it and goes ye lolling in her coach like a little Pope Joan†: but what would I care? let 'em trudge on in the dirt, while I ride by in my coach Shame and ill-luck go along with all your little backbiting ſcrubs. Let them laugh that win; the curs'd fox thrives the better. Am I not in the right, mother? Ay, marry art thou, child, quoth Tereſa; and indeed my good honey Sancho has often told me, all theſe good things, and many more would come to paſs; and thou ſhalt ſee, daughter, I'll never reſt till I get to be a counteſs. There muſt be a beginning in all things, as I have heard it ſaid by thy father, who's alſo the father of proverbs, when a cow's given thee, run and take her with a halter. When they give thee a government take it; when an earldom, catch it; and when they whiſtle* to thee with a good gift, ſnap at it. That which is good to give, is good to take, girl. 'Twere a pretty fancy, trow, to lie ſnoring a bed, and when good luck knocks, not to riſe and open the door. Ay, quoth Sanchica, what is't to me, though they ſhould ſay all they've a mind to ſay. When they ſee me ſo tearing fine, and ſo woundy great, let 'em ſpit their venom, and ſay, ſet a beggar on horſeback, and ſo forth. Who would not think, ſaid the curate, hearing this, but that the whole race of the Pança's came into the world with

† *Papeſa*. A ſhe Pope. Our tranſlators, ſays Jarvis, have render'd this Pope Joan. But adds he, there is more humour in making the country people ſo ignorant, as to believe the Pope had, if not a wife, a concubine, as many of the great clergy had, than in ſuppoſing they had ever heard of Pope Joan.

* In the original, *when they cry tus, tus*, i. e. as people call dogs to their porridge.

their paunches ſtuff'd with proverbs. I never knew one of the name but threw 'em out all times, let the diſcourſe be what it would. I think ſo too, ſaid the page; for his honour the governor blunders 'em out at every turn, many times indeed wide from the purpoſe; however, always to the ſatisfaction of the company, and with high applauſe from my lord and my lady. Then, Sir, you aſſure us ſtill, ſaid Carraſco, that Sancho is really a governor; and that a ducheſs ſends theſe preſents and letters upon his account; for though we ſee the things, and read the letters, we can ſcarce prevail with ourſelves to believe it; but are apt to run into our friend Don Quixote's opinion, and look on all this as the effect of ſome inchantment: ſo that I could find in my heart to feel and try whether you are a viſionary meſſenger, or a creature of fleſh and blood. For my part, gentlemen, anſwer'd the page, all I can tell ye, is, that I am really the meſſenger I appear to be, that the lord Sancho Pança is actually a governor, and that the duke and the ducheſs, to whom I belong, are able to give, and have given him that government, where I am credibly inform'd he behaves himſelf moſt worthily. Now if there be any inchantment in the matter, I leave you to examine that; for by the life of my parents, one of the greateſt oaths I can utter, for they are both alive, and I love 'em dearly, I know no more of the buſineſs. That may be, ſaid the batchelor, but yet *dubitat Auguſtinus*. You may doubt if you pleaſe, reply'd the page; but I have told you the truth; which will always prevail over falſhood, and riſe uppermoſt, as oil does above water. But if you will *operibus credere, et non verbis*, let one of ye go along with me, and you ſhall ſee with your eyes, what you will not believe by the help of your ears. I'll go with all my heart, quoth Sanchica; take me up behind ye, Sir; I've a huge mind to ſee my father. The daughters of governors, ſaid the page, muſt not travel thus unattended, but in coaches or litters, and

with a handſome train of ſervants, cud's my life, quoth Sanchica, I can go a journey as well on an aſs, as in one of your coaches. I am none of your tender ſqueamiſh things, not I. Peace, chicken, quoth the mother, thou doſt not know what thou ſay'ſt, the gentleman is in the right: times are alter'd. When 'twas plain Sancho, 'twas plain Sanchica; but now he's a governor, thou'rt a lady, I can't well tell whether I am right or no. My lady Tereſa ſays more than ſhe is aware of, ſaid the page. But now, continu'd he, give me a mouthful to eat as ſoon as you can, for I muſt go back this afternoon. Be pleas'd then, Sir, ſaid the curate, to go with me, and partake of a ſlender meal at my houſe; for my neighbour Tereſa is more willing than able to entertain ſo good a gueſt. The page excus'd himſelf a while, but at laſt comply'd, being perſwaded 'twould be much for the better; and the curate on his ſide was glad of his company, to have an opportunity to inform himſelf at large about Don Quixote and his proceedings. The batchelor profferr'd Tereſa to write her anſwers to her letters; but as ſhe look'd upon him to be ſomewhat waggiſh, ſhe would not permit him to be of her counſel; ſo ſhe gave a rowl, and a couple of eggs, to a young acolyte of the church, who could write, and he wrote two letters for her; one to her huſband, and the other to the ducheſs, all of her own inditing, and perhaps not the worſt in this famous hiſtory, as hereafter may be ſeen.

CHAP. LI.

A continuation of Sancho Pança's government, with other paſſages, ſuch as they are.

THE morning of that day aroſe, which ſucceeded the governor's rounding night, the remainder of which the gentleman waiter ſpent not in ſleep, but

in the pleaſing thoughts of the lovely face, and charming grace of the diſguis'd virgin; on the other ſide, the ſteward beſtow'd that time in writing to his lord and lady what Sancho did and ſaid; wondering no leſs at his actions than at his expreſſions, both which diſplay'd a ſtrange intermixture of diſcretion and ſimplicity.

At laſt the lord governor was pleas'd to riſe; and, by Dr. Pedro Rezio's order, they brought him for his breakfaſt a little conſerve, and a draught of fair water, which he would have exchang'd with all his heart for a good luncheon of bread, and a bunch of grapes; but ſeeing he could not help himſelf, he was forc'd to make the beſt of a bad market, and ſeem to be content, though full ſore againſt his will and appetite; for the doctor made him believe, that to eat but little, and that which was dainty, enliven'd the ſpirits, and ſharpen'd the wit, and conſequently ſuch a ſort of diet was moſt proper for perſons in authority and weighty employments, wherein there is leſs need of the ſtrength of the body than of that of the mind. This ſophiſtry ſerv'd to famiſh Sancho, who, half dead with hunger, curs'd in his heart both the government and him that had given it him. However, hungry as he was, by the ſtrength of his ſlender breakfaſt, he fail'd not to give audience that day; and the firſt that came before him was a ſtranger, who put the following caſe to him, the ſteward and the reſt of the attendants being preſent.

My lord, ſaid he, a large river divides into two parts one and the ſame lordſhip. I beg your honour to lend me your attention, for 'tis a caſe of great importance, and ſome difficulty——upon this river there is a bridge; at one end of which there ſtands a gallows, and a kind of court of juſtice, where four judges uſe to ſit, for the execution of a certain law made by the lord of the land and river, which runs thus.

'Whoever intends to paſs from one end of this bridge

'to the other, muſt firſt upon his oath declare whither 'he goes, and what his buſineſs is. If he ſwear truth 'he may go on; but if he ſwear falſe, he ſhall be hang'd 'and die without remiſſion upon the gibbet at the end 'of the bridge.'

After due promulgation of this law, many people, notwithſtanding it's ſeverity, adventur'd to go over this bridge, and as it appear'd they ſwore true, the judges permitted 'em to paſs unmoleſted. It happen'd one day that a certain paſſenger being ſworn, declar'd, that by the oath he had taken, he was come to die upon that gallows, and that was all his buſineſs.

This put the judges to a nonplus; for, ſaid they, if we let this man paſs freely, he is forſworn, and according to the letter of the law he ought to die; if we hang him, he has ſworn truth, ſeeing he ſwore he was to die on that gibbet; and then by the ſame law we ſhould let him paſs.

Now your lordſhip's judgment is deſir'd what the judges ought to do with this man? for they are ſtill at a ſtand, not knowing what to determine in this caſe; and having been inform'd of your ſharp wit and great capacity in reſolving difficult queſtions, they ſent me to beſeech your lordſhip in their names, to give your opinion in ſo intricate and knotty a caſe.

To deal plainly with you, anſwer'd Sancho, thoſe worſhipful judges that ſent you hither, might as well have ſpar'd themſelves the labour; for I am more inclin'd to dulneſs I aſſure you than ſharpneſs: however, let me hear your queſtion once more, that I may thoroughly underſtand it, and perhaps I may at laſt hit the nail o'the head. The man repeated the queſtion again and again; and when he had done, to my thinking, ſaid Sancho, this queſtion may be preſently anſwer'd, as thus; the man ſwore he came to die on the gibbet, and if he dies there he ſwore true, and according to the law he ought to be free, and go over the bridge. On the other ſide, if you don't hang him, he ſwore

falſe, and by the ſame law he ought to be hang'd. 'Tis as your lordſhip ſays, reply'd the ſtranger, you have ſtated the caſe right. Why then, ſaid Sancho, ev'n let that part of the man that ſwore true, freely paſs; and hang the other part of the man that ſwore falſe, and ſo the law will be fulfill'd. But then, my lord, reply'd the ſtranger, the man muſt be divided into two parts, which if we do, he certainly dies, and the law, which muſt every title of it be obſerv'd, is not put in execution.

Well, hark you me, honeſt man, ſaid Sancho, either I am a codſhead, or there is as much reaſon to put this ſame perſon you talk of to death as to let him live and paſs the bridge; for if the truth ſaves him, the lie condemns him. Now the caſe ſtands thus, I would have you tell thoſe gentlemen that ſent you to me, ſince there's as much reaſon to bring him off, as to condemn him, that they e'en let him go free; for 'tis always more commendable to do good than hurt And this I would give you under my own hand, if I could write. Nor do I ſpeak this of my own head; but I remember one precept, among many others, that my maſter Don Quixote gave me the night before I went to govern this iſland, which was that when the ſcale of juſtice is even, or a caſe is doubtful, we ſhould prefer mercy before rigour; and it has pleaſed God I ſhould call it to mind ſo luckily at this juncture. For my part, ſaid the ſteward, this judgment ſeems to me ſo equitable, that I do not believe Lycurgus himſelf, who gave laws to the Lacedaemonians, could ever have decided the matter better than the great Sancho has done.

And now, Sir, ſure there's enough done for this morning; be pleas'd to adjourn the court, and I'll give order that your excellency may dine to your heart's content. Well ſaid, cry'd Sancho, that's all I want, and then a clear ſtage, and no favour. Feed me well and then ply me with caſes and queſtions thick and three-fold; you ſhall ſee me untwiſt 'em, and lay 'em open as clear as the ſun.

The ſteward was as good as his word, believing it would be a burthen to his conſcience to famiſh ſo wiſe a governor; beſides, he intended the next night to put in practice the laſt trick which he had commiſſion to paſs upon him.

Now Sancho having plentifully din'd that day, in ſpite of all the aphoriſms of Dr. Tirte a fuera, when the cloth was remov'd, in came an expreſs with a letter from Don Quixote to the governor. Sancho order'd the ſecretary to read it to himſelf, and if there was nothing in it for ſecret peruſal, then to read it aloud. The ſecretary having firſt run it over accordingly, my lord, ſaid he, the letter may not only be publickly read, but deſerves to be engraved in characters of gold; and thus it is.

Don Quixote de la Mancha, to Sancho Pança, governor of the iſland of Barataria.

'WHEN I expected to have had an account of 'thy careleſſneſs and impertinencies, friend San-'cho, I was agreeably diſappointed with news of thy 'wiſe behaviour; for which I return particular thanks 'to heaven, that can raiſe the loweſt from their po-'verty, and turn the fool into a man of ſenſe. I hear 'thou governeſt with all the diſcretion of a man; and 'that, while thou approv'ſt thyſelf one, thou retaineſt 'the humility of the meaneſt creature. But I deſire 'thee to obſerve, Sancho, that 'tis many times very ne-'ceſſary and convenient to thwart the humility of the 'heart, for the better ſupport of the authority of a 'place For the ornament of a perſon that is advanc'd 'to an eminent poſt, muſt be anſwerable to it's great-'neſs, and not debas'd to the inclin tion of his former 'meanneſs. Let thy apparel be neat and handſome; 'even a ſtake well dreſs'd, does not look like a ſtake. 'I would not have thee wear foppiſh, gaudy things; 'nor affect the garb of a ſoldier, in the circumſtances

'of a magiſtrate; but let thy dreſs be ſuitable to thy 'degree, and always clean and decent.

'To gain the hearts of thy people, among other 'things, I have two chiefly to recommend: one is, to 'be affable, courteous, and fair to all the world; I 'have already told thee of that: and the other, to take 'care that plenty of proviſions be never wanting, for 'nothing afflicts or urges more the ſpirits of the poor, 'than ſcarcity and hunger.

'Do not put out many new orders, and if thou doſt 'put out any, ſee that they be wholeſome and good, 'and eſpecially that they be ſtrictly obſerv'd; for laws 'not well obey'd, are no better than if they were not 'made, and only ſhew that the prince who had the 'wiſdom and authority to make 'em, had not the re-'ſolution to ſee 'em executed; and laws that only threat-'en, and are not kept, become like the log that was 'given to the frogs to be their king, which they fear'd 'at firſt, but ſoon ſcorn'd and trampled on.

'Be a father to virtue, but a father-in law to vice. 'Be not always ſevere, nor always merciful; chuſe a 'mean between theſe two extremes; for that middle 'point is the center of diſcretion.

'Viſit the priſons, the ſhambles, and the public mar-'kets, for the governor's preſence is highly neceſſary 'in ſuch places.

'Comfort the priſoners that hope to be quickly 'diſpatched.

'Be a terror to the butchers, that they may be fair 'in their weights, and keep hukſters and fraudulent 'dealers in awe, for the ſame reaſon.

'Should'ſt thou unhappily be inclined to be covet-'ous, given to women, or a glutton, as I hope thou 'art not, avoid ſhewing thyſelf guilty of thoſe vices; 'for when the town, and thoſe that come near thee 'have diſcovered thy weakneſs, they'll be ſure to try 'thee on that ſide, and tempt thee to thy everlaſting 'ruin.

'Read over and over, and ſeriouſly conſider the admonitions and documents I gave thee in writing before thou went'ſt to thy government, and thou wilt find the benefit of it, in all thoſe difficulties and emergencies that ſo frequently attend the function of a governor.

'Write to thy lord and lady, and ſhew thyſelf grateful; for ingratitude is the offſpring of pride, and one of the worſt corruptions of the mind; whereas he that is thankful to his benefactors, gives a teſtimony that he will be ſo to God, who has done, and continually does him ſo much good.

'My lady ducheſs diſpatched a meſſenger on purpoſe to thy wife Tereſa, with thy hunting ſuit, and another preſent. We expect his return every moment.

'I have been ſomewhat out of order, by a certain cat-encounter I had lately, not much to the advantage of my noſe; but all that's nothing, for if there are necromancers that miſuſe me, there are others ready to defend me.

'Send me word whether the ſteward that is with thee, had any hand in the buſineſs of the counteſs of Trifaldi, as thou wert once of opinion; and let me alſo have an account of whatever befals thee, ſince the diſtance between us is ſo ſmall. I have thoughts of leaving this idle life ere long; for I was not born for luxury and eaſe.

'A buſineſs has offer'd, that I believe will make me loſe the duke and ducheſs's favour; but though I am heartily ſorry for't, that does not alter my reſolution; for, after all, I owe more to my profeſſion than to complaiſance; and as the ſaying is, *Amicus Plato, ſed magis amica veritas.* I ſend thee this ſcrap of Latin, flattering myſelf that ſince thou cam'ſt to be a governor, thou may'ſt have learned ſomething

'of that language. Farewel, and heaven keep thee 'above the pity of the world.

'Thy friend,

'DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.'

Sancho gave great attention to the letter, and it was highly applauded both for ſenſe and integrity, by every body that heard it. After that he roſe from table, and calling the ſecretary, went without any further delay, and locked himſelf up with him in his chamber to write an anſwer to his maſter Don Quixote. He ordered the ſcribe to ſet down word for word what he dictated, without adding or diminiſhing the leaſt thing. Which being ſtrictly obſerved this was the tenor of the letter.

Sancho Pança, to Don Quixote de la Mancha.

'I AM ſo taken up with buſineſs, that I han't time to 'ſcratch my head, or pare my nails, which is the 'reaſon they are ſo long. God help me! I tell you 'this, dear maſter of mine, that you may not marvel, 'why I han't yet let you know whether it goes well 'or ill with me in this ſame government, where I 'am more hunger ſtarved than when you and I wan-'dered through woods and wilderneſſes.

'My lord duke wrote to me t'other day, to inform 'me of ſome ſpies that were got into this iſland to kill 'me: but as yet I have diſcovered none but a cer-'tain doctor, hired by the iſlanders to kill all the go-'vernors that come near it. They call him Dr. Pedro 'Rezio de Aguero, and he was born at Tirte a fuera, 'his name is enough to make me fear he'll be the death 'of me. This ſame doctor ſays of himſelf, that he 'does cure diſeaſes when you have 'em; but when 'you have 'em not, he only pretends to keep 'em from 'coming. The phyſick he uſes, is faſting upon faſt-'ing, till he turns a body to a meer ſkeleton; as if to

'be waſted to ſkin and bones were not as bad as a fe-
'ver. In ſhort, he ſtarves me to death; ſo that when
'I thought, as being a governor, to have my belly
'full of good hot victuals, and cool liquor, and to
'refreſh my body in holland ſheets, and on a ſoft fea-
'ther bed, I am come to do penance like a hermit;
'and as I do it unwillingly, I am afraid the devil will
'have me at laſt.

'All this while I have not as yet ſo much as finger-
'ed the leaſt penny of money, either for fees, bribes,
'or any thing; and how it comes to be no better
'with me, I can't for my ſoul imagine; for I have
'heard by the bye, that the governors who come to
'this iſland are wont to have a very good gift, or at
'leaſt a very round ſum ſent 'em by the town before
'they enter: and they ſay too, that this is ths uſual
'cuſtom, not only here, but in other places.

'Laſt night going my rounds, I met with a mighty
'handſome damſel in boy's clothes, and a brother of
'hers in woman's apparel. My gentleman-waiter fell
'in love with the girl, and intends to make her his
'wife, as he ſays. As for the youth, I have pitched
'upon him to be my ſon in law. To day we both
'deſign to diſcourſe the father, one Diego de la Llana,
'who's a gentleman, and an old Chriſtian every inch
'of him.

'I viſit the markets, as you adviſed me, and yeſter-
'day found one of the huckſters, ſelling hazzle nuts;
'ſhe pretended they were all new, but I found ſhe
'had mixed a whole buſhel of old, empty, rotten nuts
'among the ſame quantity of new. With that I
'judged them to be given to the hoſpital boys, who
'know how to pick the good from the bad, and gave
'ſentence againſt her that ſhe ſhould not come into the
'market in fifteen days; and people ſaid, I did well.
'What I can tell you, is, that if you'll believe the
'folks of this town, there's not a more raſcally ſort of
'people in the world than theſe market women, for

'they are all a ſaucy, foul mouthed, impudent, hell-
'iſh rabble; and I judge 'em to be ſo, by thoſe I have
'ſeen in other places.

'I am migthy well pleaſed that my lady ducheſs
'has writ to my wife Tereſa Pança, and ſent the to-
'ken you mention. It ſhall go hard but I will requite
'her kindneſs one time or other. Pray give my ſer-
'vice to her, and tell her from me, ſhe has not caſt
'her gift in a broken ſack, as ſomething more than
'words ſhall ſhew.

'If I might adviſe you, and had my wiſh, there
'would be no falling out between your worſhip and
'my lord and lady; for, if you quarrel with 'em, 'tis
'I muſt come by the worſt for't. And ſince you mind
'me of being grateful, it won't look well in you not
'to be ſo to thoſe who have made ſo much of you at
'their caſtle.

'As for your cat affair I can make nothing of it,
'only I fancy you are ſtill haunted after the old rate.
'You'll tell me more when we meet.

'I would fain have ſent you a token, but I do not
'know what to ſend, unleſs it were ſome little gliſter
'pipes, which they make here very curiouſly, and fix
'moſt cleverly to the bladders. But if I ſtay in my place,
'it ſhall go hard but I'll get ſomething worth the
'ſending, be it what it will.

'If my wife Tereſa Pança writes to me, pray pay
'the poſtage, and ſend me the letter; for I mightily
'long to hear how it is with her, and my houſe and
'children.

'So heaven preſerve you from ill-minded inchan-
'ters, and ſend me ſafe and ſound out of this govern-
'ment, which I am much afraid of, as Dr. Pedro
'Rezio diets me.

'Your worſhip's ſervant,

'SANCHO PANÇA, the governor.'

The ſecretary made up the letter, and immediate-

ly diſpatched the expreſs. Then thoſe who carried on the plot againſt Sancho, combined together, and conſulted how to remove him from the government: and Sancho paſſed that afternoon in making ſeveral regulations, for the better eſtabliſhment of that which he imagined to be an iſland. He publiſhed an order againſt the higglers and foreſtallers of the markets; and another to encourage the bringing in of wines from any part whatever, provided the owners declared of what growth they were, that they might be rated according to their value and goodneſs; and that they who ſhould adulterate wine with water, or give it a wrong name, ſhould be puniſhed with death. He lowered the price of all kind of apparel, and particularly that of ſhoes, as thinking it exorbitant. He regulated ſervants wages, that were unlimited before, and proportioned 'em to the merit of their ſervice. He laid ſevere penalites upon all thoſe that ſhould ſing or vend lewd and immoral ſongs and ballads, either in the open day, or in the duſk of the evening; and alſo forbid all blind people the ſinging about miracles in rhymes, unleſs they produced authentick teſtimonies of their truth; for it appeared to him, that moſt of thoſe that were ſung in ſuch manner were falſe, and a diſparagement to the true.

He appointed a particular officer to inſpect the poor, not to perſecute, but examine 'em, and know whether they were truly ſuch; for under pretence of counterfeit lameneſs, and artificial ſores, many canting vagabonds impudently rob the true poor of charity, to ſpend it in riot and drunkenneſs.

In ſhort, he made ſo many wholeſome ordinances, that to this day they are obſerved in that place, and called, 'The conſtitutions of the great governor San-'cho Pança.'

CHAP. LII.

A relation of the adventures of the ſecond diſconſolate or diſtreſt matron, otherwiſe called Donna Rodriguez.

CID Hamet relates, that Don Quixote's ſcratches being healed, he began to think the life he led in the caſtle not ſuitable to the order of knight-errantry which he profeſſed; he reſolved therefore to take leave of the duke and ducheſs, and ſet forwards for Saragoſa; where, at the approaching tournament, he hoped to win the armour, the uſual prize at the feſtivals of that kind. Accordingly, as he ſat at table with the lord and lady of the caſtle, he began to acquaint 'em with his deſign, when behold two women entered the great hall, clad in deep mourning from head to foot: one of 'em approaching Don Quixote, threw herſelf at his feet, where lying proſtrate, and in a manner kiſſing 'em, ſhe fetched ſuch deep and doleful ſighs, and made ſuch ſorrowful lamentations, that all thoſe who were by, were not a little ſurprized. And though the duke and the ducheſs imagined it to be ſome new device of their ſervants againſt Don Quixote, yet perceiving with what earneſtneſs the women ſighed and lamented, they were in doubt, and knew not what to think; till the compaſſionate champion raiſing her from the ground, engaged her to lift up her veil, and diſcover, what they leaſt expected, the face of Donna Rodriguez, the duena of the family: and the other mourner proved to be her daughter, whom the rich farmer's ſon had deluded. All thoſe that knew 'em were in great admiration, eſpecially the duke and the ducheſs; for though they knew her ſimplicity and indiſcretion, they did not believe her

ſo far gone in madneſs. At laſt the ſorrowful matron, addreſſing herſelf to the duke and the ducheſs; may it pleaſe your graces, ſaid ſhe, to permit me to direct my diſcourſe to this knight, for it concerns me to get out of an unlucky buſineſs, into which the impudence of a treacherous villain has brought us. With that the duke gave her leave to ſay what ſhe would; then applying herſelf to Don Quixote; 'Tis not long, ſaid ſhe, valourous knight, ſince I gave your worſhip an account how baſely and treacherouſly a graceleſs young farmer had uſed my dear child, the poor undone creature here preſent; and you then promiſed me to ſtand up for her, and ſee her righted; and now I underſtand you are about to leave this caſtle, in queſt of the good adventures heaven ſhall ſend you. And therefore before you are gone no body knows whither, I have this boon to beg of your worſhip, that you would do ſo much as challenge this ſturdy clown, and make him marry my daughter, according to his promiſe before he was concerned with her. For, as for my lord duke, 'tis a folly to think he'll ever ſee me righted, for the reaſon I told you in private. And ſo heaven preſerve your worſhip, and ſtill be our defence. Worthy matron (anwered Don Quixote, with a great deal of gravity and ſolemn form) moderate your tears, or, to ſpeak more properly, dry 'em up, and ſpare your ſighs; for I take upon me to ſee your daughter's wrongs redreſſed; though ſhe had done much better, had not her too great credulity made her truſt the proteſtations of lovers, which generally are readily made, but moſt uneaſily performed. Therefore, with my lord duke's permiſſion, I will inſtantly depart, to find out this ungracious wretch, and as ſoon as he is found, I will challenge him, and kill him if he perſiſts in his obſtinacy; for the chief end of my profeſſion is to pardon the ſubmiſſive, and to chaſtiſe the ſtubborn; to relieve the miſerable, and deſtroy the cruel. Sir knight, ſaid the duke, you need not give

yourſelf the trouble of ſeeking the fellow, of whom that good matron complains; nor need you aſk me leave to challenge him; for I already engage that he ſhall meet you in perſon to anſwer it here in this caſtle, where ſafe liſts ſhall be ſet up for you both, obſerving all the laws of arms that ought to be kept in affairs of this kind, and doing each party juſtice, as all princes ought to do, that admit of ſingle combats within their territories. Upon that aſſurance, ſaid Don Quixote, with your grace's leave, I for this time wave my punctilios of gentility, and debaſing myſelf to the meanneſs of the offender, qualify him to meaſure lances with me; and ſo let him be abſent or preſent, I challenge and defy him, as a villain, that has deluded this poor creature, that was a maid, and now, through his baſeneſs, is none; and he ſhall either perform his promiſe of making her his lawful wife, or die in the conteſt. With that, pulling off his glove, he flung it down into the middle of the hall, and the duke took it up, declaring, as he had already done, that he accepted the challenge in the name of his vaſſal: fixing the time for combat to be ſix days after, and the place to be the caſtle court. The arms to be ſuch as are uſual among knights, as lance, ſhield, armour of proof, and all other pieces, without fraud, advantage, or inchantment, after ſearch made by the judges of the field.

But in the firſt place, added the duke, 'tis requiſite, that this true matron, and this falſe virgin, commit the juſtice of their cauſe into the hands of their champion, for otherwiſe there will be nothing done, and the challenge is void in courſe. I do, anſwered the matron; and ſo do I, added the daughter, all aſhamed, blubbering, and in a crying tone. The preliminaries being adjuſted, and the duke having reſolved with himſelf what to do in the matter, the mourning petitioners went away, and the ducheſs ordered they ſhould no longer be looked upon as her domeſticks, but as

ladies errant, that came to demand juſtice in her caſtle; and accordingly there was a peculiar apartment appointed for 'em, where they were ſerved as ſtrangers, to the amazement of the other ſervants, who could not imagine what would be the end of Donna Rodriguez and her forſaken daughter's ridiculous confident undertaking.

Preſently after this, to compleat their mirth, and as it were for the laſt courſe, in came the page that had carried the letters and the preſents to Tereſa Pança. The duke and the ducheſs were overjoyed to ſee him returned, having a great deſire to know the ſucceſs of his journey. They enquired of him accordingly, but he told 'em, that the account he had to give 'em, could not well be delivered in public, nor in few words; and therefore begged their graces would be pleaſed to take it in private, and in the mean time entertain themſelves with thoſe letters. With that, taking out two, he delivered them to her grace. The ſuperſcription of the one was, 'Theſe for my lady ducheſs of I 'don't know what place:' and the direction on the other, thus, 'To my huſband Sancho Pança, governor 'of the iſland Barataria, whom heaven proſper as ma-'ny or more years than me.

The ducheſs ſat upon thorns till ſhe had read her letter; ſo having opened it, and run it over to herſelf, finding there was nothing of ſecrecy in it, ſhe read it out aloud, that the whole company might hear what follows.

Tereſa Pança's letter to the ducheſs.

MY LADY,

'THE letter your honour ſent me pleaſed me hugeouſly; for troth 'tis what I heartily longed 'for. The ſtring of coral is a good thing, and my 'huſband's hunting ſuit may come up to it. All our 'town takes it mighty kindly, and is very glad that

'your honour has made my ſpouſe a governor, though 'no body will believe it, eſpecially our curate, maſter 'Nicholas the barber, and Sampſon Carraſco the 'batchelor. But what care I, whether they do or 'no? ſo it be true, as it is, let every one have their 'ſaying. Though 'tis a folly to lie, I had not be-'lieved it neither, but for the coral and the ſuit; for 'every body here takes my huſband to be a dolt, and 'can't for the blood of 'em imagine what he can be 'fit to govern, unleſs it be a herd of goats. Well 'heaven be his guide, and ſpeed him as he ſees beſt 'for his children. As for me, my dear lady, I am re-'ſolved, with your good liking, to make hay while 'the ſun ſhines, and go to court, to loll it along in a 'coach, and make a world of my back friends, that 'envy me already, ſtare their eyes out. And there-'fore, good your honour, pray bid my huſband ſend 'me ſtore of money; for I believe 'tis dear living at 'court; one can have but little bread there for ſix-'pence, and a pound of fleſh is worth thirty marave-'dies, which would make one ſtand amazed. And if 'he is not for my coming, let him ſend me word in 'time, for my feet itch to be jogging; for my goſſips 'and neighbours tell me, that if I and my daughter go 'about the court as we ſhould, ſpruce and fine, and 'at a tearing rate, huſband will be better known by 'me, than I by him; for many can't chuſe but aſk 'what ladies are thoſe in the coach? with that one 'of my ſervants anſwers, the wife and daughter of 'Sancho Pança, governor of the iſland of Barataria; 'and thus ſhall my huſband be known, and I honour-'ed far and near; and ſo have at all; Rome has e-'very thing*.

'You can't think how I am troubled that we have 'gathered no acorns here-away this year; however, 'I ſend your highneſs about half a peck, which I have 'culled one by one: I went to the mountains on pur-

* As head of the world, formerly in temporals, as now in ſpirituals.

'poſe, and got the biggeſt I could find; I wiſh they 'had been as big as oſtrich eggs.

'Pray let not your po npoſity forget to write to me, 'and I'll be ſure to ſend you an anſwer, and let you 'know how I do, and ſend you all the news in our vil-'lage, where I am waiting and praying the Lord to 'preſerve your highneſs, and not to forget me. My 'daughter Sanchica, and my ſon, kiſs your worſhip's 'hands.

'She that wiſhes rather to ſee you than write to you,

'Your ſervant, TERESA PANÇA.'

This letter was very entertaining to all the company, eſpecially to the duke and ducheſs; inſomuch that her grace asked Don Quixote, whether it would be amiſs to open the governor's letter, which ſhe imagined was a very good one? the knight told her, that, to ſatisfy her curioſity, he would open it; which being done, he found what follows.

Tereſa Pança's letter to her husband Sancho Pança.

'I Received thy letter, dear honey Sancho, and I vow 'and ſwear to thee, as I am a Catholick Chriſtian, 'I was within two finger's breath of running mad for 'joy. Look you, my chuck, when I heard thou wert 'made a governor, I was ſo tranſported, I had like to 'have fallen down dead with meer gladneſs; for thou 'knoweſt ſudden joy is ſaid to kill as ſoon as great 'ſorrow. As for thy daughter Sanchica, ſhe ſcat-'tered her water about, before ſhe was aware, for 'very pleaſure. I had the ſuit thou ſent'ſt me before 'my eyes, and the lady ducheſs's corals about my neck, 'held the letter in my hands, and had him that 'brought 'em ſtanding by me; and for all that I 'thought what I ſaw and felt was but a dream. For 'who could have thought a goat herd ſhould ever 'come to be governor of iſlands? but what ſaid my

'mother, *Who a great deal would ſee, a great while 'muſt live.* I ſpeak this becauſe if I live longer, I 'mean to ſee more; for I ſhall ne'er be at reſt till I 'ſee thee a farmer or receiver of the cuſtoms; for 'though they be offices that ſend many to the devil, 'for all that, they bring griſt to the mill. My lady 'ducheſs will tell thee how I long to go to court. 'Pray think on't, and let me know thy mind; for I 'mean to credit thee there, by going in a coach.

'Neither the curate, the barber, the batchelor, nor 'the ſexton, will believe thou art a governor; but ſay 'tis all juggling or inchantment, as all thy maſter 'Don Quixote's concerns uſe to be; and Sampſon 'threatens to find thee out, and put this maggot of a 'government out of thy pate, and Don Quixote's mad-'neſs out of his coxcomb. For my part I do but 'laugh at 'em, and look upon my ſtring of coral, and 'contrive how to fit up the ſuit thou ſent'ſt me into a 'gown for thy daughter.

'I ſent my lady the ducheſs ſome acorns; I would 'they were beaten gold; I prithee ſend me ſome ſtrings 'of pearl, if they be in faſhion in thy iſland.

'The news here is, that Berrueca has married her 'daughter to a ſorry painter, that came hither, pre-'tending to paint any thing. The townſhip ſet him to 'paint the king's arms over the town hall; he asked 'em two ducats for the jobb, which they paid him; ſo 'he fell to work; and was eight days a daubing, but 'could make nothing on't at laſt; and ſaid he could 'not hit upon ſuch piddling kind of work, and ſo gave 'em their money again. Yet for all this he married 'with the name of a good workman. The truth is, 'he has left his pencil upon't, and taken the ſpade, 'and goes to the field like a gentleman. Pedro de 'Lobo's ſon has taken orders, and ſhaved his crown, 'meaning to be a prieſt. Minguilla, Mingo Silvato's 'grand daughter, heard of it, and ſues him upon a 'promiſe of marriage: ill tongues do not ſtick to ſay

'ſhe has been with child by him, but he ſtiffly denies 'it. We have no olives this year, nor is there a drop 'of vinegar to be got for love or money. A company 'of ſoldiers went through this place, and carried a-'long with 'em three wenches out of the town: I don't 'tell thee their names, for may haps they will come 'back, and there will not want ſome that will marry 'em, for better for worſe. Sanchica makes bonelace, 'and gets her three halfpence a day clear, which ſhe 'ſaves in a box with a ſlit, to go towards buying houſ-'hold ſtuff. But now ſhe's a governor's daughter, 'ſhe has no need to work, for thou wilt give her a 'portion. The fountain in the market is dried up. 'A thunderbolt lately fell upon the pillory: there 'may they all light. I expect thy anſwer to this, and 'thy reſolution concerning my going to court: ſo 'heaven ſend thee long to live, longer than myſelf, or 'rather as long; for I would not willingly leave thee 'behind me in this world.

'Thy wife,

'TERESA PANÇA.'

Theſe letters were admired, and cauſed a great deal of laughter and diverſion; and, to compleat the mirth, at the ſame time the expreſs returned that brought Sancho's anſwer to Don Quixote, which was likewiſe publicly read, and ſtartled all the hearers, who took the governor for a fool! afterwards the ducheſs withdrew, to know of the page what he had to relate of his journey to Sancho's village; of which he gave her a full account, without omitting the leaſt particular. He alſo brought her the acorns, and a cheeſe, which Tereſa had given him for a very good one, and better than thoſe of Troncheon, and which the ducheſs gratefully accepted. Now let us leave her, to tell the end of the government of great Sancho Pança, the flower and mirror of all iſland governors.

CHAP. LIII.

The toilſome end and concluſion of Sancho Pança's government.

TO think the affairs of this life are always to remain in the ſame ſtate, is an erroneous fancy. The face of things rather ſeems continually to change and roll with circular motion; ſummer ſucceeds the ſpring; autumn the ſummer; winter the autumn; and then ſpring again; ſo time proceeds in this perpetual round; only the life of man is ever haſt'ning to its end, ſwifter than time itſelf, without hopes to be renew'd, unleſs in the next, that is unlimited and infinite. This ſays Cid Hamet, the Mahometan philoſopher. For even by the light of nature, and without that of faith, many have diſcover'd the ſwiftneſs and inſtability of this preſent being, and the duration of the eternal life which is expected. But this moral reflexion of our author is not here to be ſuppos'd as meant by him in its full extent; for he intended it only to ſhew the uncertainty of Sancho's fortune, how ſoon it vaniſh'd like a dream, and how from his high preferment he return'd to his former low ſtation.

It was now but the ſeventh night, after ſo many days of his government, when the careful governor had betaken himſelf to his repoſe, ſated not with bread and wine, but cloy'd with hearing cauſes, pronouncing ſentences, making ſtatutes, and putting out orders and proclamations; ſcarce was ſleep, in ſpite of wakeful hunger, beginning to cloſe his eyes, when of a ſudden he heard a great noiſe of bells, and moſt dreadful outcries, as if the whole iſland had been ſinking Preſently he ſtarted, and ſat up in his bed, and liſten'd with great attention, to try if he could learn how far this uproar might concern him. But while he was thus

hearkening in the dark, a great number of drums and trumpets were heard, and that ſound being added to the noiſe of the bells and the cries, gave ſo dreadful an alarm, that his fear and terror increas'd, and he was in a ſad conſternation. Up he leap'd out of his bed, and put on his ſlippers, the ground being damp, and without any thing elſe in the world on but his ſhirt, ran and open'd his chamber-door, and ſaw above twenty men come running along the galleries with lighted links in one hand, and drawn ſwords in the other, all crying out, Arm! my lord governor, arm! a world of enemies are got into the iſland, and we are undone, unleſs your valour and conduct relieve us. Thus bawling and running with great fury and diſorder, they got to the door where Sancho ſtood quite ſcar'd out of his ſenſes. Arm, arm, this moment, my lord! cry'd one of 'em, if you have not a mind to be loſt with the whole iſland. What would you have me arm for? quoth Sancho. Do I know any thing of arms or fighting, think ye? why don't ye rather ſend for Don Quixote, my maſter, he'll diſpatch your enemies in a trice. Alas! as I am a ſinner to heaven, I underſtand nothing of this haſty ſervice. For ſhame, my lord governor, ſaid another, what a faint-heartedneſs is this? ſee! we bring you here arms offenſive and defenſive; arm yourſelf, and march to the market place. Be our leader and captain as you ought, and ſhew yourſelf a governor. Why then arm me, and good luck attend me, quoth Sancho; with that they brought him two large ſhields, which they had provided, and without letting him put on his other clothes, clapp'd 'em over his ſhirt, and ty'd the one behind upon his back, and the other before upon his breaſt, having got his arms through ſome holes made on purpoſe. Now the ſhields being faſten'd to his body, as hard as cords could bind 'em, the poor governor was cas'd up and immur'd as ſtraight as an arrow, without being able ſo much as to bend his knees, or ſtir a ſtep. Then having put a lance into his

hand for him to lean upon, and keep himſelf up, they deſir'd him to march, and lead 'em on, and put life into 'em all, telling him, that they did not doubt of victory, ſince they had him for their commander. March! quoth Sancho, how do you think I am able to do it, ſqueez'd as I am? theſe boards ſtick ſo plaguy cloſe to me, I can't ſo much as bend the joints of my knees; you muſt e'en carry me in your arms, and lay me acroſs, or ſet me upright, before ſome paſſage, and I'll make good that ſpot of ground, either with this lance or my body. Fie, my lord governor, ſaid another, 'tis more your fear than your armour that ſtiffens your legs, and hinders you from moving. Move, move, march on, 'tis high time, the enemy grows ſtronger, and the danger preſſes. The poor governor thus urg'd and upbraided, endeavour'd to go forwards; but the firſt motion he made, threw him to the ground at his full length, ſo heavily, that he gave over all his bones for broken; and there he lay like a huge tortoiſe in his ſhell, or a flitch of bacon clapp'd between two boards, or like a boat overturn'd upon a flat, with the keel upwards. Nor had thoſe drolling companions the leaſt compaſſion upon him as he lay; quite contrary, having put out their lights, they made a terrible noiſe, and clatter'd with their ſwords, and trampl'd too and again upon the poor governor's body, and laid on furiouſly with their ſwords upon his ſhields, inſomuch, that if he had not ſhrunk his head into 'em for ſhelter, he had been in a woeful condition. Squeez'd up in his narrow ſhell, he was in a grievous fright, and a terrible ſweat, praying from the bottom of his heart, for deliverance from the curs'd trade of governing iſlands. Some kick'd him, ſome ſtumbled and fell upon him, and one among the reſt jump'd full upon him, and there ſtood for ſome time, as on a watch-tower, like a general encouraging his ſoldiers, and giving orders, crying out, There boys, there! the enemies charge moſt on that ſide, make good that breach, ſecure that gate,

down with thoſe ſcaling-ladders, fetch fire-balls, more granadoes, burning pitch, roſin, and kettles of ſcalding oil. Intrench yourſelves, get beds, quilts, cuſhions, and barricadoe the ſtreets; in ſhort, he call'd for all the inſtruments of death, and all the engines us'd for the defence of a city that is beſieg'd and ſtorm'd. Sancho lay ſnug, though ſadly bruis'd, and while he endur'd all quietly, Oh that it would pleaſe the Lord, quoth he to himſelf, that this iſland were but taken, or that I were fairly dead, or out of this peck of troubles. At laſt heaven heard his prayers, and when he leaſt expected it, he heard 'em cry victory, victory! the enemy's routed. Now my lord governor, riſe, come and enjoy the fruits of conqueſt, and divide the ſpoils taken from the enemy, by the valour of your invincible arms. Help me up, cry'd poor Sancho in a doleful tone; and when they had ſet him on his legs, let all the enemy I have routed, quoth he, be nail'd to my forehead: I'll divide no ſpoils of enemies: but if I have one friend here, I only beg he would give me a draught of wine to comfort me, and help to dry up the ſweat that I am in; for I am all over water. Thereupon they wip'd him, gave him wine, and took off his ſhields: after that, as he ſat upon his bed, what with his fright, and what with the toil he had endur'd, he fell into a ſwoon, inſomuch that thoſe who acted this ſcene, began to repent they had carried it ſo far. But Sancho recovering from his fit in a little time, they alſo recover'd from their uneaſineſs. Being come to himſelf, he aſk'd what 'twas a clock? they anſwer'd 'twas now break of day. He ſaid nothing, but, without any words, began to put on his clothes. While this was doing, and he continu'd ſeriouſly ſilent, all the eyes of the company were fix'd upon him, wondring what could be the meaning of his being in ſuch haſte to put on his clothes. At laſt he made an end of dreſſing himſelf, and creeping along ſoftly, (for he was too much bruis'd to go along very faſt) he got to the ſtable, follow'd by all the company, and coming

to Dapple, he embrac'd the quiet animal, gave him a loving kiſs on the forehead, and, with tears in his eyes, come hither, ſaid he, my friend, thou faithful companion, and fellow-ſharer in my travels and miſeries; when thee and I conſorted together, and all my cares were but to mend thy furniture, and feed thy little carcaſe, then happy were my days, my months, and years. But ſince I forſook thee, and clamber'd up the towers of ambition and pride, a thouſand woes, a thouſand torments, and four thouſand tribulations have haunted and worry'd my ſoul. While he was talking thus, he fitted on his pack-ſaddle, no body offering to ſay any thing to him This done, with a great deal of difficulty he mounted his aſs, and then addreſſing himſelf to the ſteward, the ſecretary, the gentleman-waiter, and Dr. Pedro Rezio, and many others that ſtood by; make way, gentlemen, ſaid he, and let me return to my former liberty. Let me go that I may ſeek my old courſe of life, and riſe again from that death that buries me here alive. I was not born to be a governor, nor to defend iſlands nor cities from enemies that break in upon 'em I know better what belongs to ploughing, delving, pruning and planting of vineyards, than how to make laws, and defend countries and kingdoms. St. Peter is very well at Rome: which is as much as to ſay, let every one ſtick to the calling he was born to. A ſpade does better in my hand than a governor's truncheon; and I had rather fill my belly with a meſs of plain porridge *, than lie at the mercy of a coxcomb-ly phyſick-monger that ſtarves me to death. I had rather ſolace myſelf under the ſhade of an oak in ſummer, and wrap my corps up in a double ſheep-ſkin in the winter at my liberty, than lay me down with the ſlavery of a government in fine holland ſheets, and caſe my hide in furs and richeſt ſables. Heaven be with you, gentlefolks, and pray tell my lord duke from me,

* *Gaſpacho:* It is made of oil, vinegar, water, ſalt, and ſpice, with toaſted bread. A ſort of ſoupe maigre, ſays Stevens' dictionary.

that naked I was born, and naked I am at preſent. I have neither won nor loſt, which is as much as to ſay, without a penny I came to this government, and without a penny I leave it, quite contrary to what other governors of iſlands uſe to do, when they leave 'em. Clear the way then, I beſeech you, and let me paſs; I muſt get myſelf wrapp'd up all over in cere cloth; for I don't think I have a ſound rib left, thanks to the enemies that have walk'd over me all night long. This muſt not be, my lord governor, ſaid Dr. Rezio, for I will give your honour a balſamick drink, that is a ſpecifick againſt falls, diſlocations, contuſions, and all manner of bruiſes, and that will preſently reſtore you to your former health and ſtrength. And then for your diet, I promiſe to take a new courſe with you, and to let you eat abundantly of whatſoever you pleaſe. 'Tis too late, Mr. Doctor, anſwer'd Sancho; you ſhould as ſoon make me turn Turk, as hinder me from going. No, no, theſe tricks ſhan't paſs upon me again, you ſhall as ſoon make me fly to heaven without wings, as get me to ſtay here, or ever catch me nibbling at a government again, though it were ſerv'd up to me in a cover'd diſh. I am of the blood of the Pança's and we are all wilful and poſitive. If once we cry odd, it ſhall be odd in ſpite of all mankind, tho' it be even. Go to then: let the piſmire leave behind him in this ſtable, thoſe wings that lifted him up in the air to be a prey to martlets and ſparrows. Fair and ſoftly. Let me now tread again on plain ground; tho'I mayn't wear pink'd Cordovan leather pumps, I ſhan't want a pair of ſandals * to my feet. Every ſheep to her mate. Let not the cobbler go beyond his laſt; and ſo let me go, for 'tis late. My lord governor, ſaid the ſteward; tho' it grieves us to part with your honour, your ſenſe and

* A ſort of flat ſandal or ſhoe made of hemp, or of bull ruſhes, artfully platted and fitted to the foot; worn by the poor people in Spain and Italy.

Chriſtian behaviour engaging us to covet your company, yet we would not preſume to ſtop you againſt your inclination: but you know that every governor, before he leaves the place he has govern'd, is bound to give an account of his adminiſtration. Be pleas'd therefore to do ſo for the ten days† you have been among us, and then peace be with you. No man has power to call me to an account, reply'd Sancho, unleſs it be by my lord duke's appointment. Now to him it is I am going, and to him I'll give a fair and ſquare account. And indeed, going away ſo bare as I do, there needs no greater ſigns that I have govern'd like an angel. In truth, ſaid Dr. Rezio, the great Sancho is in the right; and I am of opinion, we ought to let him go; for certainly the duke will be very glad to ſee him. Thereupon they all agreed to let him paſs, offering firſt to attend him, and ſupply him with whatever he might want in his journey, either for entertainment or conveniency. Sancho told 'em, that all he deſir'd was a little corn for his aſs, and half a cheeſe, and half a loaf for himſelf; having occaſion for no other proviſions in ſo ſhort a journey. With that they all embraced him, and he embrac'd them all, not without tears in his eyes, leaving 'em in admiration of the good ſenſe which he diſcover'd both in his diſcourſe and unalterable reſolution.

† How comes the ſteward to ſay ten days, when it is plain Sancho govern'd only ſeven days! It is, ſays Jarvis, either owing to forgetfulneſs in the author, or perhaps is a new joke of the ſteward's, imagining Sancho to be as ignorant of reckoning as of writing. And in effect, Sancho, by not denying it, allows the ten days.

CHAP. LIV.

Which treats of matters that relate to this hiſtory, and no other.

THE duke and ducheſs reſolv'd that Don Quixote's challenge againſt their vaſſal ſhould not be ineffectual; and the young man being fled into Flanders, to avoid having Donna Rodriguez to his mother-in-law, they made choice of a Gaſcoin lacquey, nam'd Toſilos, to ſupply his place, and gave him inſtructions how to act his part. Two days after, the duke acquainted Don Quixote, that within four days his antagoniſt would meet him in the liſts, arm'd at all points like a knight, to maintain that the damſel ly'd through the throat, and through the beard, to ſay that he had ever promis'd her marriage. Don Quixote was mightily pleas'd with this news, promiſing himſelf to do wonders on this occaſion; and eſteeming it an extraordinary happineſs to have ſuch an opportunity to ſhew before ſuch noble ſpectators, how extenſive were his valour and ſtrength. Chear'd and elevated with theſe hopes, he waited for the end of theſe four days, which his eager impatience made him think ſo many ages.

Well, now letting them paſs, as we do other matters, let us a while attend Sancho, who, divided betwixt joy and ſorrow, was now on his Dapple, making the beſt of his way to his maſter, whoſe company he valu'd more than the government of all the iſlands in the world. He had not gone far from his iſland, or city, or town (or whatever you will pleaſe to call it, for he never troubl'd himſelf to examine what it was) before he met upon the road ſix pilgrims, with their walking ſtaves, foreigners as they prov'd, and ſuch as us'd to beg alms ſinging. As they drew near him,

they plac'd themſelves in a row, and fell a ſinging all together in their language ſomething that Sancho could not underſtand, unleſs it were one word, which plainly ſignify'd alms; by which he gueſs'd that charity was the burthen and intent of their ſong. Being exceeding charitable, as Cid Hamet reports him, he open'd his wallet, and having taken out the half loaf and half cheeſe, gave 'em them, making ſigns withal, that he had nothing elſe to give 'em. They took the dole with a good will, but yet, not ſatisfy'd, they cry'd *Guelt, guelt* *. Good people, quoth Sancho, I don't underſtand what you would have. With that, one of 'em pull'd out a purſe that was in his boſom, and ſhew'd it to Sancho, by which he underſtood, that 'twas money they wanted. But he, putting his thumb to his mouth, and wagging his hand with his four fingers upwards, made a ſign that he had not a croſs; and ſo clapping his heels to Dapple's ſides, he began to make way through the pilgrims; but at the ſame time one of 'em, who had been looking on him very earneſtly, laid hold on him, and throwing his arms about his middle, Bleſs me! (cry'd he in very good Spaniſh) what do I ſee? is it poſſible? do I hold in my arms my dear friend, my good neighbour Sancho Pança? Yes, ſure it muſt be he, for I am neither drunk nor dreaming. Sancho wondering to hear himſelf call'd by his name, and to ſee himſelf ſo lovingly hugg'd by the pilgrim, ſtar'd upon him without ſpeaking a word; but, though he look'd ſeriouſly in his face a good while, he could not gueſs who he was. The pilgrim obſerving his amazement, what, ſaid he, friend Sancho, don't you know your old acquaintance, your neighbour Ricote the Moriſco, that kept a ſhop in your town? Then Sancho looking wiſtly on him again, began to call him to mind, at laſt he knew him again perfectly, and clapping him about the neck without alighting, Ricote, cry'd he, who the devil could ever have known thee

* *Guelte* in Dutch is money.

tranſmogrify'd in this mumming dreſs! pr'ythee who has franchiſy'd thee at this rate? and how durſt thou offer to come again into Spain? Should'ſt thou come to be known, adad I would not be in thy coat for all the world. If thou doſt not betray me, ſaid the pilgrim, I am ſafe enough, Sancho; for no body can know me in this diſguiſe. But let us get out of the road, and make to yonder elm grove; my comrades and I have agreed to take a little refreſhment there, and thou ſhalt dine with us. They are honeſt ſouls, I'll aſſure thee. There I ſhall have an opportunity to tell thee how I have paſs'd my time, ſince I was forc'd to leave the town in obedience to the king's edict, which, as thou knoweſt, ſo ſeverely threatens theſe of our unfortunate nation. Sancho conſented, and Ricote having ſpoke to the reſt of the pilgrims, they went all together to the grove, at a good diſtance from the road. There they laid by their ſtaves, and taking off their pilgrims weeds, remain'd in cuerpo; all of them young handſome fellows, except Ricote, who was ſomewhat ſtricken in years. Every one carry'd his wallet, which ſeem'd well furniſh'd, at leaſt with ſavoury and high-ſeaſon'd bits, the provocative to the turning down good liquor. They ſat down on the ground, and making the green graſs their table cloth, preſently there was a comfortable appearance of bread, ſalt, knives, nuts, cheeſe, and ſome bacon bones, on which there were ſtill ſome good pickings left, or which at leaſt might be ſuck'd. They alſo had a kind of black meat call'd *caveer*, made of the roes of fiſh, a certain charm to keep thirſt awake. They alſo had good ſtore of olives, though none of the moiſteſt; but the chief glory of the feaſt, was ſix leather bottles of wine, every pilgrim exhibiting one for his ſhare; even honeſt Ricote himſelf was now transform'd from a Moriſco to a German, and clubb'd his bottle, his quota making as good a figure as the reſt. They began to eat like men that lik'd mighty well their ſavoury fare; and as it was very

reliſhing, they went leiſurely to work, to continue the longer, taking but a little of every one at a time on the point of a knife. Then all at once they lifted up their arms, and applying their own mouths to the mouths of the bottles, and turning up their bottoms in the air, with their eyes fix'd on heaven, like men in an extaſy, they remain'd in that poſture a good while, transfuſing the blood and ſpirit of the veſſels into their ſtomachs, and ſhaking their heads, as in a rapture, to expreſs the pleaſure they receiv'd. Sancho admir'd all this extremely; he could not find the leaſt fault with it; quite contrary, he was for making good the old proverb *When thou art at Rome, do as they do at Rome*; ſo he deſir'd Ricote to lend him his bottle, and taking his aim as well as the reſt, and with no leſs ſatisfaction, ſhew'd 'em he wanted neither method nor breath. Four times they carreſs'd the bottles in that manner, but there was no doing it the fifth; for they were quite exhauſted, and the life and ſoul of 'em departed, which turn'd their mirth into ſorrow. But while the wine laſted, all was well. Now and then one or other of the pilgrims would take Sancho by the right-hand, Spaniard and German a l one now, and cry'd, *Bon Compagno*. Well ſaid, i'faith, anſwer'd Sancho; *Bon Compagno perdie*. And then he would burſt out a laughing for half an hour together, without the leaſt concern for all his late misfortunes, or the loſs of his government; for anxieties uſe to have but little power over the time that men ſpend in eating or drinking. In ſhort, as their bellies were full, their bones deſir'd to be at reſt, and ſo five of 'em dropt aſleep, only Sancho and Ricote, who had indeed eat more, but drank leſs, remain'd awake, and remov'd under the cover of a beech at a ſmall diſtance, where, while the others ſlept Ricote in good Spaniſh ſpoke to Sancho to this purpoſe.

Thou well knoweſt, friend Sancho Pança, how the late edict, that enjoin'd all thoſe of our nation to de-

part the kingdom, alarm'd us all; at leaſt me it did; inſomuch that the time limited for our going was not yet expir'd, but I thought the law was ready to be executed upon me and my children. Accordingly I reſolv'd to provide betimes for their ſecurity and mine, as a man does that knows his habitation will be taken away from him, and ſo ſecures another before he is obliged to remove. So I left our town by myſelf, and went to ſeek ſome place before hand, where I might convey my family, without expoſing myſelf to the inconveniency of a hurry, like the reſt that went; for the wiſeſt among us were juſtly apprehenſive, that the proclamations iſſued out for the baniſhment of our Mooriſh race, were not only threats, as ſome flatter'd themſelves, but would certainly take effect at the expiration of the limited time. I was the rather inclin'd to believe this, being conſcious that our people had very dangerous deſigns; ſo that I could not but think the king was inſpir'd by heaven to take ſo brave a reſolution, and expel thoſe ſnakes out of the boſom of the kingdom: not that we were all guilty, for there were ſome ſound and real Chriſtians among us; but their number was ſo ſmall, that they could not be oppos'd to thoſe that were otherwiſe, and it was not ſafe to keep enemies within doors. In ſhort, it was neceſſary we ſhould be baniſh'd; but tho' ſome might think it a mild and pleaſant fate, to us it ſeems the moſt dreadful thing that could befal us: wherever we are, we bemoan with tears our baniſhment from Spain; for, after all, there we were born, and 'tis our native country. We find no where the entertainment our misfortune requires; and even in Barbary, and all other parts of Africk, where we expected to have met with the beſt reception and relief, we find the greateſt inhumanity, and the worſt uſage. We did not know our happineſs till we had loſt it; and the deſire which moſt of us have to return to Spain, is ſuch, that the greateſt part of thoſe that ſpeak the tongue as I do, who

are many, come back hither, and leave their wives and children there in a forlorn condition; ſo ſtrong is their love for their native place; and now I know by experience the truth of the ſaying, Sweet is the love of one's own country. For my part, having left our town, I went into France, and though I was very well received there, yet I had a mind to ſee other countries; and ſo paſſing through it, I travell'd into Italy, and from thence into Germany, where methought one might live with more freedom, the inhabitants being a good-humour'd ſociable people, that love to live eaſy with one another, and every body follows his own way: for there's liberty of conſcience allow'd in the greateſt part of the country. There, after I had taken a dwelling in a village near Augſburgh, I ſtruck into the company of theſe pilgrims, and got to be one of their number, finding they were ſome of thoſe who make it their cuſtom to go to Spain, many of 'em every year to viſit the places of devotion, which they look upon as their Indies, and beſt market, and ſureſt means to get money. They travel almoſt the whole kingdom over, nor is there a village where they are not ſure to get meat and drink, and ſixpence at leaſt in money. And they manage matters ſo well, that at the end of their pilgrimage they commonly go off with about a hundred crowns clear gains, which they change into gold, and hide either in the hollow of their ſtaves, or the patches of their clothes, and either thus, or ſome other private way, convey it uſually into their own country in ſpite of all ſearches at their going out of the kingdom. Now, Sancho, my deſign in returning hither is to fetch the treaſure that I left bury'd when I went away, which I may do with the leſs inconveniency, by reaſon it lies in a place quite out of the town. That done, I intend to write or go over myſelf from Valencia to my wife and daughter, who I know are in Algiers, and find one way or other to get 'em over to ſome port of France, and from thence bring 'em over

into Germany, where we will ſtay, and ſee how providence will diſpoſe of us: for I am ſure my wife Franciſca and my daughter are good Catholick Chriſtians; and though I can't ſay I am as much a believer as they are, yet I have more of the Chriſtian than of the Mahometan, and make it my conſtant prayer to the Almighty, to open the eyes of my underſtanding, and let me know how to ſerve him. What I wonder at, is, that my wife and daughter ſhould rather chuſe to go for Barbary than for France, where they might have lived like Chriſtians.

Look you, Ricote, anſwer'd Sancho, mayhaps, that was none of their fault, for to my knowledge John Tiopieyo, thy wife's brother, took 'em along with him, and he, belike, being a rank Moor, would go where he thought beſt. And I muſt tell thee further, friend, that I doubt thou'lt loſe thy labour in going to look after thy hidden treaſure; for the report was hot among us, that thy brother-in-law and thy wife had a great many pearls, and a deal of gold taken away from 'em, which ſhould have been interr'd. That may be, reply'd Ricote, but I am ſure, friend of mine, they have not met with my hoard; for I never would tell 'em where I had hid it, for fear of the worſt: and therefore, if thou wilt go along with me, and help me to carry off this money, I will give thee two hundred crowns, to make thee eaſier in the world. Thou knoweſt I can tell 'tis but low with thee. I would do it, anſwer'd Sancho, but I an't at all covetous. Were I in the leaſt given to it, this morning I quitted an employment, which had I kept, I might have got enough to have made the walls of my houſe of beaten gold; and before ſix months had been at an end, I might have eaten my victuals in plate. So that as well for this reaſon, as becauſe I fancy it would be a piece of treaſon to the king, in abetting his enemies, I would not go with thee, tho' thou wouldſt lay me down twice as much. And pr'ythee, ſaid Ricote, what ſort of em-

ployment is it thou haſt leſt? Why, quoth Sancho, I have left the government of an iſland, and ſuch an iſland as i'faith you'll ſcarce meet with the like in haſte within a mile of an oak. And where is this iſland, ſaid Ricote? Where, quoth Sancho? why ſome two leagues off, and it is call'd the iſland of Barataria. Pr'ythee don't talk ſo, reply'd Ricote; iſlands lie a great way off in the ſea; there are none of them on the main land. Why not, quoth Sancho? I tell thee, friend Ricote, I came from thence but this morning, and yeſterday I was there governing it at my will and pleaſure like any dragon; yet for all that I e'en left it, for this ſame place of a governor ſeem'd to me but a tickliſh kind of an office. And what didſt thou get by thy government, ask'd Ricote? Why, anſwer'd Sancho, I have got ſo much knowledge, as to underſtand that I am not fit to govern any thing, unleſs it be a herd of cattle; and that the wealth that's got in theſe kind of governments, coſts a man a deal of labour and toil, watching and hunger; for in your iſlands governors muſt eat next to nothing; eſpecially if they have phyſicians to look after their health. I can make neither head nor tail of all this, ſaid Ricote; it ſeems to me all madneſs; for who would be ſuch a ſimpleton as to give thee iſlands to govern? Was the world quite bare of abler men, that they could pick out no body elſe for a governor? Pr'ythee ſay no more, man, but come to thy ſenſes, and conſider whether thou wilt go along with me and help me to fetch off my hidden wea'th, my treaſure, for I may well give it that name, conſidering how much there is of it, and I'll make a man of thee, as I have told thee. Hark you me, Ricote, anſwer'd Sancho, I've already told thee my mind: let it ſuffice that I will not betray thee, and ſo a God's name go thy way, and let me go mine; for well I wot, *That what's honeſtly got may be loſt, but what's ill got will periſh and the owner too.* Well, Sancho, ſaid Ricote, I'll preſs thee no further. Only pr'ythee

tell me, wert thou in the town when my wife and daughter went away with my brother-in law. Ay marry was I, quoth Sancho, by the ſame token, thy daughter look'd ſo woundy handſome, that there was old crowding to ſee her, and every body ſaid ſhe was the fineſt creature o' God's earth. She wept bitterly all the way, poor thing, and embrac'd all her ſhe-friends and acquaintance, and begg'd of all thoſe that flock'd about her to pray for her, and that in ſo earneſt and piteous a manner, that ſhe e'en made me ſhed tears, though I am none of the greateſt blubberers. Faith and troth, many there had a good mind to have got her away from her uncle upon the road, and have hid her; but the thoughts of the king's proclamation kept 'em in awe. But he that ſhew'd himſelf the moſt concern'd, was Don Pedro de Gregorio, that young rich heir that you know. They ſay he was up to the ears in love with her, and has never been ſeen in the town ſince ſhe went. We all thought he was gone after her, to ſteal her away, but hitherto we have heard nothing of the matter. I have all along had a jealouſy, ſaid Ricote, that this gentleman lov'd my daughter: but I always had too good an opinion of my Ricote's virtue, to be uneaſy with his paſſion; for thou know'ſt, Sancho, very few, and hardly anyof our women of Mooriſh race, ever marry'd with the old Chriſtians on the account of love; and ſo I hope that my daughter, who, I believe, minds more the duties of religion than any thing of love, will but little regard this young heir's courtſhip. Heaven grant ſhe may, quoth Sancho, for elſe 'twould be the worſe for 'em both. And now, honeſt neighbour, I muſt bid thee good bye, for I have a mind to be with my maſter Don Quixote this evening. Then heaven be with thee, friend Sancho, ſaid Ricote: I find my comrades have fetch'd out their naps, and 'tis time we ſhould make the beſt of our way. With that, after a kind

embrace, Sancho mounted his Dapple, Ricote took his pilgrim's ſtaff, and ſo they parted.

CHAP. LV.

What happen'd to Sancho by the way, with other matters which you will have no more to do than to ſee.

SANCHO ſtaid ſo long with Ricote, that the night overtook him within half a league of the duke's caſtle. It grew dark; however, as it was ſummer-time, he was not much uneaſy, and choſe to go out of the road with a deſign to ſtay there till morning. But as ill luck would have it, while he was ſeeking ſome place where he might reſt himſelf, he and Dapple tumbled of a ſudden into a very deep hole, which was among the ruins of ſome old buildings. As he was falling, he prayed with all his heart, fancying himſelf all the while ſinking down into the bottomleſs pit; but he was in no ſuch danger, for by that time he had deſcended ſomewhat lower than eighteen foot, Dapple made a full ſtop at the bottom, and his rider found himſelf ſtill on his back, without the leaſt hurt in the world. Preſently Sancho began to conſider the condition of his bones, held his breath, and felt all about him, and finding himſelf ſound wind and limb, and in a whole ſkin, he thought he could never give heaven ſufficient thanks for his wondrous preſervation; for at firſt he gave himſelf over for loſt, and broke into a thouſand pieces. He grop'd with both hands about the walls of the pit, to try if it were poſſible to get out without help; but he found 'em all ſo plain, and ſo ſteep, that there was not the leaſt hold or footing to get up. This grieved him to the ſoul, and to increaſe his ſorrow, Dapple began to raiſe his voice in a very piteous and doleful manner, which pierc'd his

maſter's very heart; nor did the poor beaſt make ſuch moan without reaſon; for, to ſay the truth, he was but in a woeful condition. Woe's me, cry'd Sancho, what ſudden and unthought of miſchances every foot befal us poor wretches that live in this miſerable world! Who would have thought that he, who but yeſterday ſaw himſelf ſeated in the throne of an iſland governor, and had ſervants and vaſſals at his beck, ſhould to day find himſelf buried in a pit, without the leaſt ſoul to help him, or come to his relief! Here we are like to periſh with deadly hunger, I and my aſs, if we don't die before, he of his bruiſes, and I of grief and anguiſh: at leaſt, I ſhan't be ſo lucky as was my maſter Don Quixote, when he went down into the cave of the inchanter Monteſinos. He found better fare there than he could have done at his own houſe, the cloth was laid, and his bed made, and he ſaw nothing but pleaſant viſions: but I am like to ſee nothing here but toads and ſnakes. Unhappy creature that I am! what have my fooliſh deſigns and whimſies brought me to? If ever 'tis heaven's bleſſed will that my bones be found, they'll be taken out of this diſmal place bare, white, and ſmooth, and thoſe of my poor Dapple with 'em, by which, perhaps, it will be known whoſe they are, at leaſt by thoſe who ſhall have taken notice that Sancho Pança never ſtirred from his aſs, nor his aſs from Sancho Pança. Unhappy creatures that we are, I ſay again! had we dy'd at home among our friends, though we had miſs'd of relief, we ſhould not have wanted pity and ſome to cloſe our eyes at the laſt gaſp. Oh! my dear companion and friend, ſaid he to his aſs, how ill have I requited thy faithful ſervices? forgive me, and pray to fortune the beſt thou canſt to deliver us out of this plunge, and I here promiſe thee to ſet a crown of laurel on thy head, that thou may'ſt be taken for no leſs than a poet laureat, and thy allowance of provender ſhall be doubled. Thus Sancho bewail'd his misfortune, and his aſs hearken'd

to what he ſaid, but anſwer'd not a word, ſo great was the grief and anguiſh which the poor creature endured at that time.

At length, after a whole night's lamenting and complaining at a miſerable rate, the day came on, and it's light having confirmed Sancho in his doubts of the impoſſibility of getting out of that place without help, he ſet up his throat again, and made a vigorous outcry, to try whether any body might not hear him. But alas! all his calling was in vain †, for all around there was no body within hearing, and then he gave himſelf over for dead and buried. He caſt his eyes on Dapple, and ſeeing him extended on the ground and ſadly down in the mouth, he went to him, and try'd to get him on his legs, which with much ado, by means of his aſſiſtance, the poor beaſt did at laſt, being hardly able to ſtand. Then he took a luncheon of bread out of his wallet, that had run the ſame fortune with 'em, and giving it to the aſs, who took it not at all amiſs, and made no bones of it. Here, ſaid Sancho, as if the beaſt had underſtood him, A fat ſorrow is better than a lean. At length he perceiv'd on one ſide of the pit a great hole wide enough for a man to creep through ſtooping: he drew to it, and having crawl'd through on all fours, found that it led into a vault that enlarg'd itſelf the further it extended, which he could eaſily perceive, the ſun ſhining in towards the top of the concavity. Having made this diſcovery, he went back to his aſs, and like one who knew what belong'd to digging, with a ſtone began to remove the earth that was about the hole, and labour'd ſo effectually that he ſoon made a paſſage for his companion. Then taking him by the halter, he led him along fair and ſoftly through the cave, to try if he could not

† In the original, *All his cries were in the deſart*, i. e. *thrown away*, alluding, perhaps, to the ſcripture character of John Baptiſt, that he was *Vox clamantis in deſerto, the voice of one crying in the wilderneſs*, or *deſart*.

find a way to get out on the other ſide. Sometimes he went in the dark, and ſometimes without light, but never without fear. Heaven defend me, ſaid he to himſelf, what a heart of a chicken have I! This now, which to me is a ſad diſaſter, to my maſter Don Quixote, would be a rare adventure. He wou'd look upon theſe caves and dungeons as lovely gardens, and glorious palaces, and hope to be led out of theſe dark narrow cells into ſome fine meadow; while I, luckleſs, helpleſs, heartleſs wretch that I am, every ſtep I take, expect to ſink into ſome deeper pit than this, and go down I don't know whither. Welcome ill luck, when it comes alone. Thus he went on, lamenting and deſpairing, and thought he had gone ſomewhat more than half a league, when, at laſt, he perceived a kind of confus'd light, like that of day-break in at ſome open place, but which, to poor Sancho, ſeem'd a proſpect of a paſſage into another world.

But here Cid Hamet Benengeli leaves him a while, and returns to Don Quixote, who entertain'd and pleaſed himſelf with the hopes of a ſpeedy combat between him and the diſhonourer of Donna Rodriguez's daughter, whoſe wrongs he deſign'd to ſee redreſs'd on the appointed day.

It happen'd one morning, as he was riding out to prepare and exerciſe againſt the time of battle, as he was practiſing with Rozinante, the horſe, in the middle of his menage pitch'd his feet near the brink of a deep cave; inſomuch that if Don Quixote had not us'd the beſt of his ſkill, he muſt infallibly have tumbled into it. Having 'ſcap'd that danger, he was tempted to look into the cave without alighting, and wheeling about, rode up to it. Now while he was ſatisfying his curioſity, and ſeriouſly muſing, he thought he heard a noiſe within, and thereupon liſt'ning, he could diſtinguiſh thoſe words, which in a doleful tone aroſe out of the cavern; Ho! above there! is there no good Chriſtian that hears me, no charitable gentleman or

knight that will take pity of a ſinner buried alive, a poor governor without a government. Don Quixote fancy'd he heard Sancho's voice, which did not a little ſurprize him; and for his better ſatisfaction, raiſing his voice as much as he could, Who's that below, cry-ed he? Who's that complains? Who ſhould it be, to his ſorrow, cry'd Sancho, but the moſt wretched Sancho Pança, governor, for his ſins and for his unlucky errantry, of the iſland of Barataria, formerly ſquire to the famous knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha? Theſe words redoubled Don Quixote's admiration, and increas'd his amazement; for he preſently imagin'd that Sancho was dead, and that his ſoul was there doing penance. Poſſeſs'd with that fancy, I conjure thee, ſaid he, by all that can conjure thee, as I am a Catholick Chriſtian, to tell me who thou art? and, if thou art a ſoul in pain, let me know what thou would'ſt have me do for thee; for ſince my profeſſion is to aſſiſt and ſuccour all that are afflicted in this world, it ſhall alſo be ſo to relieve and help thoſe who ſtand in need of it in the other, and who cannot help themſelves. Surely, Sir, anſwer'd he from below, you that ſpeak to me ſhould be my maſter Don Quixote: by the tone of your voice it can be no man elſe. My name is Don Quixote, reply'd the knight, and I think it my duty to aſſiſt not only the living but the dead in their neceſſities. Tell me then who thou art, for thou fill-eſt me with aſtoniſhment? and if thou art my ſquire, Sancho Pança, and dead, if the devil have not got thee, and through heaven's mercy thou art in purgatory, our holy mother, the Roman Catholick church, has ſufficient ſuffrages to redeem thee from the pains thou endureſt, and I myſelf will ſolicit her on thy behalf, as far as my eſtate will go; therefore proceed, and tell me quickly who thou art? Why then, reply'd the voice, by whatever you'll have me ſwear by, I make oath that I am Sancho Pança, your ſquire, and that I never was dead yet in my life. But only hav-

ing left my government, for reaſons and cauſes which I han't leiſure yet to tell you, laſt night unluckily I fell into this cave, where I am ſtill, and Dapple with me, that will not let me tell a lie; for, as a farther proof of what I ſay, he is here. Now what's ſtrange, immediately, as if the aſs had underſtood what his maſter ſaid, and to back his evidence, he fell a braying ſo obſtreperouſly, that he made the whole cavern ring again. A worthy witneſs, cried Don Quixote! I know his bray, as if I were the parent of him, and I know thy voice too, my Sancho. I find thou art my real ſquire; ſtay therefore till I go to the caſtle, which is hard by, and fetch more company to help thee out of the pit into which thy ſins, doubtleſs, have thrown thee. Make haſte, I beſeech you, Sir, quoth Sancho, and for heaven's ſake come again as faſt as you can, for I can no longer endure to be here buried alive, and I am e'en dying with fear.

Don Quixote went with all ſpeed to the caſtle, and gave the duke and ducheſs an account of Sancho's accident, whilſt they did not a little wonder at it, though they conceived he might eaſily enough fall in at the mouth of the cave, which had been there time out of mind. But they were mightily ſurprized to hear he had abdicated his government before they had an account of his coming away.

In ſhort, they ſent ropes, and other conveniencies by their ſervants to draw him out, and at laſt with much trouble and labour, both he and his Dapple were reſtored from that gloomy pit, to the full enjoyment of the light of the ſun. At the ſame time a certain ſcholar ſtanding by, and ſeeing him hois'd up; juſt ſo, ſaid he, ſhould all bad governors come out of their governments; juſt as this wretch is dragged out of this profound abyſs, pale, half ſtarved, famiſhed, and, as I fancy, without a croſs in his pocket. Hark you, goodman Slander, reply'd Sancho, 'tis now eight or ten days ſince I began to govern the iſland that was

given me, and all that time I never had my belly full but once; phyſicians have perſecuted me, enemies have trampled over me, and bruiſed my bones, and I have had neither leiſure to take bribes, nor to receive my juſt dues. Now all this conſidered, in my opinion I did not deſerve to come out in this faſhion. But man appoints, and God diſappoints. Heaven knows beſt what's beſt for us all. We muſt take time as it comes, and our lot as it falls. Let no man ſay, I'll drink no more of this water. Many count their chickens before they be hatched, and where they expect bacon meet with broken bones. Heaven knows my mind, and I ſay no more, though I might. Ne'er trouble thyſelf, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, nor mind what ſome will ſay, for then thou wilt never have done. So thy conſcience be clear, let the world talk at random, as it uſes to do. One may as ſoon tie up the winds, as the tongues of ſlanderers. If a governor returns rich from his government, they ſay he has fleeced and robbed the people; if poor, then they call him idle fool, and ill huſband. Nothing ſo ſure, then, quoth Sancho, but this bout they'll call me a ſhallow fool, but for a fleecer or a robber, I ſcorn their words, I defy all the world. Thus diſcourſing as they went, with a rabble of boys and idle people about 'em, they at laſt got to the caſtle, where the duke and ducheſs waited in the gallery for the knight and ſquire. As for Sancho, he would not go up to ſee the duke, till he had ſeen his aſs in the ſtable, and provided for him; for he ſaid, the poor beaſt had but ſorry entertainment in his laſt night's lodging: this done, away he went to wait on his lord and lady, and throwing himſelf on his knees, My lord and lady, ſaid he, I went to govern your iſland of Barataria, ſuch being your will and pleaſure, though 'twas your goodneſs more than my deſert. Naked I entered into it, and naked I came away, I neither won nor loſt. Whether I governed well or ill, there are thoſe not far off can tell, and let them tell, if

they pleaſe, that can tell better than I. I have reſolved doubtful caſes, determined law ſuits, and all the while ready to die for hunger, ſuch was the pleaſure of Dr. Pedro Rezio of Tirte a fuera, that phyſician in ordinary to iſland governors. Enemies ſet upon us in the night, and after they had put us in great danger, the people of the iſland ſay they were delivered and had the victory by the ſtrength of my arm, and may heaven proſper 'em as they ſpeak truth, ſay I. In ſhort, in that time, I experienced all the cares and burthens this trade of governing brings along with it, and I found 'em too heavy for my ſhoulders. I was never cut out for a ruler, and I am too clumſy to meddle with edge tools, and ſo before the government left me, I e'en reſolved to leave the government; and, accordingly, yeſterday morning I quitted the iſland as I found it, with the ſame ſtreets, the ſame houſes, and the ſame roofs to them, as when I came to it. I have aſked for nothing by way of loan, and made no hoard againſt a rainy day. I deſigned, indeed, to have iſſued out ſeveral wholſome orders, but did not, for fear they ſhould not be kept, in which caſe it ſignifies no more to make 'em than if one made 'em not. So, as I ſaid before, I came away from the iſland without any company but my Dapple. I fell into a cave, and went a good way through it, till this morning by the light of the ſun, I ſpy'd the way out, yet not ſo eaſy, but that had not heaven ſent my maſter Don Quixote to help me, there I might have ſtaid till doom's day. And now, my lord duke, and my lady ducheſs, here's your governor Sancho Pança again, who by a ten days government has only picked up ſo much experience, as to know he would not give a ſtraw to be governor not only of an iſland, but of the verſal world. This being allowed, kiſſing your honours hands, and doing like the boys when they play at truſſe or faille, who cry, leap you, and then let me leap; ſo I leap from the government to my old maſter's ſervice again.

For after all, though with him I often eat my bread in bodily fear, yet ſtill I fill my belly; and, for my part, ſo I have but that well ſtuffed, no matter whether it be with carrots or with partridge.

Thus Sancho concluded his long ſpeech, and Don Quixote, who all the while dreaded he would have ſaid a thouſand impertinencies, thanked heaven in his heart, finding him end with ſo few. The duke embraced Sancho, and told him, he was very ſorry he had quitted his government ſo ſoon, but he would give him ſome other employment that ſhould be leſs troubleſome, and more profitable. The ducheſs was no leſs kind, giving order he ſhould want for nothing, for he ſeemed ſadly bruiſed and out of order.

CHAP. LVI.

Of the extraordinary and unaccountable combat between Don Quixote de la Mancha, and the lacquey Toſilos, in vindication of the matron Donna Rodriguez's daughter.

THE duke and ducheſs were not ſorry that the interlude of Sancho's government had been play'd, eſpecially when the ſteward, who came that very day, gave 'em a full and diſtinct account of every thing the governor had done and ſaid, during his adminiſtration, uſing his very expreſſions, and repeating almoſt every word he had ſpoke, concluding with a deſcription of the ſtorming of the iſland, and Sancho's fear and abdication, which proved no unacceptable entertainment.

And now the hiſtory relates, that the day appointed for the combat was come, nor had the duke forgot to give his lacquey, Toſilos, all requiſite inſtructions how to vanquiſh Don Quixote, and yet neither kill nor

wound him; to which purpoſe he gave orders that the ſpears or ſteel-heads of their lances ſhould be taken off, making Don Quixote ſenſible that Chriſtianity, for which he had ſo great a veneration, did not admit that ſuch conflicts ſhould ſo much endanger the lives of the combatants, and that it was enough he granted him free liſts in his territories, though it was againſt the decree of the holy council, which forbids ſuch challenges; for which reaſon he deſired him not to puſh the thing to the utmoſt rigour. Don Quixote replied, that his grace had the ſole diſpoſal of all things, and it was only his duty to obey.

And now the dreadful day being come, the duke cauſed a ſpacious ſcaffold to be erected for the judges of the field of battle, and for the matron and her daughter, the plantiffs.

An infinite number of people flocked from all the neighbouring towns and villages to behold this wonderful new kind of combat, the like to which had never been ſeen or ſo much as heard of in thoſe parts, either by the living or the dead. The firſt that made his entrance at the barriers, was the marſhal of the field, who came to ſurvey the ground, and rode all over it, that there might be no foul play, nor private holes, or contrivance to make one ſtumble or fall. After that entered the matron and her daughter, who ſeated themſelves in their places, all in deep mourning, their veils cloſe to their eyes, and over their breaſts, with no ſmall demonſtration of ſorrow. Preſently at one end of the liſted field appear'd the peerleſs champion, Don Quixote de la Mancha: a while after, at the other, entered the grand lacquey Toſilos, attended with a great number of trumpets, and mounted on a mighty ſteed, that ſhook the very earth. The viſor of his helmet was down, and he was armed cap-a-pee in ſhining armour of proof. His courſer was a flea-bitten horſe, that ſeemed of Frieſland breed, and had a quantity of wool about each of his fetlocks. The

valorous combatant came on, well tutored by the duke his maſter, how to behave himſelf towards the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, being warned to ſpare his life by all means, and therefore to avoid a ſhock in his firſt career, that might otherwiſe prove fatal, ſhould he encounter him directly; Toſilos fetched a compaſs about the barrier, and at laſt made a ſtop right againſt the two women, caſting a leering eye upon her that had demanded him in marriage. Then the marſhal of the field called to Don Quixote, and in the preſence of Toſilos, aſked the mother and daughter, whether they conſented that Don Quixote de la Mancha, ſhould vindicate their right, and whether they would ſtand or fall by the fortune of their champion? they ſaid they did, and allowed of whatever he ſhould do in their behalf, as good and valid. The duke and ducheſs by this time were ſeated in a gallery that was over the barriers which were ſurrounded by a vaſt throng of ſpectators, all waiting to ſee the vigorous and never before ſeen conflict. The conditions of the combat were theſe, that if Don Quixote, were the conqueror, his opponent ſhould marry Donna Rodriguez's daughter; but if the knight were overcome, then the victor ſhould be diſcharged from his promiſe, and not bound to give her any other ſatisfaction Then the marſhal of the field placed each of them on the ſpot whence they ſhould ſtart, dividing equally between them the advantage of the ground, that neither of them might have the ſun in his eyes. And now the drums beat, and the clangor of the trumptes reſounded through the air; the earth ſhook under 'em, and the hearts of the numerous ſpectators were in ſuſpence, ſome fearing, others expecting the good or bad iſſue of the battle. Don Quixote recommending himſelf with all his ſoul to heaven, and his lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, ſtood expecting when the preciſe ſignal for the onſet ſhould be given——but our lacquey's mind was otherwiſe employed, and all his thoughts were upon what I am going to tell you.

It ſeems, as he ſtood looking on his female enemy, ſhe appear'd to him the moſt beautiful woman he had ever ſeen in his whole life; which being perceiv'd by the little blind archer, to whom the world gives the name of love, he took his advantage, and fond of improving his triumphs, though it were but over the ſoul of a lacquey *; he came up to him ſoftly, and without being perceiv'd by any one, he ſhot an arrow two yards long into the poor footman's ſide ſo ſmartly, that his heart was pierc d through and through: a thing which the miſchievous boy could eaſily do; for love is inviſible, and has free ingreſs or egreſs where he pleaſes, at a moſt unaccountable rate. You muſt know then, that when the ſignal for the onſet was given, our lacquey was in an extaſy, tranſported with the thoughts of the beauty of his lovely enemy, inſomuch that he took no manner of notice of the trumpet's ſound; quite contrary to Don Quixote, who no ſooner heard it, but clapping ſpurs to his horſe, he began to make towards his enemy with Rozinante's beſt ſpeed. At the ſame time his good ſquire Sancho Pança ſeeing him ſtart, Heaven be thy guide, cry'd he aloud, thou cream and flower of chivalry errant, heaven give thee the victory, ſince thou haſt right on thy ſide. Toſilos ſaw Don Quixote coming towards him, yet inſtead of taking his career to encounter him; without leaving the place, he call'd as loud as he could to the marſhal of the field, who thereupon rode up to him to ſee what he would have. Sir, ſaid Toſilos, is not this duel to be fought, that I may marry yonder young lady, or let it alone? Yes, anſwer'd the marſhal. Why then, ſaid the lacquey, I feel a burden upon my conſcience, and am ſenſible I ſhould have a great deal to anſwer for, ſh uld I proceed any further in this combat; and therefore I yield myſelf vanquiſh'd, and deſire I may marry the lady this moment The marſhal of the field was ſurpriz'd, and, as he was privy to the duke's contrivance of that buſi-

* *Lacayuna.* A *Lacquean* ſoul. A word made for the purpoſe.

neſs, the lacquey's unexpected ſubmiſſion, put him to ſuch a nonplus, that he knew not what to anſwer. On the other ſide, Don Quixote ſtopt in the middle of his career, ſeeing his adverſary did not put himſelf in a poſture of defence. The duke could not imagine why the buſineſs of the field was at a ſtand, but the marſhal having inform'd him, he was amaz'd, and in a great paſſion. In the mean time, Toſilos approaching Donna Rodriguez, Madam, cry'd he, I am willing to marry your daughter, there's no need of law-ſuits, nor of combats in the matter, I had rather make an end of it peaceably, and without the hazard of body and ſoul. Why then, ſaid the valorous Don Quixote, hearing this, ſince 'tis ſo, I am diſcharg'd of my promiſe; let 'em e'en marry a God's name, and heaven bleſs 'em, and give 'em joy. At the ſame time the duke coming down within the liſts, and applying himſelf to Toſilos, Tell me, knight, ſaid he, is it true, that you yield without fighting, and that at the inſtigation of your timorous conſcience, you are reſolv'd to marry this damſel? Yes, an't pleaſe your grace, anſwer'd Toſilos. Marry, and I think 'tis the wiſeſt courſe, quoth Sancho; for what ſays the proverb, what the mouſe would get, give the cat, and keep thyſelf out of trouble. In the mean while Toſilos began to unlace his helmet, and call'd out that ſomebody might help him off with it quickly, as being ſo choak'd with his armour, that he was ſcarce able to breathe. With that they took off his helmet with all ſpeed, and then the lacquey's face was plainly diſcover'd. Donna Rodriguez and her daughter perceiving it, preſently, a cheat! a cheat! cry'd they: they have got Toſilos, my lord duke's lacquey to counterfeit my lawful huſband; juſtice of heaven and the king! this is a piece of malice and treachery not to be endur'd. Ladies, ſaid Don Quixote, don't vex yourſelves, there's neither malice nor treachery in the caſe, or if there be, the duke is not in the fault: no, thoſe evil-minded necromancers that perſecute me, are the

traitors, who envying the glory I ſhould have got by this combat, have transform'd the face of my adverſary, into this, which you ſee is the duke's lacquey. But take my advice, madam, added he to the daughter, and in ſpite of the baſeneſs of my enemies, marry him, for I dare engage 'tis the very man you claim as your huſband. The duke hearing this, angry as he was, could hardly forbear loſing all his indignation in laughter. Truly, ſaid he, ſo many extraordinary accidents every day befal the great Don Quixote, that I am inclinable to believe this is not my lacquey, though he appears to be ſo. But for our better ſatisfaction, let us defer the marriage but a fortnight, and in the mean while keep in cloſe cuſtody this perſon that has put us into this confuſion; perhaps by that time he may reſume his former looks, for doubtleſs the malice of theſe miſchievous magicians againſt the noble Don Quixote, cannot laſt ſo long, eſpecially when they find all theſe tricks and transformations ſo little avail. Alack-a-day! Sir, quoth Sancho, thoſe plaguy imps of the devil are nor ſo ſoon tir'd as you think; for where my maſter is concern'd, they us'd to form and deform, and chop and change this into that, and that into t'other. 'Tis but a while ago that they tranſmography'd the Knight of the Mirrors, whom he had overcome, into a ſpecial acquaintance of ours, the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco of our village; and as for the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, our miſtreſs, they have bewitch'd and be-devil'd her into the ſhape of a meer country-blouze; and ſo I verily think this ſaucy fellow here, is like to die a footman, and will live a footman all the days of his life. Well, cry'd the daughter, let him be what he will, if he'll have me, I'll have him. I ought to thank him, for I had rather be a lacquey's wife, than a gentleman's caſt-off miſtreſs; beſides, he that deluded me is no gentleman neither. To be ſhort, the ſum of the matter was, that Toſilos ſhould be confin'd to ſee what his transformation would come to. Don Quixote was proclaim'd

victor by general conſent; and the people went away, moſt of 'em very much out of humour, becauſe the combatants had not cut one another to pieces to make 'em ſport; according to the cuſtom of the young rabble, to be ſorry, when, after they have ſtaid, in hopes to ſee a man hang'd, he happens to be pardon'd, either by the party he has wrong'd, or the magiſtrate. The crowd being diſpers'd, the duke and ducheſs return'd with Don Quixote into the caſtle; Toſilos was ſecur'd, and kept cloſe: as for Donna Rodriguez and her daughter, they were very well pleas'd to ſee, one way or other, that the buſineſs would end in marriage; and Toſilos flatter'd himſelf with the like expectation.

CHAP. LVII.

How Don Quixote took his leave of the duke, and what paſs'd between him and the witty wanton Altiſidora the ducheſs's damſel.

DON Quixote thought it now time to leave the idle life he led in the caſtle, believing it a mighty fault, thus to ſhut himſelf up, and indulge his ſenſual appetite among the tempting varieties of dainties and delights, which the lord and lady of the place provided for his entertainment, as a knight-errant; and he thought he was to give a ſtrict account to heaven for a courſe of life ſo oppoſite to his active profeſſion. Accordingly, one day he acquainted the duke and ducheſs with his ſentiments, and begg'd their leave to depart. They both ſeem'd very unwilling to part with him, but yet at laſt, yielded to his intreaties. The ducheſs gave Sancho his wife's letters, which he could not hear read without weeping. Who would have thought, cry'd he, that all the mighty hopes with which my wife ſwell'd herſelf up at the news of my preferment, ſhould

come to this at laſt, and now I ſhould be reduced again to trot after my maſter Don Quixote de la Mancha, in ſearch of hunger and broken bones! however, I am glad to ſee my Tereſa was like herſelf, in ſending the ducheſs the acorns; which if ſhe had not done, ſhe had ſhew'd herſelf a dirty ungrateful ſow, and I ſhould have been confounded mad with her. My comfort is, that no man can ſay the preſent was a bribe; for I had my government before ſhe ſent it, and 'tis fit thoſe who have a kindneſs done 'em, ſhould ſhew themſelves grateful, though it be with a ſmall matter. In ſhort, naked I came into the government, and naked I went out of it; and ſo I may ſay for my comfort with a ſafe conſcience, naked I came into the world, and naked I am ſtill; I neither won nor loſt, that's no eaſy matter, as times go, let me tell you. Theſe were Sancho's ſentiments at his departure.

Don Quixote having taken his ſolemn leave of the duke and ducheſs over-night, left his apartment the next morning, and appear'd in his armour in the court-yard, the galleries all round about being fill'd at the ſame time with the people of the houſe; the duke and ducheſs being alſo got thither to ſee him: Sancho was upon his Dapple, with his cloak-bag, his wallet, and his proviſion, very briſk and chearful; for the ſteward that acted the part of Trifaldi, had given him a purſe, with two hundred crowns in gold to defray expences, which was more than Don Quixote knew at that time. And now while every body look'd to ſee 'em ſet forward, on a ſudden the arch and witty Altiſidora ſtarted from the reſt of the ducheſs's damſels and attendants that ſtood by among the reſt, and in a doleful tone, addreſs'd herſelf to him in the following doggrel rhimes.

THE MOCK FAREWEL.

I.

'STAY, cruel Don,
'So Do not be gone,
'Nor give thy horſe the rowels:
'For every jag
'Thou giv'ſt thy nag,
'Does prick me to the bowels.

'Thou doſt not ſhun
'Some butter'd bun,
'Or drab without a rag on:
'Alas! I am
'A very lamb,
'Yet love like any dragon.

'Thou didſt deceive
'And now doſt leave
'A laſs as tight as any
'That ever ſtood,
'In hill or wood
'Near Venus and Diana.

'Since thou, falſe fiend,
'When nymph's thy friend,
'Aeneas like doſt bob her;
'Go, rot, and die,
'Boil, roaſt, or fry,
'With Barrabas the robber.

II.

'Thou tak'ſt thy flight,
'Like ravenous kite,
'That holds within his pounces
'A tender bit,
'A poor Tom-tit,
'Then whiſt away he flounces.

'The heart of me,
'And night-coifs three,
'With garters twain you plunder,
'From legs of hue,
'White, black, and blue,
'So marbl'd o'er you'd wonder.

'Two thouſand groans,
'And warm ahones,
'Are ſtuff'd within thy pilion:
'The leaſt of which,
'Like flaming pitch,
'Might have burn'd down old Ilion.

'Since thou, falſe fiend,
'When nymph's thy friend,
'Aeneas like doſt bob her;
'Go, rot, and die,
'Boil, roaſt, or fry,
'With Barrabas the robber.

III.

'As ſour as crab,
'Againſt thy drab,
'May be thy Sancho's gizzard:
'And he ne'er thrum
'His brawny bum,
'To free her from the wizard.

'May all thy flouts,
'And ſullen doubts,
'Be ſcor'd upon thy dowdy;
'And ſhe ne'er freed,
'For thy miſdeed,
'From ruſty phiz, and cloudy.

'May fortune's curſe
'From bad to worſe,
'Turn all thy beſt adventures;
'Thy joys to dumps
'Thy brags to thumps,
'And thy beſt hopes to banters.

'Since thou falſe fiend,
'When nymph's thy friend,
'Aeneas like doſt bob her;
'Go, rot, and die,
'Boil, roaſt, or fry,
'With Barrabas the robber.

IV.

'May'ſt thou incog
'Sneak like a dog,
'And o'er the mountains trudge it;
'From Spain to Cales *,
'From Uſk to Wales,
'Without a croſs in budget.

'If thou'rt ſo briſk
'To play at whiſk,
'In hopes of winning riches;
'For want of ſtrump
'Stir ev'n thy rump,
'And loſe thy very breeches.

'May thy corns ake,
'Then pen-knife take,
'And cut thee to the raw bone:
'With tooth-ach mad,
'No eaſe be had,
'Tho' quakes pull out thy jaw-bone.

* Good Spaniſh Geography.

'Since thou falſe fiend,
'When nymph's thy friend,
'Aeneas like doſt bob her;
'Go, rot, and die,
'Boil, roaſt, or fry,
'With Barrabas the robber.

Thus Altiſidora expreſſed her reſentments, and Don Quixote, who look'd on her ſeriouſly all the while, would not anſwer a word; but turning to Sancho, dear Sancho, ſaid he, by the memory of thy fore-fathers, I conjure thee to tell me one truth: ſay, haſt thou any night-coifs or garters that belong to this love-ſick damſel? The three night-coifs I have, quoth Sancho; but as for the garters, I know no more of 'em than the man in the moon. The ducheſs being wholly a ſtranger to this part of Altiſidora's frolick, was amaz'd to ſee her proceed ſo far in it, though ſhe knew her to be of an arch and merry diſpoſition. But the duke being pleaſed with the humour, reſolv'd to carry it on. Thereupon addreſſing himſelf to Don Quixote, Truly, Sir Knight, ſaid he, I do not take it kindly, that after ſuch civil entertainment as you have had here in my caſtle, you ſhould offer to carry away three night-coifs, if not a pair of garters beſides, the proper goods and chattels of this damſel here preſent. This was not done like a gentleman, and does not make good the character you would maintain in the world; therefore reſtore her garters, or I challenge you to a mortal combat, without being afraid that your evil minded inchanters ſhould alter my face, as they did my footman's. Heaven forbid, ſaid Don Quixote, that I ſhould draw my ſword againſt your moſt illuſtrious perſon, to whom I ſtand indebted for ſo many favours. No, my lord, as for the night coifs I will cauſe them to be reſtor'd, for Sancho tells me he has 'em; but as for the garters, 'tis impoſſible, for neither he nor I ever had 'em; and if this damſel of your's will look careſully among her

things, I dare ſay ſhe'll find 'em. I never was a pilferer, my lord, and while heaven forſakes me not, I never ſhall be guilty of ſuch baſeneſs. But this damſel, as you may perceive, talks like one that is in love, and accuſes me of that whereof I am innocent; ſo that not regarding her little revenge, I have no need to aſk pardon either of her or your grace. I only beg you'll be pleaſed to entertain a better opinion of me, and once more permit me to depart. Farewel noble Don Quixote, ſaid the ducheſs; may providence ſo direct your courſe, that we may always be bleſs'd with the good news of your exploits; and ſo heaven be with you, for the longer you ſtay, the more you increaſe the flames in the hearts of the damſels that gaze on you. As for this young indiſcreet creature, I'll take her to taſk ſo ſeverely, ſhe ſhall not miſbehave herſelf ſo much as in a word or look for the future. One word more I beſeech you, O valorous Don Quixote, cry'd Altiſidora: I beg your pardon for ſaying you had ſtolen my garters, for i'my conſcience I have 'em on: but my thoughts ran a wool gathering; and I did like the country-man, who look'd for his aſs while he was mounted on his back. Marry come up, cry'd Sancho, whom did they take me for, trow? a concealer of ſtolen goods, no indeed; had I been given that way, I might have had opportunities enough in my government.

Then Don Quixote bow'd his head, and after he had made a low obeiſance to the duke, the ducheſs, and all the company, he turn'd about with Rozinante; and Sancho following him on Dapple, they left the caſtle, and took the road for Saragoſa.

CHAP. LVIII.

How adventures crouded ſo thick and threefold on Don Quixote, that they trod upon one another's heels.

DON Quixote no ſooner breath'd the air in the open field, free from Altiſidora's amorous importunities, but he fancy'd himſelf in his own element; he thought he felt the ſpirit of knight-errantry reviving in his breaſt; and turning to Sancho, Liberty, ſaid he, Friend Sancho, is one of the moſt valuable bleſſings that heaven has beſtow'd on mankind. Not all the treaſures conceal'd in the bowels of the earth, nor thoſe in the boſom of the ſea, can be compared with it. For liberty, a man may, nay ought to hazard even his life, as well as for honour, accounting captivity the greateſt miſery he can endure. I tell thee this, my Sancho, becauſe thou wert a witneſs of the good chear and plenty which we met with in the caſtle; yet in the midſt of thoſe delicious feaſts, among thoſe tempting diſhes, and thoſe liquors cool'd with ſnow, methought I ſuffer'd the extremity of hunger, becauſe I did not enjoy them with that freedom as if they had been my own: for the obligations that lie upon us to make ſuitable returns for kindneſſes receiv'd, are ties that will not let a generous mind be free. Happy the man, whom heaven has bleſs'd with bread, for which he is oblig'd to thank kind heaven alone! For all theſe fine words, quoth Sancho, 'tis not proper for us to be unthankful for two good hundred crowns in gold, which the duke's ſteward gave me in a little purſe, which I have here, and cheriſh in my boſom, as a relick againſt neceſſity, and a comforting cordial next my heart againſt all accidents; for we are not like always to meet with caſtles,

where we ſhall be made much of. A peaſecods on't! we are more like to meet with damn'd inns, where we ſhall be rib roaſted.

As the wandring knight and ſquire went diſcourſing of this and other matters, they had not rode much more than a league, 'ere they eſpy'd about a dozen men, who look'd like country-fellows ſitting at their victuals, with their cloaks under them, on the green graſs, in the middle of a meadow. Near 'em they ſaw ſeveral white cloths or ſheets ſpread out and laid cloſe to one another, that ſeem'd to cover ſomething. Don Quixote rode up to the people, and after he had civilly ſaluted 'em, aſk'd what they had got under that linen? Sir, anſwer'd one of the company, they are ſome carv'd images that are to be ſet up at an altar we are erecting in our town. We cover 'em, leſt they ſhould be ſullied, and carry 'em on our ſhoulders for fear they ſhould be broken. If you pleaſe, ſaid Don Quixote, I ſhould be glad to ſee 'em; for conſidering the care you take of 'em, they ſhould be pieces of value. Ay, marry are they, quoth another, or elſe we are damnably cheated; for there's ne'er an image among 'em that does not ſtand us in more than fifty ducats; and, that you may know I'm no liar, do but ſtay, and you ſhall ſee with your own eyes. With that, getting up on his legs, and leaving his victuals, he went and took off the cover from one of the figures, that happen'd to be St. George on horſeback, and under his feet a ſerpent coil'd up, his throat transfix'd with a lance, with the fierceneſs that is commonly repreſented in the piece; and all, as they uſe to ſay, ſpick and ſpan new, and ſhining like beaten gold. Don Quixote having ſeen the image, This, ſaid he, was one of the beſt knights-errant the divine warfare or church militant ever had: his name was Don St. George, and he was an extraordinary protector of damſels. What's the next? the fellow having uncover'd it, it prov'd to be St. Martin on horſeback. This knight too, ſaid Don Quixote at the firſt

ſight, was one of the Chriſtian adventurers, and I am apt to think he was more liberal than valiant; and thou may'ſt perceive it, Sancho, by his dividing his cloak with a poor man; he gave him half, and doubtleſs 'twas winter time, or elſe he would have giv'n it him whole, he was ſo charitable. Not ſo neither, I fancy, quoth Sancho, but I gueſs he ſtuck to the proverb: *To give and keep what's fit, requires a ſhare of wit.* Don Quixote ſmil'd, and deſir'd the men to ſhew him the next image; which appear'd to be that of the patron of Spain a horſeback, with his ſword bloody, trampling down Moors, and treading over heads. Ay, this is a knight indeed, (cry'd Don Quixote, when he ſaw it) one of thoſe that fought in the ſquadrons of the Saviour of the world: he is call'd Don Sant-Jago, Mata Moros, or Don St. James the Moor killer, and may be reckoned one of the moſt valorous ſaints and profeſſors of chivalry that the earth then enjoy'd, and heaven now poſſeſſes. Then they uncover'd another piece, which ſhew'd St. Paul falling from his horſe, with all the circumſtances uſually expreſs'd in the ſtory of his converſion, and repreſented ſo to the life, that he look'd as if he had been anſwering the voice that ſpoke to him from heaven. This, ſaid Don Quixote, was the greateſt enemy the church militant had once, and prov'd afterwards the greateſt defender it will ever have. In his life a true knight errant, and in death a ſtedfaſt ſaint; an indefatigable labourer in the vineyard of the Lord, a teacher of the Gentiles, who had heaven for his ſchool, and Chriſt himſelf for his maſter and inſtructor. Then Don Quixote perceiving there were no more images, deſir'd the men to cover thoſe he had ſeen: and now, my good friends, ſaid he to 'em, I cannot but eſteem the ſight that I have had of theſe images as a happy omen; for theſe ſaints and knights were of the ſame profeſſion that I follow, which is that of arms: the difference only lies in this point, that they were ſaints, and fought according to

the rules of holy diſcipline; and I am a ſinner, and fight after the manner of men. They conquer'd heaven by force, for heaven is taken by violence; but I, alas, cannot yet tell what I gain by the force of my labours! Yet were my Dulcinea del Toboſo but free from her troubles, by a happy change in my fortune, and an improvement in my underſtanding, I might perhaps take a better courſe than I do. Heaven grant it, quoth Sancho, and let the devil do his worſt.

All this while the men wonder'd at Don Quixote's figure as well as his diſcourſe; but could not underſtand one half of what he meant. So that after they had made an end of their dinner, they got up their images, took their leaves of Don Quixote, and continu'd their journey.

Sancho remain'd full of admiration, as if he had never known his maſter; he wonder'd how he ſhould come to know all theſe things; and fancy'd there was not that hiſtory or adventure in the world, but he had it at his fingers ends. Faith and troth, maſter of mine, quoth he, if what has happen'd to us to-day may be call'd an adventure, it is one of the ſweeteſt and moſt pleaſant we ever met with in all our rambles; for we are come off without a dry-baſting, or the leaſt bodily fear. We have not ſo much as laid our hands upon our weapons, nor have we beaten the earth with our carcaſes; but here we be ſafe and ſound, neither a dry nor a hungry. Heaven be prais'd, that I have ſeen all this with my own eyes! Thou ſay'ſt well, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, but I muſt tell thee, that ſeaſons and times are not always the ſame, but often take a different courſe! and what the vulgar call forebodings and omens, for which there are no rational grounds in nature, ought only to be eſteem'd happy encounters by the wiſe. One of theſe ſuperſtitious fools, going out of his houſe betimes in the morning, meets a friar of the bleſſed order of St. Francis, and ſtarts, as if he had met a griffin, turns back, and runs home again.

Another wiſe-acre happens to throw down the ſalt on the table-cloth, and thereupon is ſadly caſt down himſelf, as if nature were oblig'd to give tokens of enſuing diſaſters, by ſuch ſlight and inconſiderable accidents as theſe. A wiſe and truly religious man ought never to pry into the ſecrets of heaven. Scipio, landing in Africa, ſtumbl'd and fell down as he leap'd aſhore: preſently his ſoldiers took this for an ill omen, but he, embracing the earth, cry'd, I have thee faſt, Africa; thou ſhalt not 'ſcape me. In this manner, Sancho, I think it a very happy accident, that I met theſe images. I think ſo too, quoth Sancho; but I would fain know why the Spaniards call upon that ſame St. James the deſtroyer of Moors, juſt when they are going to give battle, they cry, *Sant Jago, and cloſe Spain.* Pray is Spain open, that it wants to be clos'd up? What do you make of that ceremony? Thou art a very ſimple fellow, Sancho, anſwer'd Don Quixote. Thou muſt know that heaven gave to Spain this mighty champion of the red-croſs for its patron and protector, eſpecially in the deſperate engagements which the Spaniards had with the Moors; and therefore they invoke him in all their martial encounters, as their protector; and many times he has been perſonally ſeen cutting and ſlaying, overthrowing, trampling and deſtroying the Hagarene * ſquadrons; of which I could give thee many examples deduced from authentick Spaniſh hiſtories.

Here Sancho changing the diſcourſe, Sir, quoth he, I can't but marvel at the impudence of Altiſidora, the ducheſs's damſel. I warrant you, that ſame miſchief-monger they call Love has plaguily mauled her, and run her through without mercy. They ſay he's a little blind urchin, and yet the dark youth, with no more eye ſight than a beetle, will hit you a heart as ſure as a gun, and bore it through and through with

* Hagarene ſquadrons, i. e. Mooriſh, becauſe they have a tradition, that the Moors are deſcended from Hagar.

his dart, if he undertakes to ſhoot at it. However, I have heard ſay, that the ſhafts of love are blunted and beaten back by the modeſt and ſober carriage of young maidens. But upon this Altiſidora their edge ſeems rather to be whetted than made blunt. You muſt obſerve Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, that love is void of conſideration, and diſclaims the rules of reaſon in his proceedings. He is like death, and equally aſſaults the lofty palaces of kings, and the lowly cottages of ſhepherds. Wherever he takes entire poſſeſſion of a ſoul, the firſt thing he does, is to baniſh thence all baſhfulneſs and ſhame. So theſe being baniſhed from Altiſidora's breaſt, ſhe confidently diſcovered her looſe deſires, which, alas! rather filled me with confuſion than pity. If ſo, quoth Sancho, you are confoundedly cruel; how could you be ſo hard hearted and ungrateful? Had the poor thing but made love to me, I dare ſay, I ſhould have come to at the firſt word, and have been at her ſervice. Beſhrew my midriff, what a heart of marble, bowels of braſs, and ſoul of plaiſter you have! But I can't for the blood of me imagine, what the poor creature ſaw in your worſhip, to make her doat on you and play the fool at this rate! Where the devil was the ſparkling appearance, the briſkneſs, the fine carriage, the ſweet face that bewitched her? Indeed and indeed, I often ſurvey your worſhip from the tip of your toe to the topmoſt hair on your crown; and not to flatter you, I can ſee nothing in you, but what's more likely to ſcare one, than to make one fall in love. I've heard that beauty is the firſt and chief thing that begets love; now you not having any, a'nt like your worſhip, I can't gueſs what the poor ſoul was ſmitten with. Take notice, Sancho, anſwered Don Quixote, that there are two ſorts of beauty, the one of the ſoul and the other of the body. That of the ſoul lies and diſplays itſelf in the underſtanding, in principles of honour, and virtue, in a handſome behaviour, in generoſity and good breeding; all which

qualites may be found in a perſon not ſo accompliſhed in outward features. And when this beauty, and not that of the body, is the object of love, then the aſſaults of that paſſion are much more fierce, more ſurprizing and effectual. Now, Sancho, though I am ſenſible I am not handſome, I know at the ſame time I'm not deformed; and provided an honeſt man be poſſeſſed of the endowments of the mind which I have mentioned, and nothing appears monſtrous in him, 'tis enough to entitle him to the love of a reaſonable creature.

Thus diſcourſing they got into a wood quite out of the road, and on a ſudden Don Quixote, before he knew where he was, found himſelf entangled in ſome nets of green thread, that were ſpread acroſs among the trees. Not being able to imagine what it was, Certainly, Sancho, cried he, this adventure of the nets muſt be one of the moſt unaccountable that can be imagined. Let me die now if this be not a ſtratagem of the evil minded necromancers that haunt me, to entangle me ſo that I may not proceed, purely to revenge my contempt of Altiſidora's addreſſes. But let them know, that though theſe nets were adamantine chains, as they are only made of green thread, and though they were ſtronger than thoſe in which the jealous god of blackſmiths caught Venus and Mars, I would break them with as much eaſe as if they were weak ruſhes, or fine cotton yarn. With that the knight put briſkly forwards, reſolved to break through, and make his words good; but in the very moment there ſprung from behind the trees two moſt beautiful ſhepherdeſſes, at leaſt they appeared to be ſo by their habits, only with this difference, that they were richly dreſſed in gold brocade. Their flowing hair hung down about their ſhoulders in curls, as charming as the ſun's golden rays, and circled on their brows with garlands of green bays and red flower-gentle interwoven. As for their age, it ſeemed not leſs than fifteen, nor more

than eighteen years. This unexpected viſion dazzled and amazed Sancho, ſurprized Don Quixote, made even the gazing ſun ſtop ſhort in his career, and held the ſurprized parties awhile in the ſame ſuſpence and ſilence; till at laſt one of the ſhepherdeſſes opening her coral lips, Hold, Sir, ſhe cried; pray do not tear thoſe nets which we have ſpread here, not to offend you, but to divert ourſelves; and becauſe 'tis likely you'll enquire, why they are ſpread here, and who we are, I ſhall tell you in few words.

About two leagues from this place lies a village, where there are many people of quality and good eſtates; among theſe, ſeveral have made up a company, all of friends, neighbours, and relations, to come and take their diverſion in this place, which is one of the moſt delightful in theſe parts. To this purpoſe we deſign to ſet up a new Arcadia. The young men have put on the habit of ſhepherds, and ladies the dreſs of ſhepherdeſſes. We have got two eclogues by heart; one out of the famous Garcilaſſo, and the other out of Camoens, the moſt excellent Portugueze poet; though the truth is, we have not yet repeated them, for yeſterday was but the firſt day of our coming hither. We have pitched ſome tents among the trees, near the banks of a large brook that waters all theſe meadows. And laſt night we ſpread theſe nets, to catch ſuch ſimple birds as our calls ſhould allure into the ſnare. Now, Sir, if you pleaſe to afford us your company, you ſhall be made very welcome, and handſomely entertained; for we are all diſpoſed to paſs the time agreeably, and for a while baniſh melancholy from this place. Truly, fair lady, anſwered Don Quixote, Actaeon could not be more loſt in admiration and amazement, at the ſight of Diana bathing herſelf, than I have been at the appearance of your beauty. I applaud the deſign of your entertainment, and return you thanks for your obliging offers; aſſuring you, that if it lies in my power to ſerve you,

you may depend on my obedience to your commands: for my profeſſion is the very reverſe of ingratitude, and aims at doing good to all perſons, eſpecially thoſe of your merit and condition; ſo that were theſe nets ſpread over the ſurface of the whole earth, I would ſeek out a paſſage through new worlds, rather than I would break the ſmalleſt thread that conduces to your paſtime: and that you may give ſome credit to this ſeeming exaggeration, know that he who makes this promiſe is no leſs than Don Quixote de la Mancha, if ever ſuch a name has reached your ears. Oh, my dear, cried the other ſhepherdeſs, what good fortune this is! You ſee this gentleman before us: I muſt tell you, he is the moſt valiant, the moſt amorous, and the moſt complaiſant perſon in the world, if the hiſtory of his exploits, already in print, does not deceive us. I have read it, my dear, and I hold a wager, that honeſt fellow there by him is one Sancho Pança, his ſquire, the moſt comical creature that ever was. You have nicked it, quoth Sancho, I am that comical creature, and that very ſquire you wot of, and there's my lord and maſter, the ſelf-ſame hiſt'rified and aforeſaid Don Quixote de la Mancha. Oh pray, my dear, ſaid the other, let us intreat him to ſtay; our father, and our brothers will be mighty glad of it; I have heard of his valour and his merit, as much as you now tell me; and what's more, they ſay he is the moſt conſtant and faithful lover in the world; and that his miſtreſs, whom they call Dulcinea del Toboſo, bears the prize from all the beauties in Spain. 'Tis not without juſtice, ſaid Don Quixote; if your peerleſs charms do not diſpute her that glory. But, ladies, I beſeech ye do not endeavour to detain me; for the indiſpenſable duties of my profeſſion will not ſuffer me to reſt in one place.

At the ſame time came the brother of one of the ſhepherdeſſes, clad like a ſhepherd, but in a dreſs as ſplendid and gay as thoſe of the young ladies. They

told him that the gentleman, whom he ſaw with them, was the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and that other, Sancho Pança, his ſquire, of whom he had read the hiſtory. The gallant ſhepherd having ſaluted him, begged of him ſo earneſtly to grant them his company to their tents, that Don Quixote was forced to comply, and go with them.

About the ſame time the nets were drawn and filled with divers little birds, who, being deceived by the colour of the ſnare, fell into the danger they would have avoided. Above thirty perſons, all gaily dreſſed like ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes, got together there, and being informed who Don Quixote and his ſquire were, they were not a little pleaſed, for they were already no ſtrangers to his hiſtory. In ſhort, they carried 'em to their tents, where they found a clean, ſumptuous, and plentiful entertainment ready. They obliged the knight to take the place of honour, and while they ſat at table, there was not one that did not gaze on him, and wonder at ſo ſtrange a figure. At laſt, the cloth being remov'd, Don Quixote, with a great deal of gravity, lifting up his voice; Of all the ſins that men commit, ſaid he, none in my opinion, is ſo great as ingratitude, though ſome think pride a greater; and I ground my aſſertion on this, That hell is ſaid to be full of the ungrateful. Ever ſince I have had the uſe of reaſon, I have employ'd my utmoſt endeavours to avoid this crime; and if I am not able to repay the benefits I receive in their kind, at leaſt I am not wanting in real intentions of making ſuitable returns; and if that be not ſufficient, I make my acknowledgments as public as I can; for he that proclaims the kindneſſes he has receiv'd, ſhews his diſpoſition to repay 'em if he could; and thoſe that receive are generally inferior to thoſe that give. The ſupreme Being, that is infinitely above all things, beſtows his bleſſings on us ſo much beyond the capacity of all other benefactors, that all the acknowledgments we can make can never

hold proportion with his goodneſs. However, a thankful mind in ſome meaſure ſupplies it's want of power with hearty deſires, and unfeign'd expreſſions of a ſenſe of gratitude and reſpect. I am in this condition as to the civilities I have been treated with here; for I am unable to make an acknowledgment equal to the kindneſſes I have receiv'd. I ſhall therefore only offer ye what is within the narrow limits of my own abilities; which is to maintain, for two whole days together, in the middle of the road that leads to Saragoſa, that theſe ladies here diſguis'd in the habit of ſhepherdeſſes, are the faireſt and moſt courteous damſels in the world, excepting only the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, ſole miſtreſs of my thoughts, without offence to all that hear me be it ſpoken.

Here Sancho, who had with an uncommon attention all the while given ear to his maſter's compliment, thought fit to put in a word or two. Now in the name of wonder, quoth he, can there be any body in the world ſo impudent as to offer to ſwear, or but to ſay, this maſter of mine is a madman? Pray tell me, ye gentlemen ſhepherds, did you ever know any of your country parſons, though never ſo wiſe, or ſo good ſcholards, that could deliver themſelves ſo finely? Or is there any of your knights-errant, though never ſo fam'd for proweſs, that can make ſuch an offer as he here has done. Don Quixote turn'd towards Sancho, and beholding him with eyes full of fiery indignation: Can there be any body in the world, cry'd he, that can ſay thou art not an incorrigible blockhead, Sancho, a compound of folly and knavery, wherein malice alſo is no ſmall ingredient? Who bids thee meddle with my concerns, fellow, or buſy thyſelf with my folly or diſcretion? Hold your ſaucy tongue, ſcoundrel! Make no reply, but go and ſaddle Roſinante, if he is unſaddled, that I may immediately perform what I have offer'd; for in ſo noble and ſo juſt a cauſe, thou may'ſt reckon all thoſe who ſhall preſume to oppoſe

me, ſubdu'd and overthrown. This ſaid, up he ſtarted in a dreadful fury, and with marks of anger in his looks, to the amazement of all the company, who were at a loſs whether they ſhould eſteem him a madman, or a man of ſenſe: they endeavoured to prevail with him to lay aſide his challenges, telling him they were ſufficiently aſſured of his grateful nature, without expoſing him to the danger of ſuch demonſtrations; and as for his valour, they were ſo well inform'd by the hiſtory of his numerous atchievements, that there was no need of any new inſtance to convince 'em of it. But all theſe repreſentations could not diſſuade him from his purpoſe; and therefore having mounted Roſinante, brac'd his ſhield, and graſp'd his lance, he went and poſted himſelf in the middle of the highway, not far from the verdant meadow, follow'd by Sancho on his Dapple, and all the paſtoral ſociety, who were deſirous to ſee the event of that arrogant and unaccountable reſolution. And now the champion having taken his ground, made the neighbouring air ring with the following challenge. O ye, whoe'er you are, knights or ſquires, a foot or o'horſeback, that now paſs or ſhall paſs this road within theſe two days, know that Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant ſtays here, to aſſert and maintain, that the nymphs, who inhabit theſe groves and meadows, ſurpaſs in beauty and courteous diſpoſition, all thoſe in the univerſe, ſetting aſide the ſovereign of my ſoul, the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo. And he that dares uphold the contrary, let him appear, for here I expect his coming. Twice he repeated theſe lofty words, and twice they were repeated in vain, not being heard by any adventurer. But his old friend, fortune, that had a ſtrange hand at managing his concerns, and always mended upon it, ſhew'd him a jolly ſight; for by and by he diſcover'd on the road a great number of people on horſeback, many of 'em with lances in their hands, all trooping together very faſt. The company that

watch'd Don Quixote's motions, no ſooner ſpy'd ſuch a ſquadron, driving the duſt before 'em, but they got out of harms way, not judging it ſafe to be ſo near danger: and as for Sancho, he ſhelter'd himſelf behind Roſinante's crupper; only Don Quixote ſtood fixed with an undaunted courage. When the horſemen came near, one of the foremoſt bawled to the champion, So hey! cry'd he! get out of the way, and be hang'd. The devil's in the fellow! Stand off, or the bulls will tread thee to pieces. Go to, ye ſcoundrels, anſwer'd Don Quixote, none of your bulls are any thing to me, though the fierceſt that ever were fed on the bunks of Xarama *. Acknowledge, hang-dogs, all in a body, what I have proclaim'd here to be truth, or elſe ſtand combat with me. But the herdſmen had not time to anſwer, neither had Don Quixote any to get out of the way, if he had been inclin'd to it; for the herd of wild bulls were preſently upon him, as they pour'd along, with ſeveral tame cows †, and a huge company of drivers and people that were going to a town where they were to be baited the next day. So bearing all down before 'em, knight and ſquire, horſe and man, they trampled 'em under foot at an unmerciful rate. There lay Sancho maul'd, Don Quixote ſtunn'd, Dapple bruis'd, and Roſinante in very indifferent circumſtances. But for all this, after the whole rout of men and beaſts were gone by, up ſtarted Don Quixote ere he was thoroughly come to himſelf; and ſtaggering, and ſtumbling, falling and getting up again, as faſt as he could, he began to run after them: Stop ſcoundrels, ſtop, cry'd he aloud, ſtay, 'tis a ſingle knight defies ye all, one who ſcorns the humour of making a golden bridge for a flying enemy. But the haſty travellers did not ſtop nor ſlacken their ſpeed for

* The bulls of Xarama are accounted the fierceſt in Spain.

† *Manſas Cabeſtros*. According to the Royal Dictionary, they are the old tame oxen with bells about their necks.

all his loud defiance; and minded it no more than the laſt year's ſnow.

At laſt wearineſs ſtopp'd Don Quixote; ſo that with all his anger, and no proſpect of revenge, he was forced to ſit down in the road 'till Sancho came up to him with Roſinante and Dapple. Then the maſter and man made a ſhift to remount, and, aſham'd of their bad ſucceſs, haſten'd their journey, without taking leave of their friends of the New Arcadia.

CHAP. LIX.

Of an extraordinary accident that happen'd to Don Quixote, which may well paſs for an adventure.

A Clear fountain, which Don Quixote and Sancho found among ſome verdant trees, ſerv'd to refreſh 'em, beſmear'd with duſt, and tir'd as they were, after the rude encounter of the bulls. There by the brink, leaving Roſinante and Dapple, unbridl'd and unhalter'd, to their own liberty, the two forlorn adventurers ſat down. Sancho waſh'd his mouth and Don Quixote his face. The ſquire then went to his old cupboard, the wallet; and having taken out of it what he us'd to call belly timber, laid it before the knight: but Don Quixote would eat nothing for pure vexation, and Sancho durſt not begin for pure good manners, expecting that he would firſt ſhew him the way. However, finding him ſo wrapp'd in his imaginations, as to have no thoughts of lifting his hand up to his mouth, the ſquire, without letting one word come out of his, laid aſide all kind of good breeding, and began to ſtuff his hungry maw with what bread and cheeſe he had before him: Eat, friend Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote, repair the decays of nature, and ſuſtain life, which thou haſt more reaſon to cheriſh

than I; leave me to die abandon'd to my ſorrows, and the violence of my misfortunes. I was born, Sancho, to live dying, and thou to die eating. And that thou may'ſt be convinc'd, I tell thee truth, do but reflect upon me, famous in hiſtories, dignify'd with the honour of the preſs, renown'd for feats of arms, courteous in behaviour, reſpected by princes, belov'd and importun'd by damſels; yet after all this, when I at laſt flatter'd myſelf with hopes of laurels, triumphs, and crowns, the reward merited by my valorous atchievements, behold me trod under foot, trampl'd like the highway dirt, kick'd and bruis'd by the hoofs of vile and filthy beaſts. The thought dulls the edge of my teeth, and my appetite; unhinges my jaws, benums my hands, and ſtupifies my ſenſes; and fearing more to live than to die, I am reſolv'd almoſt to ſtarve myſelf; though to die with hunger be the moſt cruel of all deaths. So that belike, quoth Sancho (without loſing any time in chewing) you will not make good the ſaying, *'Tis good to die with a full belly.* For my part, I am not ſo ſimple yet as to kill myſelf. No, I am like the cobbler, that ſtretches his leather with his teeth: I am for lengthening my life by eating; and I'll ſtretch it with my grinders as far as heaven will let it run. Faith and troth, maſter, there's no greater folly in the world than for a man to deſpair, and throw the helve after the hatchet. Therefore take my advice, fall to, and eat as I do, and when you have done, lie down and take a nap; the freſh graſs here will do as well as a feather-bed. I dare ſay by that time you 'wake, you'll find yourſelf better in body and mind.

Don Quixote follow'd Sancho's counſel; for he was convinc'd the ſquire ſpoke good natural philoſophy at that time. However, in the mean while a thought coming into his mind, Ah! Sancho, ſaid he, if thou would'ſt but do ſomething that I am now going to deſire thee, my cares wou'd ſit more eaſy on me, and my

comfort wou'd be more certain. 'Tis only this; while, according to thy advice, I try to compoſe my thoughts with ſleep, do thou but ſtep aſide a little, and expoſing thy back parts bare in the open air, take the reins of Roſinante's bridle, and give thyſelf ſome three or four hundred ſmart laſhes, in part of the three thouſand and odd thou art to receive to diſinchant Dulcinea; for, in truth, 'tis a ſhame, and a very great pity that poor lady ſhould remain inchanted all this while, through thy careleſſneſs and neglect. There's a great deal to be ſaid, as to that, quoth Sancho; but that will keep cold, let's firſt go ſleep, and then come what will come: heaven knows what will be done. Do you think, Sir, 'tis nothing for a man to flog himſelf in cold blood? I'd have you to know, 'tis a cruel thing, eſpecially when the laſhes muſt light upon a body ſo weak and horribly lin'd within as mine is. Let my lady Dulcinea have a little patience; one of theſe days, when ſhe leaſt dreams on't, ſhe'll ſee my ſkin pink'd and jagg'd like a ſlaſh'd doublet with laſhes. There's nothing loſt that comes at laſt; while there's life there's hopes; which is as good as to ſay, I live with an intent to make good my promiſe. Don Quixote gave him thanks, eat a little, and Sancho a great deal; and then both betook themſelves to their reſt, leaving thoſe conſtant friends and companions, Roſinante and Dapple, to their own diſcretion, to repoſe or feed at random on the paſture that abounded in that meadow.

The day was now far gone when the knight and the ſquire wak'd: they mounted, and held on their journey, making the beſt of their way to an inn, that ſeemed to be about a league diſtant. I call it an inn, becauſe Don Quixote himſelf call'd it ſo, contrary to his cuſtom, it being a common thing with him to take inns for caſtles.

Being got thither, they aſk'd the inn keeper whether he had got any lodgings? Yes, anſwer'd he, and

as good accommodations as you could expect to find in the city of Saragoſa. They alighted, and Sancho put up his baggage in a chamber, of which the landlord gave him the key; and after he had ſeen Roſinante and Dapple well provided for in the ſtable, he went to wait on his maſter, whom he found ſitting upon a ſeat made in the wall, the ſquire bleſſing himſelf more than once, that the knight had not taken the inn for a caſtle. Supper time approaching, Don Quixote retir'd to his apartment, and Sancho ſtaying with his hoſt, aſked him what he had to give 'em for ſupper? What you will, anſwer'd he, you may pick and chuſe, fiſh or fleſh, butcher's meat or poultry, wild fowl, and what not: whatever land, ſea, and air afford for food, 'tis but aſk and have, every thing is to be had in this inn. There's no need of all this, quoth Sancho, a couple of roaſted chickens will do our buſineſs; for my maſter has a nice ſtomach, and eats but little; and as for me, I am none of your unreaſonable trencher-men. As for chickens, reply'd the inn-keeper, truly we have none, for the kites have devour'd 'em. Why then, quoth Sancho, roaſt us a good handſome pullet with eggs, ſo it be young and tender. A pullet, maſter! anſwer'd the hoſt, faith and troth, I ſent above fifty yeſterday to the city to ſell; but ſetting aſide pullets, you may have any thing elſe. Why then, quoth Sancho, e'en give us a good joint of veal or kid: Cry mercy, reply'd the inn keeper, now I remember me, we have none left in the houſe, the laſt company that went clear'd me quite, but by next week we ſhall have enough and to ſpare. We are finely holp'd up, quoth Sancho! Now, will I hold a good wager, all theſe defects muſt be made up with a diſh of eggs and bacon. Hey dey! cry'd the hoſt, my gueſt has a rare knack at gueſſing e'faith, I told him I had no hens nor pullets in the houſe, and yet he would have me to have eggs! Think on ſomething elſe, I beſeech you, and let us talk no more of that. Body of me, cry'd Sancho,

let's come to ſomething; tell me what thou haſt, good Mr. landlord, and don't put me to trouble my brains any longer. Why then, d'ye ſee, quoth the hoſt, to deal plainly with you, I have a delicate pair of cow-heels that look like calves feet, or a pair of calves feet that look like cow heels, dreſſed with onions, peaſe and bacon; a diſh for a prince, they are juſt ready to be taken off, and by this time they cry, come eat me, come eat me. Cow-heels! cried Sancho, I ſet my mark upon 'em: let no body touch 'em. I'll give more for 'em that any other ſhall. There's nothing I love better. Nobody elſe ſhall have 'em, anſwered the hoſt; you need not fear, for all the gueſts I have in the houſe beſides yourſelves, are perſons of quality, that carry their ſteward, their cook, and their proviſions along with 'em. As for quality, quoth Sancho, my maſter's a perſon of as good quality as the proudeſt he of 'em all, an' you go to that; but his profeſſion allows of no larders nor butteries. We commonly clap us down in the midſt of a field, and fill our bellies with acorns or medlars. This was the diſcourſe that paſſed betwixt Sancho and the inn-keeper; for as to the hoſt's interrogatories, concerning his maſter's profeſſion, Sancho was not then at leiſure to make him any anſwer.

In ſhort, ſupper time came, Don Quixote went to his room, the hoſt brought the diſh of cow heels, ſuch as it was, and ſat him down fairly to ſupper.—But at the ſame time, in the next room, which was divided from that where they were by a ſlender partition, the knight overheard ſomebody talking. Dear Don Jeronimo, ſaid the unſeen perſon, I beſeech you, 'till ſupper's brought in, let us read another chapter of the ſecond part of Don Quixote. The champion no ſooner heard himſelf named, but up he ſtarted, and liſtened with attentive ears to what was ſaid of him, and then he heard that Don Jeronimo anſwered, why would you have us read nonſenſe, Signor Don John?

Methinks any one that has read the firſt part of Don Quixote, ſhould take but little delight in reading the ſecond. That may be replied Don John; however, it may not be amiſs to read it; for there is no book ſo bad, as not to have ſomething that's good in it. What diſpleaſes me moſt in this part, is, that it repreſents Don Quixote no longer in love with Dulcinea del Toboſo. Upon theſe words, Don Quixote, burning with anger and indignation, cried out: Whoever ſays that Don Quixote de la Mancha has forgot, or can forget, Dulcinea del Toboſo, I will make him know with equal arms, that he departs wholly from the truth; for the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo cannot be forgotten, nor can Don Quixote be guilty of forgetfulneſs. *Conſtancy* is his motto; and to preſerve his fidelity with pleaſure, and without the leaſt conſtraint, is his profeſſion. Who's that anſwers us? cries one of thoſe in the next room. Who ſhould it be, quoth Sancho, but Don Quixote de la Mancha his nownſelf, the ſame that will make good all he has ſaid, and all he has to ſay, take my word for't: for a good paymaſter ne'er grudges to give ſecurity.

Sancho had no ſooner made that anſwer, but in came the two gentlemen (for they appeared to be no leſs) and one of 'em throwing his arms about Don Quixote's neck, Your preſence, Sir knight, ſaid he, does not belie your reputation, nor can your reputation fail to raiſe a reſpect for your preſence. You are certainly the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the north ſtar, and luminary of chivalry-errant, in deſpight of him that has attempted to uſurp your name, and annihilate your atchievements, as the * author of this book, which I here deliver into your hand, has preſumed to do. With that he took the book from his friend, and

* An Arragonian publiſhed a book which he called the ſecond part of Don Quixote, before our author had printed this. See the preface of this ſecond part, and the account of the life of Cervantes, who brings this in by way of invective againſt that Arragonian.

gave it to Don Quixote. The knight took it, and without ſaying a word, began to turn over the leaves; and then returning it a while after: In the little I have ſeen, ſaid he, I have found three things in this author that deſerve reprehenſion. Firſt, I find fault with ſome words in his preface. In the ſecond place, his language is Arragonian, for ſometimes he writes without articles: and the third thing I have obſerved, which betrays moſt his ignorance, is, he's out of the way in one of the principal parts of the hiſtory: for there he ſays, that the wife of my ſquire Sancho Pança, is called Mary Gutierrez, which is not true; for her name is Tereſa Pança: and he that errs in ſo conſiderable a paſſage, may well be ſuſpected to have committed many groſs errors through the whole hiſtory. A pretty impudent fellow, is this ſame hiſtory-writer, cried Sancho! ſure he knows much what belongs to our concerns, to call my wife Tereſa Pança, Mary Gutierrez! Pray take the book again, an't like your worſhip, and ſee whether he ſays any thing of me, and whether he has not changed my name too. Sure by what you have ſaid, honeſt man, ſaid Don Jeronimo, you ſhould be Sancho Pança, ſquire to Signor Don Quixote? So I am, quoth Sancho, and I am proud of the office. Well, ſaid the gentleman, to tell you the truth, the laſt author does not treat you ſo civilly as you ſeem to deſerve. He repreſents you as a glutton, and a fool, without the leaſt grain of wit or humour, and very different from the Sancho we have in the firſt part of your maſter's hiſtory. Heaven forgive him, quoth Sancho; he might have left me where I was, without offering to meddle with me. Every man's noſe won't make a ſhoeing horn. Let's leave the world as it is. St. Peter is very well at Rome. Preſently the two gentlemen invited Don Quixote to ſup with 'em in their chamber; for they knew there was nothing to be got in the inn fit for his entertainment. Don Quixote, who was always very complaiſant,

could not deny their requeſt, and went with 'em. Sancho ſtaid behind with the fleſh pot, *cum mero mixto imperio* *: he placed himſelf at the upper end of the table, with the inn-keeper for his meſs-mate; for he was no leſs a lover of cow-heels than the ſquire.

While Don Quixote was at ſupper with the gentlemen, Don John aſked him, when he heard of the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo? whether ſhe were married? whether ſhe had any children, or were with child, or no? or whether, continuing ſtill in her maiden ſtate, and preſerving her honour and reputation unſtained, ſhe had a grateful ſenſe of the love and conſtancy of Signor Don Quixote? Dulcinea is ſtill a virgin, anſwered Don Quixote, and my amorous thoughts more fixed than ever; our correſpondence after the old rate, not frequent, but her beauty transformed into the homely appearance of a female ruſtick. And with that, he told the gentlemen the whole ſtory of her being inchanted, what had befallen him in the cave of Monteſinos, and the means that the ſage Merlin had preſcribed to free her from inchantment, which was Sancho's penance of three thouſand three hundred laſhes. The gentlemen were extremely pleaſed to hear from Don Quixote's own mouth the ſtrange paſſages of his hiſtory, equally wondering at the nature of his extravagancies, and his elegant manner of relating 'em. One minute they looked upon him to be in his ſenſes, and the next, they thought he had loſt 'em all; ſo that they could not reſolve what degree to aſſign him between madneſs and ſound judgment.

By this time Sancho having eat his ſupper, and left his landlord, moved to the room where his maſter was with the two ſtrangers, and as he bolted in, hang me, quoth he, gentlemen, if he that made the book your

* That is, with a deputed or ſubordinate power. *Merum imperium*, according to the Civilians, is that reſiding in the ſovereign: *Merum mixtum imperium*, is that delegated to vaſſals or magiſtrates in cauſes civil or criminal.

worſhips have got, could have a mind that he and I ſhould ever take a loving cup together: I wiſh, as he calls me greedy gut, he does not ſet me out for a drunkard too. Nay, ſaid Don Jeronimo, he does not uſe you better as to that point; though I cannot well remember his expreſſions. Only this I know, they are ſcandalous and falſe, as I perceived by the phyſiognomy of ſober Sancho here preſent. Take my word for't, gentlemen, quoth the ſquire, the Sancho and the Don Quixote in your book, I don't know who they be, but they are not the ſame men as thoſe in Cid Hamet Benengeli's hiſtory, for we two are they, juſt ſuch as Benengeli makes us; my maſter valiant, diſcreet, and in love; and I a plain, merry-conceited fellow, but neither a glutton nor a drunkard. I believe you, ſaid Don John, and I could wiſh, were ſuch a thing poſſible, that all other writers whatſoever were forbidden to record the deeds of the great Don Quixote, except Cid Hamet, his firſt author; as Alexander forbad all other painters to draw his picture, except Apelles. Let any one draw mine, if he pleaſes, ſaid Don Quixote; but let him not abuſe the original; for when patience is loaded with injuries, many times it ſinks under its burden. No injury, replied Don John, can be offered to Signor Don Quixote but what he is able to revenge, or at leaſt ward off with the ſhield of his patience, which, in my opinion, is very great and powerful.

In ſuch diſcourſe they ſpent a good part of the night; and though Don John endeavoured to perſuade Don Quixote to read more of the book, to ſee how the author had handled his ſubject, he could by no means prevail with him, the knight giving him to underſtand he had enough of it, and as much as if he had read it throughout, concluding it to be all of a piece, and nonſenſe all over; and that he would not encourage the ſcribbler's vanity ſo far as to let him think he had read it, ſhould it ever come to his ears, that the book

had fallen into his hands; well knowing we ought to avoid defiling our thoughts, and much more our eyes, with vile and obſcene matters.

They aſked him, which way he was travelling? he told 'em he was going for Saragoſa, to make one at the tournaments held in that city once a year, for the prize of armour. Don John acquainted him, that the pretended ſecond part of his hiſtory gave an account how Don Quixote, whoever he was, had been at Saragoſa at a public running at the ring, the deſcription of which was wretched and defective in the contrivance, mean and low in the ſtyle and expreſſion, and miſerably poor in devices, all made up of fooliſh idle ſtuff. For that reaſon, ſaid Don Quixote, I will not ſet a foot in Saragoſa, and ſo the world ſhall ſee what a notorious lie this new hiſtorian is guilty of, and all mankind ſhall perceive I am not the Don Quixote he ſpeaks of. You do very well, ſaid Don Jeronimo, beſides, there is another tournament at Barcelona, where you may ſignalize your valour. I deſign to do ſo, replied Don Quixote: and ſo gentlemen, give me leave to bid you good night, and permit me to go to bed, for 'tis time; and pray place me in the number of your beſt friends, and moſt faithful ſervants. And me too, quoth Sancho; for mayhap you may find me good for ſomething.

Having taken leave of one another, Don Quixote and Sancho retired to their chamber, leaving the two ſtrangers in admiration, to think what a medly the knight had made of good ſenſe and extravagance: but fully ſatisfied however, that theſe two perſons were the true Don Quixote and Sancho, and not thoſe obtruded upon the public by the Arragonian author.

Early in the morning Don Quixote got up, and knocking at a thin wall that parted his chamber from that of the gentlemen, he took his leave of 'em. Sancho pay'd the hoſt nobly, but adviſed him either

to keep better proviſion in his inn, or to commend it leſs.

CHAP. LX.

What happened to Don Quixote going to Barcelona.

THE morning was cool, and ſeemed to promiſe a temperate day, when Don Quixote left the inn, having firſt informed himſelf, which was the readieſt way to Barcelona; for he was reſolved he would not ſo much as ſee Saragoſa, that he might prove that new author a liar, who (as he was told) had ſo miſrepreſented him in the pretended ſecond part of his hiſtory. For the ſpace of ſix days he travelled without meeting any adventure worthy of memory; but the ſeventh, having loſt his way, and being overtaken by the night, he was obliged to ſtop in a thicket, either of oaks or cork trees, for in this Cid Hamet does not obſerve the ſame punctuality he has kept in other matters. There both maſter and man diſmounted, and laying themſelves down at the foot of the trees; Sancho, who had handſomely filled his belly that day, eaſily reſigned himſelf into the arms of ſleep. But Don Quixote, whom his chimeras kept awake much more than hunger, could not ſo much as cloſe his eyes; his working thoughts being hurried to a thouſand ſeveral places. This time he fancied himſelf in Monteſino's cave; fancied he ſaw his Dulcinea perverted as ſhe was into a country hoyden jump at a ſingle leap upon her aſs colt. The next moment he thought he heard the ſage Merlin's voice, heard him in awful words relate the means required to effect her diſenchantment. Preſently a fit of deſpair ſeized him: he was ſtark mad to think on Sancho's remiſſneſs and want of charity; the ſquire having not given himſelf

above five laſhes, a ſmall and inconſiderable number in proportion to the quantity of the penance ſtill behind. This reflection ſo nettled him, and ſo aggravated his vexation, that he could not forbear thinking on ſome extraordinary methods. If Alexander the Great, thought he, when he could not untie the Gordian knot, ſaid, 'tis the ſame thing to cut, or to undo, and ſo ſlathed it aſunder, and yet became the ſovereign of the world; why may not I free Dulcinea from inchantment, by whipping Sancho myſelf, whether he will or no? For if the condition of this remedy conſiſts in Sancho's receiving three thouſand and odd laſhes, what does it ſignify to me, whether he gives himſelf thoſe blows, or another gives 'em him, ſince the ſtreſs lies upon his receiving 'em, by what means ſoever they are given? Full of that conceit he came up to Sancho having firſt taken the reins of Rozinante's bridle, and fitted 'em to his purpoſe of laſhing him with 'em. He then began to untruſs Sancho's points, and 'tis a received opinion, he had but one that was uſed before and held up his breeches; but he no ſooner fell to work, but Sancho ſtarted out of his ſleep, and was thoroughly awake in an inſtant. What's here, cried he? who's that fumbles about me, and untruſſes my points? 'Tis I, anſwered Don Quixote, I am come to repair thy negligence, and to ſeek the remedy of my torments. I come to whip thee, Sancho, and to diſcharge, in part at leaſt, that debt for which thou ſtand'ſt engaged. Dulcinea periſhes, while thou liveſt careleſs of her fate, and I die with deſire. Untruſs therefore freely and willingly: for I am reſolved, while we are here alone in this receſs, to give thee at leaſt two thouſand ſtripes.

Hold you there, quoth Sancho. Pray be quiet, will you. Body of me, let me alone, or I proteſt deaf men ſhall hear us. The jerks I am bound to give myſelf, are to be voluntary, and not forced; and at this time I have no mind to be whipped at all: let it ſuffice,

that I promiſe you to firk and ſcourge myſelf, when the humour takes me. No, ſaid Don Quixote, there's no ſtanding to thy courteſy, Sancho; for thou art hard-hearted; and, though a clown, yet thou art tender of thy fleſh; and ſo ſaying, he ſtrove with all his force to untie the ſquire's points. Which, when Sancho perceived, he ſtarted up on his legs, and ſetting upon his maſter, cloſed with him, tripped up his heels, threw him fairly upon his back; and then ſet his knee upon his breaſt, and held his hands faſt, ſo that he could hardly ſtir, or fetch his breath. Don Quixote, overpowered thus, cried, how now, traitor! what, rebel againſt thy maſter, againſt thy natural lord, againſt him that gives thee bread! † I neither mar king, nor make king, quoth Sancho, I do but defend myſelf, that am naturally my own lord. If your worſhip will promiſe to let me alone, and give over the thoughts of whipping me at this time, I'll let you riſe, and will leave you at liberty; if not, here thou dieſt, traitor to Donna Sancho. Don Quixote gave his parole of honour, and ſwore by the life of his beſt thoughts, not to touch ſo much as an hair of Sancho's * coat, but entirely leave it to his diſcretion to whip himſelf when he thought fit. With that, Sancho got up from him, and removed his quarters to another place at a good diſtance, but as he went to lean againſt a tree, he perceived ſomething bobbing at his head, and lifting up his hands, found it to be a man's feet, with ſhoes and

† Henry the baſtard, afterwards king of Caſtile, being about to murder Pedro the lawful king, as they ſtruggled, he fell under him, when Bertran Claquin, a Frenchman that ſerved Henry, coming to his aſſiſtance turned him atop of Pedro, ſpeaking at the ſame time thoſe words that Sancho repeats.

* *Ropa* in the original, which ſignifies all that belongs to a man's cloathing. Stevens tranſlates it *hair of his head*. The French tranſlator has it right, *Poil de la robe*. How Jarvis has it, I know not; but I make no doubt of its being right, as having been ſurperviſed by the learned and polite Dr. O--d and Mr. P----.

ſtockings on: quaking for fear, he moved off to another tree, where the like impending horror dangled over his head. Straight he called out to Don Quixote for help. Don Quixote came, and enquiring into the occaſion of his fright, Sancho anſwered, that all thoſe trees were full of men's feet and legs. Don Quixote began to ſearch and grope about, and falling preſently into the account of the buſineſs; fear nothing, Sancho, ſaid he, there's no danger at all: for what thou feel'ſt in the dark are certainly the feet and legs of ſome banditti and robbers, that have been hanged upon thoſe trees; for here the officers of juſtice hang 'em, up by twenties and thirties, in cluſters, by which I ſuppoſe we cannot be far from Barcelona; and indeed he gueſſed right.

And now day breaking, they lifted up their eyes and ſaw the bodies of the highway-men hanging on the trees: but if the dead ſurprized 'em, how much more were they diſturbed at the appearance of above forty live banditti, who pour'd upon 'em, and ſurrounded 'em on a ſudden, charging 'em in the Catalan tongue, to ſtand till their captain came.

Don Quixote found himſelf on foot, his horſe unbridled, his lance againſt a tree at ſome diſtance, and, in ſhort, void of all defence; and therefore he was forced to put his arms acroſs, hold down his head, and ſhrug up his ſhoulders, reſerving himſelf for a better opportunity. The robbers preſently fell to work, and began to rifle Dapple, leaving on his back nothing of what he carried, either in the wallet, or the cloke bag; and 'twas very well for Sancho, that the duke's pieces of gold, and thoſe he brought from home, were hid in a girdle about his waiſt; though for all that, thoſe honeſt gentlemen would certainly have taken the pains to have ſearched and ſurvey'd him all over, and would have had the gold, though they had ſtripped him of his ſkin to come at it; but by good fortune their captian came in the interim.

He ſeemed about four and thirty years of age, his body robuſt, his ſtature tall, his viſage auſtere, and his complexion ſwarthy. He was mounted on a ſtrong horſe, wore a coat of mail, and no leſs than two piſtols on each ſide. Perceiving that his ſquires (for ſo they call men of that profeſſion in thoſe parts) were going to ſtrip Sancho, he ordered 'em to forbear, and was inſtantly obeyed, by which means the girdle eſcaped. He wondered to ſee a lance reared up againſt a tree, a ſhield on the ground, and Don Quixote in armour and penſive, with the ſaddeſt, moſt melancholy countenance that deſpair itſelf could frame. Coming up to him, be not ſo ſad, honeſt man, ſaid he; you have not fallen into the hands of ſome cruel Buſiris, but into thoſe of Roque Guinart, a man rather compaſſionate than ſevere. I am not ſad, anſwered Don Quixote, for having fallen into thy power, valorous Roque, whoſe boundleſs fame ſpreads through the univerſe, but for having been ſo remiſs as to be ſurprized by thy ſoldiers with my horſe unbridled; whereas, according to the order of chivalry errant, which I profeſs, I am obliged to live always upon my guard, and at all hours be my own centinel; for let me tell thee, great Roque, had they met me mounted on my ſteed, armed with my ſhield and lance, they would have found it no eaſy taſk to make me yield; for, know, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, the ſame whoſe exploits are celebrated through all the habitable globe.

Roque Guinart found out immediately Don Quixote's blind ſide, and judged there was more madneſs than valour in the caſe: now, though he had ſeveral times, heard him mentioned in diſcourſe, he could never believe what was related of him to be true, nor could he be perſuaded that ſuch a humour ſhould reign in any man; for which reaſon he was very glad to have met him, that experience might convince him of the truth. Therefore addreſſing himſelf to him, Va-

lorous knight, ſaid he, vex not yourſelf, nor tax fortune with unkindneſs, for it may happen, that what you look upon now as a ſad accident, may redound to your advantage: for heaven, by ſtrange and unaccountable ways, beyond the reach of human imagination, uſes to raiſe up thoſe that are fall'n, and fill the poor with riches. Don Quixote was going to return him thanks, when from behind 'em they heard a noiſe like the trampling of ſeveral horſes, though it was occaſion'd but by one, on which came full ſpeed a perſon that look'd like a gentleman about twenty years of age. He was clad in green damaſk edg'd with gold galloon ſuitable to his waiſtcoat, a hat turn'd up behind, ſtrait wax-leather boots, his ſpurs, ſword and dagger gilt, a light bird piece in his hand, and a caſe of piſtols before him. Roque having turn'd his head at the noiſe, diſcover'd the handſome apparition, which approaching nearer, ſpoke to him in this manner.

You are the gentleman I look'd for, valiant Roque; for with you I may perhaps find ſome comfort, though not a remedy, in my affliction. In ſhort, not to hold you in ſuſpence (for I am ſenſible you don't know me) I'll tell you who I am. My name is Claudia Jeronima; I am the daughter of your particular friend Simon Forte, ſworn foe to Clauquel Torrelas, who is alſo your enemy, being one of your adverſe faction. You already know, this Torrelas had a ſon whom they call Don Vincente Torrelas, at leaſt he was call'd ſo within theſe two hours. That ſon of his, to be ſhort in my ſad ſtory, I'll tell you in four words what ſorrow he has brought me to. He ſaw me, courted me, was heard, and was beloved. Our amour was carry'd on with ſo much ſecrecy, that my father knew nothing of it; for there is no woman, though ever ſo retir'd and cloſely look'd to, but can find time enough to compaſs and fulfil her unruly deſires. In ſhort, he made me a promiſe of marriage, and I the like to him, but with-

out proceeding any further. Now yeſterday I underſtood, that, forgetting his engagements to me, he was going to wed another, and that they were to be marry'd this morning; a piece of news that quite diſtracted me, and made me loſe all patience. Therefore, my father being out of town, I took the opportunity of equipping myſelf as you ſee, and by the ſpeed of this horſe overtook Don Vincente about a league hence, where, without urging my wrongs, or ſtaying to hear his excuſes, I fir'd at him, not only with this piece, but with both my piſtols, and, as I believe, ſhot him through the body, thus with his heart's blood waſhing away the ſtains of my honour. This done, there I left him to his ſervants, who neither dar'd nor could prevent the ſudden execution; and came to ſeek your protection, that by your means I may be conducted into France, where I have relations to entertain me; and withal to beg of you to defend my father from Don Vincente's party, who might otherwiſe revenge his death upon our family.

Roque admiring at once the reſolution, agreeable deportment, and handſome figure of the beautiful Claudia; come, madam, ſaid he, let us firſt be aſſur'd of your enemy's death, and then conſider what is to be done for you: hold, cry'd Don Quixote, who had hearken'd with great attention to all this diſcourſe, none of you need trouble yourſelves with this affair, the defence of the lady is my province. Give me my horſe and arms, and ſtay for me here, I will go and find out this knight, and, dead or alive, force him to perform his obligations to ſo great a beauty. Ay, ay, quoth Sancho, you may take his word for't, my maſter has a rare ſtroke at making matches; 'tis but t'other day he made a young rogue yield to marry a maid whom he would have left in the lurch, after he was promis'd to her; and had it not been for the inchanters, that plague his worſhip, who tranſmogrify'd the bridegroom into a

footman, and broke off the match, the ſaid maid had been none by this time.

Roque was ſo much taken up with the thoughts of Claudia's adventure, that he little minded either maſter or man; but ordering his ſquires to reſtore what they had taken from Dapple to Sancho, and to retire to the place where they had quarter'd the night before, he went off upon the ſpur with Claudia, to find the expiring Don Vincente. They got to the place where Claudia met him, and found nothing but the marks of blood newly ſpilt; but looking round about 'em, they diſcover'd a company of people at a diſtance on the ſide of a hill, and preſently judg'd 'em to be Don Vincente carry'd by his ſervants either to his cure or burial. They haſted to overtake 'em, which they ſoon affected, the others going but ſlowly; and they found the young gentleman in the arms of his ſervants, deſiring 'em with a ſpent and fainting voice to let him die in that place, his wounds paining him ſo that he could not bear going any further. Claudia and Roque diſmounting, haſtily came up to him. The ſervants were ſtartl'd at the appearance of Roque, and Claudia was troubl'd at the ſight of Don Vincente, and, divided between anger and compaſſion, had you given me this, and made good your promiſe, ſaid ſhe to him, laying hold of his hand, you had never brought this misfortune upon yourſelf. The wounded gentleman lifting up his languiſhing eyes, and knowing Claudia, Now do I ſee, ſaid he, my fair deluded miſtreſs, 'tis you that have given me the fatal blow, a puniſhment never deſerv'd by the innocent unfortunate Vincente, whoſe actions and deſires had no other end but that of ſerving his Claudia. What, Sir, anſwer'd ſhe preſently, can you deny that you went this morning to marry Leonora, the daughter of wealthy Belvaſtro? 'Tis all a falſe report, anſwer'd he, rais'd by my evil ſtars to ſpur up your jealouſy to take my life, which ſince I leave in your fair hands, I reckon well diſpos'd of;

and to confirm this truth, give me your hand, and receive mine, the laſt pledge of love and life, and take me for your huſband; 'tis the only ſatisfaction I have to give for the imaginary wrong you ſuſpect I have committed. Claudia preſs'd his hand, and being pierc'd at once to the very heart, drop'd on his bloody breaſt into a ſwoon, and Don Vincente fainted away into a deadly trance.

Roque's concern ſtruck him ſenſeleſs, and the ſervants ran for water to throw in the faces of the unhappy couple; by which at laſt Claudia came to herſelf again, but Don Vincente never wak'd from his trance, but breath'd out the laſt remainder of his life. When Claudia perceiv'd this, and could no longer doubt but that her dear huſband was irrecoverably dead, ſhe burſt the air with her ſighs, and wounded the heavens with her complaints. She tore her hair, ſcatter'd it in the wind, and with her mercileſs hands disfigur'd her face, ſhewing all the lively marks of grief that the firſt ſallies of deſpair can diſcover. O cruel and inconſiderate woman, cry'd ſhe, how eaſily waſt thou ſet on this barbarous execution! Oh, madding ſting of jealouſy, how deſperate are thy motions, and how tragick the effects! Oh my unfortunate huſband, whoſe ſincere love and fidelity to me have thus for his nuptial bed brought him to the cold grave! Thus the poor lady went on in ſo ſad and moving a ſtrain, that even Roque's rugged temper now melted into tears, which on all occaſions had ſtill been ſtrangers to his eyes. The ſervants wept and lamented, Claudia relaps'd into her ſwooning as faſt as they found means to bring her to life again; and the whole appearance was a moſt moving ſcene of ſorrow. At laſt Roque Guinart bid Don Vincente's ſervants carry his body to his father's houſe, which was not far diſtant, in order to have it buried. Claudia communicated to Roque her reſolution of retiring into a monaſtery, where an aunt of her's was abbeſs, there to ſpend the reſt of her life, wedded to a better and an immortal bridegroom. He

commended her pious reſolution offering to conduct her whither ſhe pleas'd, and to protect her father and family from all aſſaults and practices of their moſt dangerous enemies. Claudia made a modeſt excuſe for declining his company, and took leave of him weeping. Don Vincente's ſervants carry'd off the dead body, and Roque return'd to his men. Thus ended Claudia Jeronima's amour, brought to ſo lamentable a cataſtrophe by the prevailing force of a cruel and deſperate jealouſy.

Roque Guinart found his crew where he had appointed, and Don Quixote in the middle of 'em, mounted on Roſinante, and declaiming very copiouſly againſt their way of living, at once dangerous to their bodies, and deſtructive to their ſouls; but his auditory being chiefly compos'd of Goſcoigners, a wild unruly kind of people, all his morality was thrown away upon 'em. Roque upon his arrival aſk'd Sancho if they had reſtor'd him all his things; every thing, Sir, anſwer'd Sancho but three night-caps, that are worth a king's ranſom. What ſays the fellow, cry'd one of the robbers? here they be, and they are not worth three ſices. As to the intrinſick value, reply'd Don Quixote, they may be worth no more, but 'tis the merit of the perſon that gave 'em me that raiſes their value to that price.

Roque order'd 'em to be reſtor'd immediately; and commanding his men to draw up in a line, he caus'd all the clothes, jewels, money, and all the other booty they had got ſince the laſt diſtribution, to be brought before him; then readily appriſing every particular, and reducing into money what cou'd not be divided, he caſt up the account of the whole, and then made a juſt dividend into parts, paying to every man his exact and due proportion with ſo much prudence and equity, that he fail'd not in the leaſt point of diſtributive juſtice. The booty thus ſhar'd to the general ſatisfaction, if it were not for this punctual management

(ſaid Roque, turning to Don Quixote) there would be no living among us. Well, quoth Sancho, juſtice muſt needs be a good thing, and the old proverb ſtill holds good, thieves are never rogues among themſelves. One of the banditti over hearing him, cock'd his gun, and would certainly have ſhot him through the head, had not the captain commanded him to hold. Poor Sancho was ſtruck as mute as a fiſh, and reſolv'd not to open his lips once more, till he got into better company.

By this time, came one or two of their ſcouts that lay perdu on the road, and inform'd their captain, that they had diſcover'd a great company of travellers on the way to Barcelona. Are they ſuch as we look for, aſk'd Roque, or ſuch as look for us? Such as we look for, Sir, anſwer'd the fellow; away then, cry'd Roque, all of ye, my boys, and bring 'em me hither ſtraight, let none eſcape. The ſquires preſently obey'd the word of command, and left Don Quixote, Roque, and Sancho to wait their return. In the mean time Roque entertain'd the knight with ſome remarks on his way of living. I ſhould not wonder, ſaid he, Signor Don Quixote, that our life ſhould appear to you a reſtleſs complication of hazards and diſquiets; for 'tis no more than what daily experience has made me ſenſible of. You muſt know, that this barbarity and auſtere behaviour which I affect to ſhew is a pure force upon my nature, being urged to this extremity by the reſentment of ſome ſevere injuries, which I could not put up without a ſatisfactory revenge, and now I am in, I muſt go thro'; one ſin draws on another, in ſpite of my better deſigns; and I am now involv'd in ſuch a chain of wrongs, factions, abetters, and engagements, that no leſs than the divine power of providence can free me from this maze of confuſion: nevertheleſs, I deſpair not ſtill of a ſucceſsful end of my misfortunes.

Don Quixote, being ſurpriz'd to hear ſuch ſound ſenſe and ſober reflection come from one, whoſe diſor-

derly profeſſion was ſo oppoſite to diſcretion and politeneſs; Signor Roque, ſaid he, 'tis a great ſtep to health for a man to underſtand his diſtemper, and the compliance of the patient to the rules of phyſic is reckon'd half the cure. You appear ſenſible of the malady, and therefore may reaſonably expect a remedy, though your diſeaſe being fix'd by a long inveteracy, muſt ſubject you (I'm afraid) to a tedious courſe. The Almighty Phyſician will apply effectual medicines: therefore be of good heart, and do your part towards the recovery of you ſick conſcience. If you have a mind to take the ſhorteſt road to happineſs, immediately abandon the fatal profeſſion you now follow, and come under my tuition, to be inſtructed in the rules of knight-errantry, which will ſoon expiate your offences, and intitle you to honour, and true felicity. Roque ſmil'd to hear Don Quixote's ſerious advice, and changing the diſcourſe, gave him an account of Claudia Jeronima's tragical adventure, which griev'd Sancho to the heart; for the beauty, life, and ſpirit of the young damſel, had not a little wrought upon his affections.

By this time Roque's party had brought in their prize, conſiſting of two gentlemen on horſeback, and two pilgrims on foot, and a coach full of women, attended by ſome half dozen ſervants a-foot and a-horſeback, beſides two muleteers that belong'd to the two gentlemen. They were all conducted in ſolemn order, ſurrounded by the victors, both they and the vanquiſh'd being ſilent, and expecting the definitive ſentence of the grand Roque. He firſt aſk'd the gentlemen who they were? Whither bound? And what money they had about 'em? They anſwer'd, that they were both captains of Spaniſh foot, and their companies were at Naples; and they deſign'd to embark on the four gallies, which they heard were bound for Sicily, and their whole ſtock amounted to two or three hundred crowns, which they thought a pretty ſum of money for men of their

profeſſion, who ſeldom uſe to hoard up riches. The pilgrims being examin'd in like manner, ſaid, they intended to embark for Rome, and had about ſome threeſcore reals between 'em both. Upon examining the coach, he was informed by one of the ſervants, that my lady Donna Guiomar de Quinonnes, wife to a judge of Naples, with her little daughter, a chambermaid, and an old duena, together with ſix other ſervants, had among 'em all about ſix hundred crowns. So then, ſaid Roque, we have got here in all nine hundred crowns and ſixty reals; I think I have got about threeſcore ſoldiers here with me. Now among ſo many men how much will fall to each particular ſhare? Let me ſee, for I am none of the beſt accomptants. Caſt it up, gentlemen. The highwaymen hearing this, cry'd, long live Roque Guinart, and damn the dogs that ſeek his ruin. The officers look'd ſimply, the lady was ſadly dejected, and the pilgrims were no leſs caſt down, thinking this a very odd confiſcation of their little ſtock. Roque held 'em a while in ſuſpence to obſerve their humours, which he found all very plainly to agree in that point, of being melancholy for the loſs of their money: then turning to the officers, do me the favour, captains, ſaid he, to lend me threeſcore crowns; and you, Madam, if your ladyſhip pleaſes, ſhall oblige me with fourſcore, to gratify theſe honeſt gentlemen of my ſquadron; 'tis our whole eſtate and fortune; and you know the abbot dines, of what he ſings for. Therefore I hope you will excuſe our demands, which will free you from any more diſturbance of this nature, being ſecur'd by a paſs, which I ſhall give you, directed to the reſt of my ſquadrons that are poſted in theſe parts, and who, by virtue of my order, will let you go unmoleſted; for I ſcorn to wrong a ſoldier, and I muſt not fail in my reſpects. Madam, to the fair ſex, eſpecially to ladies of your quality.

The captains with all the grace they could, thank'd him for his great civility and liberality, for ſo they eſ-

teem'd his letting them keep their own money. The lady would have thrown herſelf out of the coach at his feet, but Roque would not ſuffer it, rather excuſing the preſumption of his demands, which he was forc'd to, in pure compliance with the neceſſity of his fortune. The lady then order'd one of her ſervants to pay immediately the fourſcore crowns. The officers diſburs'd their quota, and the pilgrims made an oblation of their mite; but Roque ordering 'em to wait a little, and turning to his men, gentlemen, ſaid he, here are two crowns a piece for each of you, and twenty over and above. Now let us beſtow ten of 'em on theſe poor pilgrims, and the other ten on this honeſt ſquire, that he may give us a good word in his travels. So calling for pen, ink and paper, of which he always went provided, he wrote a paſſport for 'em, directed to the commanders of his ſeveral parties, and taking his leave, diſmiſs'd them, all wondering at his greatneſs of ſoul, that ſpoke rather an Alexander than a profeſs'd highwayman. One of his men began to mutter in his Catalan language: This captain of ours is plaguy charitable, he would make a better friar than a pad; come, come, if he has a mind to be ſo liberal forſooth, let his own pocket, not ours, pay for it. The wretch ſpoke not ſo low, but he was overheard by Roque, who whipping out his ſword, with one ſtroke almoſt cleft his ſkull in two. Thus it is I puniſh mutiny, ſaid he. All the reſt ſtood motionleſs, and durſt not mutter one word, ſo great was the awe they bore him. Roque then withdrew a little, and wrote a letter to a friend of his in Barcelona, to let him know that the famous knight-errant Don Quixote, of whom ſo many ſtrange things were reported, was with him; that he might be ſure to find him on midſummer-day on the great key of that city, arm'd at all points, mounted on Roſinante, and his ſquire on an aſs; that he was a moſt pleaſant ingenious perſon, and would give great ſatisfaction to him and his friends the Niarros, for which reaſon he gave them this notice

of the Don's coming; adding, that he ſhould by no means let the Cadells, his enemies, partake of this pleaſure, as unworthy of it: But how was it poſſible to conceal from them, or any body elſe, the folly and diſcretion of Don Quixote, and the buffoonery of Sancho Pança. He deliver'd the letter to one of his men, who changing his highway cloaths to a countryman's habit, went to Barcelona, and gave it as directed.

CHAP. LXI.

Don Quixote's entry into Barcelona, with other accidents that have leſs ingenuity than truth in 'em.

DON Quixote ſtay'd three days and three nights with Roque, and had he tarried as many hundred years, he might have found ſubject enough for admiration in that kind of life. They ſlept in one place, and eat in another, ſometimes fearing they knew not what, then lying in wait for they knew not whom. Sometimes forc'd to ſteal a nap ſtanding, never enjoying a ſound ſleep. Now in this ſide the country, then preſently in another quarter; always upon the watch, ſpies hearkning, ſcouts liſtening, carbines preſenting; though of ſuch heavy guns they had but few, being arm'd generally with piſtols. Roque himſelf ſlept apart from the reſt, making no man privy to his lodgings; for ſo many were the proclamations againſt him from the viceroy of Barcelona, and ſuch were his diſquiets and fears of being betray'd by ſome of his men for the price of his head, that he durſt truſt no body. A life moſt miſerable and uneaſy.

At length, by croſs roads, and by-ways, Roque, Don Quixote and Sancho, attended by ſix other ſquires, got to the ſtrand of Barcelona on midſummer-eve at night; where Roque, having embrac'd Don Quixote, and pre-

ſented Sancho with the ten crowns he had promis'd him, took his leave of 'em both, after many compliments on both ſides. Roque return'd to his company, and Don Quixote ſtay'd there waiting the approach of day, mounted as Roque left him. Not long after the fair Aurora began to peep through the balconies of the eaſt, chearing the flow'ry fields, while at the ſame time a melodious ſound of hautboys and kettle drums chear'd the ears, and preſently was join'd with jingling of morice-bells and the trampling and cries of horſemen coming out of the city. Now Aurora uſher'd up the jolly ſun, who look'd big on the verge of the horizon, with his broad face as ample as a target. Don Quixote and Sancho, caſting their looks abroad, diſcover'd the ſea, which they had never ſeen before. To them it made a noble and ſpacious appearance, far bigger than the lake Ruydera, which they ſaw in la Mancha. The gallies in the port taking in their awnings, made a pleaſant ſight with their flags and ſtreamers, that wav'd in the air, and ſometimes kiſs'd and ſwept the water. The trumpets, hautboys, and other warlike inſtruments that reſounded from on board, fill'd the air all round with reviving and martial harmony. A while after, the gallies moving, began to join on the calm ſea in a counterfeit engagement; and at the ſame time a vaſt number of gentlemen marched out of the city nobly equip'd with rich liveries, and gallantly mounted, and in like manner did their part on the land, to complete the warlike entertainment. The marines diſcharged numerous vollies from the gallies, which were anſwer'd by the great guns from the battlements of the walls and forts about the city, and the mighty noiſe echo'd from the gallies again by a diſcharge of the long pieces of ordinance in their forecaſtles. The ſea ſmil'd and danc'd, the land was gay, and the sky ſerene in every quarter, but where the clouds of ſmoke dimm'd it a while: freſh joy ſat ſmiling in the looks of men, and gladneſs and pomp were

diſplay'd in their glory. Sancho was mightily puzzled though, to diſcover how theſe huge bulky things that mov'd on the ſea cou'd have ſo many feet.

By this time the gentlemen that maintain'd the ſports on the ſhore, galloping up to Don Quixote with loud acclamations, the knight was not a little aſtoniſh'd: one of 'em amongſt the reſt, who was the perſon to whom Roque had written, cry'd out aloud, welcome, the mirror, the light, and north ſtar of knight errantry! welcome, I ſay, valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, not the counterfeit and apocryphal, ſhewn us lately in falſe hiſtories, but the true, legitimate and identic He, deſcrib'd by Cid Hamet, the flower of hiſtoriographers! Don Quixote made no anſwer, nor did the gentleman ſtay for any, but wheeling about with the reſt of his companions, all prancing round him in token of joy, they encompaſs'd the knight and the ſquire. Don Quixote, turning about to Sancho, it ſeems, ſaid he, theſe gentlemen know us well. I dare engage they have read our hiſtory, and that which the Arragonian lately publiſh'd. The gentleman that ſpoke to the knight, returning, noble Don Quixote, ſaid he, we intreat you to come along with the company, being all your humble ſervants, and friends of Roque Guinart. Sir, anſwer'd Don Quixote, your courteſy bears ſuch a likeneſs to the great Roque's generoſity, that could civility beget civility, I ſhould take your's for the daughter or near relation of his, I ſhall wait on you where you pleaſe to command, for I am wholly at your devotion: The gentleman returned his compliment, and ſo all of 'em incloſing him in the middle of their brigade, they conducted him towards the city, drums beating, and hautboys playing before 'em all the way. But as the devil and ill luck would have it, or the boys who are more unlucky than the devil himſelf, two miſchievous young baſtards made a ſhift to get through the crowd of horſemen, and one of 'em lifting up Roſinante's tail, and the other that

of Dapple, they thruſt a handful of briars under each of 'em. The poor animals feeling ſuch unuſual ſpurs apply'd to their poſteriors, clapp'd their tails cloſe, and increas'd their pain, and began to wince, and flounce, and kick ſo furiouſly, that at laſt they threw their riders, and laid both maſter and man ſprawling in the ſtreet. Don Quixote, out of countenance, and nettl'd at the diſgrace, went to diſengage his horſe from his new plumage, and Sancho did as much for Dapple, while the gentlemen turn'd to chaſtiſe the boys for their rudeneſs. But the young rogues were ſafe enough, being preſently loſt among a huge rabble that follow'd. The knight and ſquire then mounted again, and the muſic and proceſſion went on, till they arriv'd at their conductor's houſe, which, by it's largeneſs and beauty, beſpoke the owner maſter of a great eſtate; where we leave him for the preſent, becauſe 'tis Cid Hamet's will and pleaſure it ſhould be ſo.

CHAP. LXII.

The adventure of the inchanted head, with other impertinences not to be omitted.

THE perſon who entertained Don Quixote, was call'd Don Antonio Moreno, a gentleman of good parts, and plentiful fortune, loving all thoſe diverſions that may innocently be obtain'd without prejudice to his neighbours, and not of the humour of thoſe, who would rather loſe their friend than their jeſt. He therefore reſolv'd to make his advantage of Don Quixote's follies without detriment to his perſon.

In order to this, he perſuaded the knight to take off his armour, and in his ſtrait-lac'd chamois-clothes (as we have already ſhewn him) to ſtand in a balcony that look'd into one of the principal ſtreets of the city, where

he ſtood expos'd to the rabble that got together, eſpecially the boys, who gap'd and ſtar'd on him, as if he had been ſome overgrown baboon. The ſeveral brigades and cavaliers in their liveries, began afreſh to fetch their careers about him, as if the ceremony were rather perform'd in honour of Don Quixote than any ſolemnity of the feſtival. Sancho was hugely pleas'd, fancying he had chopp'd upon another Camachio's wedding, or another houſe like that of Don Diego de Miranda, or ſome caſtle like the duke's.

Several of Don Antonio's friends din'd with him that day, and all of 'em honouring and reſpecting Don Quixote as a knight-errant, they puff'd up his vanity to ſuch a degree, that he could ſcarce conceal the pleaſure he took in their adulation. As for Sancho, he made ſuch ſport to the ſervants of the houſe, and all that heard him, that they watch'd every word that came from his mouth. Being all very merry at table, honeſt Sancho, ſaid Don Antonio, I am told you admire capons and ſauſages ſo much, that you can't be ſatisfied with a bellyful, and when you can eat no more, you cram the reſt into your breeches againſt the next morning. No, Sir, an't like you, anſwer'd Sancho, 'tis all a ſtory, I am more cleanly than greedy, I'd have you to know; here's my maſter can tell you, that many times he and I uſe to live for a week together upon a handful of acorns and walnuts. Truth is, I am not overnice; in ſuch a place as this, I eat what's given me; for a gift-horſe ſhould not be looked into the mouth. But whoſoever told you I was a greedy gut and a ſloven, has told you a fib, and were it not for reſpect to the company, I would tell him more of my mind, ſo I would. Verily, ſaid Don Quixote, the manner of Sancho's feeding ought to be deliver'd to ſucceeding ages on brazen monuments, as a future memorial of his abſtinence and cleanlineſs, and an example to poſterity. 'Tis true, when he ſatisfies the call of hunger, he ſeems to do it ſomewhat raven-

ouſly; indeed he ſwallows apace, uſes his grinders very notably, and chews with both jaws at once. But in ſpite of the charge of ſlovenlineſs now laid upon him, I muſt declare, he is ſo nice an obſerver of neatneſs, that he ever makes a clear conveyance of his food; when he was a governor, his nicety in eating was remarkable, for he would eat grapes and ev'n pomegranate ſeeds with the point of his fork. How, cry'd Don Antonio, has Sancho then been a governor? Ay, marry has he, anſwer'd Sancho, governor of the iſland of Barataria. Ten days I govern'd, and who but I! But I was ſo broken of my reſt all the time, that all I got by't was to learn to hate the trade of governing from the bottom of my ſoul. So that I made ſuch haſte to leave it, I fell into a deep hole, where I was buried alive, and ſhould have lain till now, had not providence pull'd me out of it. Don Quixote then related the circumſtances of Sancho's government; and the cloth being taken away, Don Antonio took the knight by the hand, and carried him into a private chamber, wherein there was no kind of furniture, but a table that appear'd to be of jaſper, ſupported by feet of the ſame, with a brazen head ſet upon it, from the breaſt upwards, like the effigies of one of the Roman emperors. Don Antonio having walk'd with Don Quixote ſeveral turns about the room, Signor Don Quixote, ſaid he, being aſſur'd that we are very private, the door faſt, and no body liſtening, I ſhall communicate to you one of the moſt ſtrange and wonderful adventures that ever was known, provided you treaſure it up as a ſecret in the cloſeſt apartment of your breaſt. I ſhall be as ſecret as the grave, anſwer'd the knight, and will clap a tombſtone over your ſecret, for farther ſecurity; beſides, aſſure yourſelf, Don Antonio, continu'd he, (for by this time he had learn'd the gentleman's name) you converſe with a perſon whoſe ears are open to receive what his tongue never betrays. So that whatever you commit to my truſt, ſhall be

buried in the depth of bottomleſs ſilence, and lie as ſecure as in your own breaſt.

In confidence of your honour, ſaid Don Antonio, I doubt not to raiſe your aſtoniſhment, and disburden my own breaſt of a ſecret, which has long lain upon my thoughts, having never hitherto found any perſon worthy to be made a confident in matters to be conceal'd. This cautious proceeding rais'd Don Quixote's curioſity ſtrangely; after which Don Antonio led him to the table, and made him feel and examine all over the brazen head, the table and jaſper ſupporters. Now Sir, ſaid he, know that this head was made by one of the greateſt inchanters or necromancers in the world. If I am not miſtaken, he was a Polander by birth, and the diſciple of the celebrated Elcotillo *, of whom ſo many prodigies are related. This wonderful perſon was here in my houſe, and by the interceſſion of a thouſand crowns, was wrought upon to frame me this head, which has the wonderful property of anſwering in your ear to all queſtions. After long ſtudy, erecting of ſchemes, caſting of figures, conſultations with the ſtars, and other mathematical operations, this head was brought to the aforeſaid perfection, and to morrow (for on Fridays it never ſpeaks) it ſhall give you proof of its knowledge, till when you may conſider of your moſt puzzling and important doubts, which will have a full and ſatisfactory ſolution. Don Quixote was amaz'd at this ſtrange virtue of the head, and could hardly credit Don Antonio's account; but conſidering the ſhortneſs of the time that deferr'd his full ſatisfaction in the point, he was content to ſuſpend his opinion till next day; and only thank'd the gentleman

* Or, *Little Scot*. Cervantes means Michael Scotus, who, being more knowing in natural and experimental philoſophy than was common in the dark ages of ignorance, paſs'd for a magician; as friar Bacon and Albert the Great did; of the firſt of whom (friar Bacon) a like ſtory of a brazen head is told.

for making him ſo great a diſcovery. So out of the chamber they went, and Don Antonio having lock'd the door very carefully, they return'd into the room where the reſt of the company were diverted by Sancho's relating to 'em ſome of his maſter's adventures.

That afternoon they carry'd Don Quixote abroad, without his armour, mounted, not on Roſinante, but on a large eaſy mule, with genteel furniture, and himſelf dreſs'd after the city faſhion, with a long coat of tawny-colour'd cloth, which with the preſent heat of the ſeaſon, was enough to put froſt itſelf into a ſweat. They gave private orders that Sancho ſhould be entertain'd within doors all that day, leſt he ſhould ſpoil their ſport by going out. The knight being mounted, they pinn'd to his back, without his knowledge, a piece of parchment, with theſe words written in large letters; *This is Don Quixote de la Mancha.* As ſoon as they began their walk, the ſight of the parchment drew the eyes of every body to read the inſcription: ſo that the knight hearing ſo many people repeat the words, *This is Don Quixote de la Mancha*, wonder'd to hear himſelf nam'd and known by every one that ſaw him: thereupon turning to Don Antonio, that rode by his ſide: How great, ſaid he, is this ſingle prerogative of knight errantry, by which it's profeſſors are known and diſtinguiſh'd through all the confines of the univerſe? don't you hear, Sir, continu'd he, how the very boys in the ſtreet, who have never ſeen me before, know me? 'Tis very true, Sir anſwer'd Don Antonio, like fire that always diſcovers itſelf by it's own light, ſo virtue has that luſtre that never fails to diſplay itſelf, eſpecially that renown which is acquir'd by the profeſſion of arms.

During this proceſſion of the knight and his applauding followers, a certain Caſtilian reading the ſcroll at Don Quixote's back, cry'd out aloud, Now the devil take thee for Don Quixote de la Mancha! Who would

have thought to have found thee here, and ſtill alive, after ſo many hearty drubbings that have been laid about thy ſhoulders. Can't you be mad in private, and among your friends, and with a pox to you, but you muſt run about the world at this rate, and make every body that keeps your company as errant-coxcombs as yourſelf? Get you home to your wife and children, blockhead, look after your houſe, and leave playing the fool and diſtracting thy ſenſes at this rate, with a parcel of nonſenſical whimſies. Friend, ſaid Don Antonio, go about your buſineſs, and keep your advice for them that want it. Signor Don Quixote is a man of too much ſenſe, not to be above your counſel, and we know our buſineſs without your intermeddling. We only pay the reſpect due to virtue. So, in the name of ill-luck, go your ways, and don't meddle where you have no buſineſs. Truly now, ſaid the Caſtilian, you're in the right, for 'tis but ſtriving againſt the ſtream to give him advice, though it grieves me to think this whim of knight-errantry ſhould ſpoil all the good parts which they ſay this madman has. But ill luck light on me, as you'd have it, and all my generation, if ever you catch me adviſing him or any one elſe again, though I were deſired, and were to live the years of Methuſalem. So ſaying, the adviſer went his ways, and the cavalcade continu'd; but the rabble preſs'd ſo very thick to read the inſcription, that Don Antonio was forc'd to pull it off, under pretence of doing ſomething elſe.

Upon the approach of night they return'd home, where Don Antonio's wife, a lady of quality, and every way accompliſh'd, had invited ſeveral of her friends to a ball, to honour her gueſt, and ſhare in the diverſion his extravagances afforded. After a noble ſupper, the dancing begun about ten o'clock at night. Among others, were two ladies of an airy waggiſh diſpoſition, ſuch as though virtuous enough at the

bottom, would not ſtick to ſtrain a point of modeſty for the diverſion of good company. Theſe two made their court chiefly to Don Quixote, and ply'd him ſo with dancing one after another, that they tir'd not only his body, but his very ſoul. But the beſt was to ſee what an unaccountable figure the grave Don made, as he hopp'd and ſtalk'd about, a long ſway-back'd, ſtarv'd-look'd, thin-flank'd, two legg'd thing, wainſcot complexion'd, ſtuck up in's cloſe doublet, aukward enough a conſcience, and certainly none of the lighteſt at a ſaraband The ladies gave him ſeveral private hints of their inclination to his perſon, and he was not behind hand in intimating to them as ſecretly, that they were very indifferent to him; till at laſt being almoſt teiz'd to death, *Fugite partes adverſae*, cry'd he aloud, and avaunt temptation! Pray ladies, play your amorous pranks with ſomebody elſe, leave me to the enjoyment of my own thoughts, which are employ'd and taken up with the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, the ſole queen of my affection; and ſo ſaying, he ſat himſelf down on the ground in the midſt of the hall to reſt his wearied bones. Don Antonio gave order, that he ſhould be taken up and carry'd to bed; and the firſt who was ready to lend a helping hand was Sancho, and as he was lifting him up, By'r lady, Sir maſter of mine, you have ſhook your heels moſt fetiouſly. Do you think we who are ſtout and valiant muſt be caperers, and that every knight errant muſt be a ſnapper of caſtinets? If you do, you're woundily deceiv'd, let me tell you. Gadzookers, I know thoſe who wou'd ſooner cut a giant's wind-pipe, than a caper. Had you been for the ſhoe-jig*, I had been your man; for I ſlap it away like any jerfaulcon; but as for regular dancing, I can't work a ſtitch at it. This made diverſion for the company, till Sancho led out his maſter, in order to put him to bed, where he left him cover'd over head and

* Shoe-jig, in which the dancers ſlap the ſole of their ſhoe with the palm of their hand in time and meaſure.

ears, that he might ſweat out the cold he had caught by dancing.

The next day Don Antonio reſolving to make his intended experiment on the inchanted head, conducted Don Quixote into the room where it ſtood, together with Sancho, a couple of his friends, and the two ladies that had ſo teaz'd the knight at the ball, and who had ſtaid all night with his wife; and having carefully lock'd the door, and enjoin'd them ſecrecy, he told them the virtue of the head, and that this was the firſt time he ever made proof of it; and except his two friends, nobody did know the trick of the inchantment, and, had not they been told of it before, they had been drawn into the ſame error with the reſt; for the contrivance of the machine was ſo artful and ſo cunningly manag'd that it was impoſſible to diſcover the cheat. Don Antonio himſelf was the firſt that made his application to the ear of the head, cloſe to which ſpeaking in a voice, juſt loud enough to be heard by the company; Tell me, O head, ſaid he, by that myſterious virtue wherewith thou art endu'd, what are my thoughts at preſent? The head in a diſtinct and intelligible voice, though without moving the lips, anſwer'd, *I am no judge of thoughts*. They were all aſtoniſh'd at the voice, being ſenſible no body was in the room to anſwer. How many of us are there in the room, ſaid Don Antonio again? The voice anſwer'd in the ſame key, Thou and thy wife, two of thy friends, and two of her's, a famous knight call'd Don Quixote de la Mancha, and his ſquire Sancho Pança by name. Now their aſtoniſhment was greater than before, now they wonder'd indeed, and the hair of ſome of 'em ſtood an end with amazement. 'Tis enough, ſaid Antonio, ſtepping aſide from the head, I am convinc'd 'twas no impoſtor ſold thee to me, ſage head, diſcourſing head, oraculous, miraculous head! Now let ſomebody elſe try their fortunes. As women are generally moſt curious and inquiſitive, one of the dancing ladies ven-

turing up to it, Tell me, head, ſaid ſhe, what ſhall I do to be truly beautiful. *Be honeſt*, anſwer'd the head. I have done, reply'd the lady. Her companion then came on, and with the ſame curioſity, I would know, ſaid ſhe, whether my huſband loves me or no? The head anſwer'd, *Obſerve his uſage, and that will tell thee.* Truly (ſaid the marry'd lady to herſelf as ſhe withdrew) that queſtion was needleſs; for indeed a man's actions are the ſureſt tokens of the diſpoſitions of his mind. Next came up one of Don Antonio's friends and aſk'd, Who am I? The anſwer was, *Thou knoweſt;* That's from the queſtion, reply'd the gentleman, I would have thee tell me whether thou know'ſt me: *I do*, anſwer'd the head, *thou art Don Pedro Norris.* 'Tis enough, O head, ſaid the gentleman, thou haſt convinc'd me, that thou knoweſt all things. So making room for ſomebody elſe, his friend advanc'd, and aſk'd the head what his eldeſt ſon and heir deſir'd? I have already told thee, ſaid the head, that I was no judge of thoughts; however, I will tell thee, that what thy heir deſires is to bury thee. 'Tis ſo, reply'd the gentleman, What I ſee with my eye, I mark with my finger; I know enough.

Don Antonio's lady aſk'd the next queſtion: I don't well know what to aſk thee, ſaid ſhe to the head, only tell me whether I ſhall long enjoy my dear huſband? Thou ſhalt, anſwer'd the head, for his healthy conſtitution and temperance promiſe length of days, while thoſe who live too faſt, are not like to live long. Next came Don Quixote: Tell me thou oracle, ſaid he, was what I reported of my adventures in Monteſino's cave, a dream or reality? Will Sancho my ſquire fulfil his promiſe, and ſcourge himſelf effectually? and ſhall Dulcinea be diſinchanted? As for the adventures in the cave, anſwer'd the head, there's much to be ſaid; they have ſomething of both; Sancho's whipping ſhall go on but leiſurely; however, Dulcinea ſhall at laſt be really freed from inchantment. That's all I

deſire to know, ſaid Don Quixote, for the whole ſtreſs of my good fortune depends on Dulcinea's diſinchantment. Then Sancho made the laſt application, an't pleaſe you, Mr. Head, quoth he, ſhall I chance to have another government? Shall I ever get clear of this ſtarving-ſquire-erranting? And ſhall I ever ſee my own fire-ſide again? The head anſwer'd, Thou ſhalt be a governor in thine own houſe; if thou goeſt home, thou may'ſt ſee thy own fire-ſide again; and if thou leav'ſt off thy ſervice, thou ſhalt get clear of thy ſquireſhip. Gadzookers, cry'd Sancho, that's a very good one, I vow! a horſe-head might ha' told all this; I could have propheſied thus much myſelf. How now, brute, ſaid Don Quixote, what anſwers wouldſt thou have, but what are pertinent to thy queſtions? nay, quoth Sancho, ſince you'll have it ſo, it ſhall be ſo; I only wiſh Mr. Head would have told me a little more concerning the matter.

Thus the queſtions propos'd, and the anſwers return'd, were brought to a period, but the amazement continu'd among all the company, except Don Antonio's two friends, who underſtood the myſtery, which Benengeli is reſolv'd now to diſcover, that the world ſhould be no longer amaz'd with an erroneous opinion of any magick or witchcraft operating in the head. He therefore tells you, that Don Antonio Moreno, to divert himſelf, and ſurprize the ignorant, had this made imitation of ſuch another device, which he had ſeen contriv'd by a ſtatuary at Madrid.

The manner of it was thus: the table and the frame on which it ſtood, the feet of which reſembl'd four eagles claws, were of wood, painted and varniſh'd like jaſper. The head, which look'd like the buſt of a Roman emperor, and of a braſs colour, was all hollow, and ſo were the feet of the table, which anſwer'd exactly to the neck and breaſt of the head; the whole ſo artificially fix'd, that it ſeem'd to be all of a piece; through this cavity ran a tin pipe, convey'd into it by a paſſage

through the ceiling of the room under the table. He that was to anſwer ſet his mouth to the end of the pipe in the chamber underneath, and by the hollowneſs of the trunk receiv'd their queſtions, and deliver'd his anſwers in clear and articulate words, ſo that the impoſture could ſcarcely be diſcover'd. The oracle was manag'd by a young ingenious gentleman, Don Antonio's nephew, who, having his inſtructions beforehand from his uncle, was able to anſwer readily and directly to the firſt queſtions, and by conjectures or evaſions, make a return handſomely to the reſt with the help of his ingenuity. Cid Hamet informs us further, that during ten or twelve days after this, the wonderful machine continu'd in mighty repute; but at laſt the noiſe of Don Antonio's having an inchanted head in his houſe, that gave anſwers to all queſtions, began to fly about the city; and as he fear'd this would reach the ears of the watchful centinels of our faith, he thought fit to give an account of the whole matter to the reverend inquiſitors, who order'd him to break it to pieces, leſt it ſhould give occaſion of ſcandal among the ignorant vulgar. But ſtill the head paſs'd for an oracle, and a piece of inchantment with Don Quixote and Sancho, though the truth is, the knight was much better ſatisfied in the matter than the ſquire.

The gentry of the city in complaiſance to Don Antonio, and for Don Quixote's more ſplendid entertainment, or rather to make his madneſs a more public diverſion, appointed a running at the ring about ſix days after, but this was broken off upon an occaſion that afterwards happen'd.

Don Quixote had a mind to take a turn in the city on foot, that he might avoid the crowd of boys that follow'd him when he rode. He went out with Sancho and two of Don Antonio's ſervants, that attended him by their maſter's order; and paſſing through a certain ſtreet, Don Quixote look'd up, and ſpy'd written over a door in great letters theſe words, *Here is a*

printing-houſe. This diſcovery pleas'd the knight extremely, having now an opportunity of ſeeing a printing-preſs, a thing he had never ſeen before; and therefore to ſatisfy his curioſity, in he went with all his train. There he ſaw ſome working off the ſheets, others correcting the forms, ſome in one place picking of letters out of the caſes, in another ſome looking over a proof; in ſhort, all the variety that is to be ſeen in great printing houſes. He went from one workman to another, and was very inquiſitive to know what every body had in hand; and they were not backward to ſatisfy his curioſity. At length coming to one of the compoſitors, and aſking him what he was about? Sir, ſaid the printer, this gentleman here (ſhewing a likely ſort of a man, ſomething grave, and not young) has tranſlated a book out of Italian into Spaniſh, and I am ſetting ſome of it here for the preſs. What is the name of it pray, ſaid Don Quixote? Sir, anſwer'd the author, the title of it in Italian is *Le Bagatele.* And pray, Sir,' aſk'd Don Quixote, what's the meaning of that word in Spaniſh? Sir, anſwer'd the gentleman, *Le Bagatele* is as much as to ſay, *Trifles;* but though the title promiſes ſo little, yet the contents are matters of importance. I am a little converſant in the Italian, ſaid the knight, and value myſelf upon ſinging ſome ſtanza's of Arioſto; therefore, Sir, without any offence and not doubting of your ſkill, but merely to ſatisfy my curioſity, pray tell me, have you ever met with ſuch a word as *Pignata* in Italian? Yes, very often, Sir, anſwer'd the author. And how do you render it pray, ſaid Don Quixote? How ſhould I render it, Sir, reply'd the tranſlator, but by the word *Porridge Pot?* Body of me, cry'd Don Quixote you are maſter of the Italian idiom? I dare hold a good wager, that where the Italian ſays *Piace,* you tranſlate it *Pleaſe;* where it ſays, *Piu,* you render it *More*; *Su, Above,* and *Giu, Beneath.* Moſt certainly, Sir, an-

ſwer'd t'other, for ſuch are their proper ſignifications. What rare parts, ſaid Don Quixote, are loſt to mankind for want of their being exerted and known! I dare ſwear, Sir, that the world is backward in encouraging your merit. But 'tis the fate of all ingenious men: how many of them are crampt up and diſcountenanc'd by a narrow fortune! and how many, in ſpite of the moſt laborious induſtry, diſcourag'd: though, by the way, Sir, I think this kind of verſion from one language to another, except it be from the nobleſt of tongues, the Greek and Latin, is like viewing a piece of Flemiſh tapeſtry on the wrong ſide, where, though the figures are diſtinguiſhable, yet there are ſo many ends and threads, that the beauty and exactneſs of the work is obſcur'd, and not ſo advantageouſly diſcerned as on the right ſide of the hangings. Neither can this barren employment of tranſlating out of eaſy languages ſhew either wit or maſtery of ſtile, no more than copying a piece of writing by a precedent; though ſtill the buſineſs of tranſlating wants not its commendations, ſince men very often may be worſe employ'd. As a further proof of its merits, we have Doctor Chriſtoval de Figuero's tranſlation of *Paſtor Fido*, and Don Juan de Xaurigui's *Aminta*, pieces ſo excellently well done, that they have made 'em purely their own, and left the reader in doubt which was the tranſlation, and which the original. But tell me, pray Sir, do you print your book at your own charge, or have you ſold the copy to a bookſeller? Why truly, Sir, anſwer'd the tranſlator, I publiſh it upon my own account, and I hope to clear at leaſt a thouſand crowns by this firſt edition; for I deſign to print off two thouſand books, and they will go off at ſix reals apiece in a trice. I'm afraid you'll come ſhort of your reckoning, ſaid Don Quixote; 'tis a ſign you are ſtill a ſtranger to the tricks of theſe bookſellers and printers, and the juggling there is among them. I dare engage you will find two thouſand books lie heavy upon your hands, eſpecially if the

piece be ſomewhat tedious, and wants ſpirit. What, Sir, reply'd the author, would you have me ſell the profit of my labour to a bookſeller for three maravadis a ſheet? for that's the moſt they will bid, nay, and expect too I ſhould thank them for the offer. No, no, Sir, I print not my works to get fame in the world, my name is up already; profit, Sir, is my end, and without it what ſignifies reputation? Well, Sir, go on and proſper, ſaid Don Quixote, and with that moving to another part of the room, he ſaw a man correcting a ſheet of a book call'd *The Light of the Soul.* Ay, now this is ſomething, cry'd the knight, theſe are the books that ought to be printed, though there are a great many of that kind; for the number of ſinners is prodigious in this age, and there is need of an infinite quantity of lights for ſo many dark ſouls as we have among us. Then paſſing on, and enquiring the title of a book of which another workman was correcting a ſheet, they told him 'twas the ſecond part of that ingenious gentleman *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, written by a certain perſon, a native of Tordeſillas. I have heard of that book before, ſaid Don Quixote, and really thought it had been burnt, and reduc'd to aſhes for a fooliſh impertinent libel; but all in good time. Execution day will come at laſt†. For made ſtories are only ſo far good and agreeable, as they are profitable, and bear the reſemblance of truth; and true hiſtory the more valuable, the farther it keeps from the fabulous. And ſo ſaying, he flung out of the printing-houſe in a huff.

That very day Don Antonio would needs ſhew Don

† *But it's Martinmas will come, as it does to every hog.* Martinmas, or about the feaſt of St. Martin, is the time for making bacon for winter, which gave occaſion to this Spaniſh proverb, as is obſerv'd by Sobrino in his Spaniſh and French dictionary. *A cada puerco le viene ſu ſan Martin;* and, adds he, it is applicable to ſenſual, voluptuous men, who fatten themſelves as hogs, to die like them at God's appointed time.

Quixote the gallies in the road, much to Sancho's ſatisfaction, becauſe he had never ſeen any in his life. Don Antonio therefore gave notice to the commander of the gallies, that in the afternoon he would bring his gueſt, Don Quixote de la Mancha, to ſee them, the commander and all the people of the town being by this time no ſtrangers to the knight's character. But what happen'd in the gallies, muſt be the ſubject of the next chapter.

CHAP. LXIII.

Of Sancho's misfortune on board the gallies, with the ſtrange adventures of the beautiful Moriſca (Mooriſh lady.)

MANY and ſerious were Don Quixote's reflections on the anſwer of the inchanted head, though none hit on the deceit, but center'd all in the promiſe of Dulcinea's diſinchantment; and expecting it would ſpeedily be effected, he reſted joyfully ſatisfy'd. As for Sancho, though he hated the trouble of being a governor, yet ſtill he had an itching ambition to rule, to be obey'd, and appear great; for even fools love authority.

In ſhort, that afternoon Don Antonio, his two friends, Don Quixote, and Sancho, ſet out for the gallies. The commander being advertis'd of their coming, upon their appearance on the key, order'd all the gallies to ſtrike ſail; the muſick play'd, and a pinnance ſpread with rich carpets and crimſon velvet cuſhions was preſently hoiſted out, and ſent to fetch 'em aboard. As ſoon as Don Quixote ſet his foot into it, the admiral galley diſcharg'd her forecaſtle piece, and the reſt of the gallies did the like. When Don Quixote got over the gunnel of the galley on the ſtarboard-ſide, the whole

crew of ſlaves, according to their cuſtom of ſaluting perſons of quality, welcom'd him with three hu, hu, huz, or huzzah's. The general (for ſo we muſt call him) by birth a Valencian, and a man of quality, gave him his hand, and embrac'd him. This day, ſaid he, will I mark as one of the happieſt I expect to ſee in all my life, ſince I have the honour now to ſee Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha; this day, I ſay, that ſets before my eyes the ſummary of wandering chivalry collected in one perſon. Don Quixote return'd his compliment with no leſs civility, and appear'd overjoy'd to ſee himſelf ſo treated like a grandee. Preſently they all went into the ſtate room, which was handſomely adorn'd, and there they took their places. The boatſwain went to the fore caſtle, and with his whiſtle or call gave the ſign to the ſlaves to ſtrip, which was obey'd in a moment. Sancho was ſcar'd to ſee ſo many fellows in their naked ſkins, but moſt of all when he ſaw 'em hoiſt up the ſails ſo incredibly faſt, as he thought could never have been done but by ſo many devils. He had plac'd himſelf a mid-ſhip, next the aftmoſt rower on the ſtarboard-ſide; who being inſtructed what to do, caught hold of him, and giving him a hoiſt, handed him to the next man, who toſs'd him to a third; and ſo the whole crew of ſlaves, beginning on the ſtarboard ſide, made him fly ſo faſt from bench to bench, that poor Sancho loſt the very ſight of his eyes, and verily believed all the devils in hell were carrying him away to rights. Nor did the ſlaves give over bandying him about, till they had handed him in the ſame manner over all the larboard-ſide; and then they ſet him down where they had taken him up, but ſtrangely diſordered, out of breath, in a cold ſweat, and not truly ſenſible what it was that happen'd to him.

Don Quixote ſeeing his ſquire fly at this rate without wings, aſk'd the general if that were a ceremony us'd to all ſtrangers aboard the gallies; for, if it were, he muſt let him know, that as he did not deſign to take

up his reſidence there, he did not like ſuch entertainment; and vowed to heaven, that if any of 'em came to lay hold on him to toſs him at that rate, he would ſpurn their ſouls out of their bodies; and with this, ſtarting up, he lays his hand on his ſword.

At the ſame time they lowered their ſails, and with a dreadful noiſe let down the main yard; which ſo frighted Sancho, who thought the ſky was flying off its hinges, and falling upon him, that he ducked and thruſt his head between his legs for fear. Don Quixote was a little out of ſorts too, he began to ſhiver, and ſhrug up his ſhoulders, and changed colour. The ſlaves hoiſted the main yard again with the ſame force and noiſe that they had lowered it withal. But all this with ſuch ſilence on their parts, as if they had neither voice nor breath. The boatſwain then gave the word to weigh anchor; and leaping a top of the fore caſtle among the crew, with his whip or bull's pizzle, he began to duſt and fly flap their ſhoulders, and by little and little to put off to ſea.

When Sancho ſaw ſo many coloured feet moving at once, for he took the oars to be ſuch; beſhrew my heart, quoth he, here is inchantment in good earneſt; all our adventures and witchcrafts have been nothing to this. What have theſe poor wretches done, that their hides muſt be curried at this rate? and how dares this plaguy fellow go whiſtling about here by himſelf, and maul thus ſo many people? well, I ſay, this is hell, or purgatory at leaſt.

Don Quixote obſerving how earneſtly Sancho looked on theſe paſſages; Ah! dear Sancho, ſaid he, what an eaſy matter now were it for you to ſtrip to the waiſt, and clap yourſelf among theſe gentlemen, and ſo compleat Dulcinea's diſinchantment; among ſo many companions in affliction, you would not be ſo ſenſible of the ſmart; and beſides, the ſage Merlin perhaps might take every one of theſe laſhes, being ſo well laid on, for ten of thoſe which you muſt certainly one day in-

flict on yourſelf. The general of the gallies was going to aſk what he meant by theſe laſhes, and Dulcinea's diſinchantment when a mariner cried out, they make ſigns to us from * Monjoui, that there's a veſſel ſtanding under the ſhore to the weſtward. With that the general leaping upon the courſey, cried, pull away my hearts, let her not eſcape us; this brigantine is an Algerine, I warrant her. Preſently the three other gallies came up with the admiral to receive orders, and he commanded two of 'em to ſtand out to ſea, while he with the other would keep along the ſhore, that ſo they might be ſure of their prize.

The rowers tugged ſo hard that the gallies ſcudded away like lightning, and thoſe that ſtood to ſea, diſcovered, about two miles off, a veſſel with fourteen or fifteen oars, which, upon ſight of the gallies, made the beſt of her way off, hoping by her lightneſs to make her eſcape; but all in vain, for the admiral's galley being one of the ſwifteſt veſſels in thoſe ſeas, gained ſo much way upon her, that the maſter of the brigantine ſeeing his danger, was willing the crew ſhould quit their oars, and yield, for fear of exaſperating the general. But fate ordered it otherwiſe; for upon the admiral's coming up with the brigantine ſo near as to hale her, and bid them ſtrike, two Toraquis, that is, two drunken Turks, among twelve others that were on board the veſſel, diſcharged a couple of muſkets, and killed two ſoldiers that were upon the wale of the galley. The general ſeeing this, vowed he would not leave a man of them alive; and coming up with great fury to graple with her, ſhe ſlipped away under the oars of the galley. The galley ran a head a good way, and the little veſſel finding herſelf clear for the preſent, though without hopes to get off, crouded all the ſail ſhe could, and with oars and ſails began to

* Monjoui is a high tower at Barcelona, on which always ſtands a centinel, who by ſigns gives notice what veſſels he diſcovers at ſea.

make the beſt of their way, while the galley tacked about. But all their diligence did not do 'em ſo much good as their preſumption did 'em harm; for the admiral coming up with her after a ſhort chace, clapped his oars in the veſſel, and ſo took her and every man in her alive.

By this time the other gallies were come up, and all four returned with their prize into the harbour, where great numbers of people ſtood waiting, to know what prize they had taken. The general came to an anchor near the land, and perceiving the vice-roy was on the ſhore, he manned his pinnance to fetch him aboard, and gave orders to lower the main yard, to hang up the maſter of the brigantine, with the reſt of the crew, which conſiſted of about ſix and thirty perſons, all proper luſty fellows, and moſt of 'em Turkiſh muſqueteers. The general aſked, who commanded the veſſel; whereupon one of the priſoners who was afterwards known to be a Spaniard, and a renegado, anſwered him in Spaniſh, this was our maſter, my lord, ſaid he, ſhewing him a young man not twenty years of age, and one of the handſomeſt perſons that could be imagined. You inconſiderate dog, ſaid the general, what made you kill my men, when you ſaw 'twas not poſſible for you to eſcape? Is this the reſpect due to an admiral? don't you know that raſhneſs is no courage? While there is any hope, we are allowed to be bold, but not to be deſperate. The maſter was offering to reply, but the general could not ſtay to hear his anſwer, being obliged to go and entertain the vice-roy, who was juſt come aboard with his retinue, and other of the town. You have had a lucky chace, my lord, ſaid the vice-roy: what have you got? Your excellency ſhall ſee preſently, anſwered the general, I'll ſhew them you immediately hanging at the main-yard arm. How ſo, replied the vice-roy? Becauſe, ſaid he, they have killed me, contrary to all law of arms, reaſon, and cuſtom of the ſea, two of the beſt ſoldiers

I had on board; for which I have ſworn to hang them every mother's ſon, eſpecially this young rogue, the maſter. Saying thus, he ſhewed him a perſon with his hands already bound, and the halter about his neck, expecting nothing but death. His youth, beauty, and reſignation began to plead much in his behalf with the vice-roy, and made him inclinable to ſave him; tell me, captain, ſaid he, art thou born a Turk, or a Moor, or art thou a renegado? none of all theſe, anſwered the youth in good Spaniſh. What then, ſaid the vice roy? A Chriſtian woman, replied the youth; a woman, and a Chriſtian, though in theſe clothes, and in ſuch a poſt; but 'tis a thing rather to be wondered at, than believed. I humbly beſeech ye, my lords, continued the youth, to defer my execution till I give you the hiſtory of my life, and I can aſſure ye, the delay of your revenge will be but ſhort. This requeſt was urged ſo piteouſly, that no body could deny it; whereupon the general bad him proceed, aſſuring him, nevertheleſs, that there was no hopes of pardon for an offence ſo great as was that of which he was guilty. Then the youth began.

I am one of that unhappy and imprudent nation, whoſe miſeries are freſh in your memories. My parents being of the Moriſco race: the current of their misfortunes, with the obſtinacy of two uncles, hurried me out of Spain into Barbary. In vain I profeſſed myſelf a Chriſtian, being really one, and not ſuch a ſecret Mahometan as too many of us were; this could neither prevail with my uncles to leave me in my native country, nor with the ſeverity of thoſe officers that had orders to make us evacuate Spain, to believe it was not a pretence. My mother was a Chriſtian, my father, a man of diſcretion, profeſſed the ſame belief, and I ſucked the Catholic faith with my milk I was handſomely educated, and never betrayed the leaſt mark of the Moriſco breed, either in language or behaviour. With theſe endowments, as I grew up, that

little beauty I had, if ever I had any, began to increaſe; and for all my retired life, and the reſtraint upon my appearing abroad, a young gentleman, called Don Gaſpar Gregorio, got a ſight of me: he was ſon and heir to a knight that lived in the next town: 'twere tedious to relate, how he got an opportunity to converſe with me, fell deſperately in love, and affected me with a ſenſe of his paſſion. I muſt be ſhort, leſt this halter cut me off in the middle of my ſtory. I ſhall only tell you, that he would needs bear me company in my baniſhment, and accordingly, by the help of the Moriſco language, of which he was a perfect maſter, he mingled with the exiles, and getting acquainted with my two uncles that conducted me, we all went together to Barbary, and took up our reſidence at Algiers, or rather hell itſelf.

My father, in the mean time, had very prudently, upon the firſt news of the proclamation to baniſh us, withdrawn to ſeek a place of refuge for us in ſome foreign country, leaving a conſiderable ſtock of money and jewels hidden in a private place, which he diſcovered to no body but me, with orders not to move it till his return.

The king of Algiers, underſtanding I had ſome beauty, and alſo that I was rich, which afterwards turned to my advantage, ſent for me, and was very inquiſitive about my country, and what jewels and gold I had got. I ſatisfied him as to the place of my nativity, and gave him to underſtand, that my riches were buried in a certain place where I might eaſily recover 'em, were I permitted to return where they lay.

This I told him, that in hopes of ſharing in my fortune, his coveteouſneſs ſhould divert him from injuring my perſon. In the midſt of theſe queſtions, the king was informed, that a certain youth, the handſomeſt and lovelieſt in the world, had come over in company with us. I was preſently conſcious that Don Gregorio was the perſon, his beauty anſwering

ſo exactly their deſcription. The ſenſe of the young gentleman's danger was now more grievous to me than my own misfortunes, having been told that thoſe barbarous Turks are much fonder of a handſome youth, than the moſt beautiful woman. The king gave immediate orders he ſhould be brought into his preſence, aſking me whether the youth deſerved the commendations they gave him? I told him, inſpired by ſome good angel, that the perſon they ſo much commended was no man, but of my own ſex, and withal begged his premiſſion to have her dreſſed in a female habit, that her beauty might ſhine in its natural luſtre, and ſo prevent her bluſhes, if ſhe ſhould appear before his majeſty in that unbecoming habit. He conſented, promiſing withal, to give orders next morning for my return to Spain, to recover my treaſure. I ſpoke with Don Gaſper, repreſented to him the danger of appearing a man, and prevailed with him to wait on the king that evening in the habit of a Mooriſh woman. The king was ſo pleaſed with her beauty, that he reſolved to reſerve her as a preſent for the Grand Signior; and fearing the malice of his wives in the Seraglio, and the ſolicitations of his own deſires, he gave her in charge to ſome of the principal ladies of the city, to whoſe houſe ſhe was immediately conducted.

This ſeparation was grievous to us both, for I cannot deny that I love him. Thoſe who have ever felt the pangs of a parting love can beſt imagine the affliction of our ſouls. Next morning, by the king's order, I embarked for Spain in this veſſel, accompanied by theſe two Turks that killed your men, and this Spaniſh rengado that firſt ſpoke to you, who is a Chriſtian in his heart, and came along with me with a greater deſire to return to Spain than to go back to Barbary. The reſt are all Moors and Turks, who ſerve for rowers. Their orders were to ſet me on ſhore with this renegado, in the habit of Chriſtians, on the firſt Spaniſh ground they ſhould diſcover; but theſe two

covetous and inſolent Turks, would needs, contrary to their order, firſt cruiſe upon the coaſt, in hopes of taking ſome prize; being afraid, that if they ſhould firſt ſet us aſhore, ſome accident might happen to us, and make us diſcover that the brigantine was not far off at ſea, and ſo expoſe 'em to the danger of being taken, if there were gallies upon the coaſt. In the night we made this land, not miſtruſting any gallies lying ſo near, and ſo we fell into your hands.

To conclude, Don Gregorio remains in womens habit among the Moors, nor can the deceit long protect him from deſtruction; and here I ſtand expecting, or rather fearing my fate, which yet cannot prove unwelcome, I being now weary of living. Thus, gentlemen, you have heard the unhappy paſſages of my life; I have told you nothing but what is true, and all I have to beg is, that I may die as a Chriſtian, ſince I am innocent of the crimes of which my unhappy nation is accuſed. Here ſhe ſtopped, and with her ſtory and her tears melted the hearts of many of the company.

The vice-roy, being moved with a tender compaſſion, was the firſt to unbind the cords that manacled her fair hands, when an ancient pilgrim, who came on board with the vice-roy's attendants having with a fixed attention minded the damſel during her relation, came ſuddenly, and throwing himſelf at her feet, Oh! Anna Felix, cried he, my dear unfortunate daughter! behold thy father Ricote, that returned to ſeek thee, being unable to live without thee, who art the joy and ſupport of my age. Upon this, Sancho, who had all this while been ſullenly muſing, vexed at the uſage he had met with ſo lately, lifting up his head, and ſtaring the pilgrim in the face, knew him to be the ſame Ricote he had met on the road the day he left his government, and was likewiſe fully perſuaded, that this was his daughter, who being now unbound, embraced her father, and joined with him in his joy

and grief. My lords, ſaid the old pilgrim, this is my daughter, Anna Felix, more unhappy in fortune than in name, and famed as much for her beauty as for her father's riches. I left my country to ſeek a ſanctuary for my age, and having fixed upon a reſidence in Germany, returned in this habit with other pilgrims to dig up and regain my wealth, which I have effectually done; but I little thought thus unexpectedly to have found my greateſt treaſure, my deareſt daughter. My lords, if it can conſiſt with the integrity of your juſtice, to pardon our ſmall offence, I join my prayers and tears with hers, to implore your mercy on our behalf; ſince we never deſigned you any injury, and are innocent of thoſe crimes for which our nation has juſtly been baniſhed. Ay, ay, cried Sancho, (putting in) I know Ricote as well as the beggar knows his diſh; and ſo far as concerns Anna Felix's being his daughter, I know that's true too; but for all the ſtory of his goings out and comings in, and his intentions, whether they were good, or whether they were bad, I'll neither meddle nor make, not I.

So uncommon an accident filled all the company with admiration; ſo that the general turning to the fair captain, your tears, ſaid he, are ſo prevailing, madam, that they compel me now to be forſworn. Live, lovely Anna Felix, live as many years as heaven has decreed you: and let thoſe raſh and inſolent ſlaves, who alone committed the crime, bear the puniſhment of it. With that he gave order to have the two delinquent Turks hanged up at the yard arm: but at the interceſſion of the vice-roy, their fault ſhewing rather madneſs than deſign, the fatal ſentence was revoked; the general conſidering at the ſame time, that their puniſhment in cold blood would look more like cruelty than juſtice.

Then they began to conſider how they might retrieve Don Gaſper Gregorio from the danger he was in; to which purpoſe Ricote offered to the value of a-

bove a thouſand ducats, which he had about him in jewels, to purchaſe his ranſom. But the readieſt expedient was thought to be the propoſal of the Spaniſh renegado, who offered, with a ſmall bark and half a dozen oars manned by Chriſtians, to return to Algiers, and ſet him at liberty, as beſt knowing when and where to land, and being acquainted with the place of his confinement. The general and the vice roy demurred to this motion, thro' a diſtruſt of the renegado's fidelity, ſince he might perhaps betray the Chriſtians that were to go along with him. But Anna Felix engaging for his truth, and Ricote obliging himſelf to ranſom the Chriſtians if they were taken, the deſign was reſolved upon.

The vice-roy went aſhore, committing the Moriſca and her father to Don Antonio Moreno's care, deſiring him at the ſame time to command his houſe for any thing that might conduce to their entertainment; ſuch ſentiments of kindneſs and good nature had the beauty of Anna Felix inſuſed into his breaſt.

CHAP. LXIV.

Of an unlucky adventure, which Don Quixote laid moſt to heart of any that had yet befallen him.

DON Antonio's lady was extremely pleaſed with the company of the fair Moriſca, whoſe ſenſe being as exquiſite as her beauty, drew all the moſt conſiderable perſons in the city to viſit her. Don Quixote told Don Antonio that he could by no means approve the method they had taken to releaſe Don Gregorio, it being full of danger, with little or no probability of ſucceſs; but that their ſureſt way would have been to ſet him aſhore in Barbary, with his horſe and arms, and leave it to him to deliver the gentleman in ſpite of all the Mooriſh power, as Don Gayferos had form-

erly reſcued his wife Meliſſandra. Good your worſhip, quoth Sancho, hearing this, look before you leap. Don Gayferos had nothing but a fair race for't on dry land, when he carried her to France. But here, an't pleaſe you, though we ſhould deliver Don Gregorio, how the devil ſhall we bring him over to Spain croſs the broad ſea? There's a remedy for all things but death, anſwered Don Quixote, 'tis but having a bark ready by the ſea ſide, and then let me ſee what can hinder our getting into it. Ah, maſter, maſter, quoth Sancho, there's more to be done than a diſh to waſh; ſaying is one thing, and doing is another, and for my part, I like the renegado very well, he ſeems to me a good honeſt fellow, and cut out for the buſineſs. Well, ſaid Don Antonio if the renegado fails, then the great Don Quixote ſhall embark for Barbary.

In two days the renegado was diſpatched away in a flete cruiſer of ſix oars o'ſide, manned with briſk luſty fellows, and two days after that, the gallies with the general left the port, and ſteered their courſe eaſtwards. The general having firſt engaged the viceroy to give him an account of Don Gregorio's and Anna Felix's fortune.

Now it happened one morning that Don Quixote, going abroad to take the air upon the ſea-ſhore, armed at all points, according to his cuſtom (his arms, as he ſaid, being his beſt attire, as combat was his refreſhment) he ſpy'd a knight riding towards him, armed like himſelf from head to foot, with a bright moon blazoned on his ſhield, who coming within hearing, called out to him, illuſtrious, and never ſufficiently extolled Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am the knight of the White Moon, whoſe incredible atchievements, perhaps, have reached thy ears. Lo, I am come to enter into combat with thee, and to compel thee by dint of ſword, to own and acknowledge my miſtreſs, by whatever name and dignity ſhe be diſtinguiſhed, to be without any degree of compariſon,

more beautiful than thy Dulcinea del Toboſo. Now if thou wilt fairly confeſs this truth, thou freeſt thyſelf from certain death, and me from the trouble of taking or giving thee thy life. If not, the conditions of our combat are theſe: If victory be on my ſide, thou ſhalt be obliged immediately to forſake thy arms, and the queſt of adventures, and to return to thy own home, where thou ſhalt engage to live quietly and peaceably for the ſpace of one whole year, without laying hand on thy ſword, to the improvement of thy eſtate, and the ſalvation of thy ſoul. But if thou com'ſt off conqueror, my life is at thy mercy, my horſe and arms ſhall be thy trophy, and the fame of all my former exploits, by the lineal deſcent of conqueſt, be veſted in thee as victor. Conſider what thou haſt to do, and let thy anſwer be quick, for my diſpatch is limited to this very day.

Don Quixote was amazed and ſurprized as much at the arrogance of the knight of the White Moon's challenge, as at the ſubject of it; ſo with a ſolemn and auſtere addreſs, Knight of the White Moon, ſaid he, whoſe atchievements have as yet been kept from my knowledge, 'tis more than probable, that you have never ſeen the illuſtrious Dulcinea; for had you ever viewed her perfections, you had there found arguments enough to convince you, that no beauty paſt, preſent, or to come, can parallel hers; and therefore without giving you directly the lie, I only tell thee, knight, thou art miſtaken, and this poſition I will maintain by accepting your challenge on your conditions, except that article of your exploits deſcending to me; for, not knowing what character your actions bear, I ſhall reſt ſatisfied with the fame of my own, by which, ſuch as they are, I am willing to abide. And ſince your time is ſo limited, chuſe your ground, and begin your career as ſoon as you will, and expect to be met with: A fair field, and no favour: *To whom God ſhall give her*†, *St* Peter *give his bleſſing*.

† Meaning Victory. Theſe are words uſed at the marriage ceremony.

While the two knights were thus adjuſting the preliminaries of combat, the vice-roy, who had been informed of the knight of the White Moon's appearance near the city walls, and his parlying with Don Quixote, haſten'd to the ſcene of battle, not ſuſpecting it to be any thing but ſome new device of Don Antonio Moreno, or ſome body elſe. Several gentlemen, and Don Antonio among the reſt, accompanied him thither. They arrived juſt as Don Quixote was wheeling Roſinante to fetch his career; and ſeeing 'em both ready for the onſet, he interpoſed, deſiring to know the cauſe of the ſudden combat. The knight of the White Moon told him there was a lady in the caſe, and briefly repeated to his excellency what paſſed between him and Don Quixote. The vice-roy whiſpered Don Antonio, and aſked him whether he knew that knight of the White Moon, and whether their combat was not ſome jocular device to impoſe upon Don Quixote? Don Antonio anſwered poſitively, that he neither knew the knight, nor whether the combat were in jeſt or earneſt. This put the vice-roy to ſome doubt whether he ſhould not prevent their engagement; but being at laſt perſuaded that it muſt be jeſt at the bottom, he withdrew Valorous knights, ſaid he, if there be no medium between confeſſion and death, but Don Quixote be ſtill reſolved to deny, and you, the knight of the White Moon, as obſtinately to urge, I have no more to ſay; the field is free, and the Lord have mercy on ye.

The knights made their compliments to the vice-roy for his gracious conſent; and Don Quixote making ſome ſhort ejaculations to heaven and his miſtreſs, as he always uſed upon theſe occaſions, began his career, without either ſound of trumpet or any other ſignal. His adverſary was no leſs forward; for ſetttng ſpurs to his horſe, which was much the ſwifter, he met Don Quixote before he had ran half his career, ſo forcibly, that without making uſe of his lance, which

'tis thought he lifted up on purpoſe, he overthrew the knight of la Mancha and Roſinante, both coming to the ground with a terrible fall.

The knight of the White Moon got immediately upon him, and clapping the point of his lance to his face, knight, cried he, you are vanquiſhed, and a dead man, unleſs you immediately fulfil the conditions of your combat. Don Quixote, bruiſed and ſtunned with his fall, without lifting up his beaver, anſwered in a faint hollow voice, as if he had ſpoke out of a tomb, Dulcinea del Toboſo is the moſt beautiful woman in the world, and I the moſt unfortunate knight upon the earth. 'Twere unjuſt that ſuch perfection ſhould ſuffer through my weakneſs. No, pierce my body with thy lance, knight, and let my life expire with my honour. Not ſo rigorous neither, replied the conqueror, let the fame of the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo remain entire and unblemiſhed: provided the great Don Quixote return home for a year, as we agreed before the combat, I am ſatisfied. The vice-roy and Don Antonio with many other gentlemen were witneſſes to all theſe paſſages, and particularly to this propoſal, to which Don Quixote anſwered, that upon condition he ſhould be enjoined nothing to the prejudice of Dulcinea, he would, upon the faith of a true knight, be punctual in the performance of every thing elſe. This acknowledgment being made, the knight of the White Moon turned about his horſe, and ſaluting the vice-roy, rode at a hand gallop into the city, whither Don Antonio followed him, at the vice-roy's requeſt, to find who he was, if poſſible.

Don Quixote was lifted up, and upon taking off his helmet, they found him pale, and in a cold ſweat. As for Roſinante, he was in ſo ſad a plight, that he could not ſtir for the preſent. Then as for Sancho, he was in ſo heavy a taking, that he knew not what to do, nor what to ſay; he was ſometimes perſuaded he was in a dream, ſometimes he fancied this rueful adventure

was all witchcraft and inchantment. In ſhort, he found his maſter diſcomfited in the face of the world, and bound to good behaviour, and to lay aſide his arms for a whole year. Now he thought his glory eclipſed, his hopes of greatneſs vaniſhed into ſmoke, and his maſter's promiſes like his bones, put out of joint by that curſed fall, which he was afraid had at once crippled Roſinante and his maſter. At laſt the vanquiſhed knight was put into a chair, which the vice roy had ſent for, for that purpoſe, and they carried him into town, accompanied likewiſe by the vice-roy, who had a great curiſioty to know who this knight of the White Moon was, that had left Don Quixote in ſo ſad a condition.

CHAP. LXV.

An account of the knight of the White Moon. Don Gregorio's enlargement, and other paſſages.

DON Antonio Moreno follow'd the knight of the White Moon to his inn, whither he was attended by a troubleſome rabble of boys. The knight being got to his chamber, where his ſquire waited to take off his armour, Don Antonio came in, declaring he would not be ſhook off, till he had diſcover'd who he was. The knight finding that the gentleman would not leave him; Sir, ſaid he, ſince I lie under no obligation of concealing myſelf, if you pleaſe, while my man diſarms me, you ſhall hear the whole truth of the ſtory.

You muſt know, Sir, I am call'd the bachelor Carraſco; I live in the ſame town with this Don Quixote, whoſe unaccountable phrenzy has mov'd all his neighbours, and me among the reſt, to endeavour by ſome means to cure his madneſs; in order to which, belie-

ving that reſt and eaſe would prove the ſureſt remedy I bethought myſelf of this ſtratagem; and about three months ago, in all the equipage of a knight-errant, under the title of the knight of the Mirrours, I met him on the road, fix'd a quarrel upon him, and the conditions of our combat were as you have heard already. But fortune then declared for him, for he unhors'd and vanquiſh'd me, and ſo I was diſappointed: he proſecuted his adventures, and I return'd home ſhamefully, very much hurt with my fall. But willing to retrieve my credit, I made this ſecond attempt, and now have ſucceeded. For I know him to be ſo nicely punctual in whatever his word and honour is engag'd for, that he will undoubtedly perform his promiſe. This, Sir, is the ſum of the whole ſtory, and I beg the favour of you to conceal me from Don Quixote, that my project may not be ruin'd the ſecond time, and that the honeſt gentleman, who is naturally a man of good parts, may recover his underſtanding. Oh! Sir, reply'd Don Antonio, what have you to anſwer for, in robbing the world of the moſt diverting folly, that ever was expos'd among mankind? conſider, Sir, that his cure can never benefit the public half ſo much as his diſtemper. But I am apt to believe, Sir Bachelor, that his madneſs is too firmly fix'd for your art to remove, and (heaven forgive me) I can't forbear wiſhing it may be ſo; for by Don Quixote's cure we not only loſe his good company, but the drolleries and comical humours of Sancho Pança, which are enough to cure melancholy itſelf of the ſpleen. However, I promiſe to ſay nothing of the matter, tho' I confidently believe, Sir, your pains will be to no purpoſe. Carraſco told him, that having ſucceeded ſo far, he was obliged to cheriſh better hopes; and asking Don Antonio if he had any farther ſervice to command him, he took his leave, and packing up his armour on a carriage mule, preſently mounted his charging horſe, and leaving the city that very day poſted

homewards, meeting no adventure on the road worth a place in this faithful hiſtory.

Don Antonio gave an account of the diſcourſe he had had with Carraſco to the viceroy, who was vex'd to think that ſo much pleaſant diverſion was like to be loſt to all thoſe that were acquainted with the Don's follies.

Six days did Don Quixote keep his bed, very dejected, ſullen, and out of humour, and full of ſevere and black reflections on his fatal overthrow. Sancho was his comforter, and among other his crumbs of comfort, my dear maſter, quoth he, chear up, come pluck up a good heart, and be thankful for coming off no worſe. Why, a man has broke his neck with a leſs fall, and you han't ſo much as a broken rib. Conſider, Sir, that they that game, ſometimes muſt loſe; we muſt not always look for bacon where we ſee the hooks. Come, Sir, cry a fig for the doctor, ſince you won't need him this bout; let us jogg home fair and ſoftly, without thinking any more of ſauntering up and down nobody knows whither in queſt of adventures and bloody noſes. Why, Sir, I am the greateſt loſer, an you go to that, though it is you that are in the worſt pickle. 'Tis true, I was weary of being a governor, and gave over all thoughts that way; but yet I never parted with my inclination of being an earl; and now if you miſs being a king, by caſting off your knight errantry, poor I may go whiſtle for my earldom. No more of that, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, I ſhall only retire for a year, and then re-aſſume my honourable profeſſion, which will undoubtedly ſecure me a kingdom, and thee an earldom. Heav'n grant it may, quoth Sancho, and no miſchief betide us: hope well, and have well, ſays the proverb.

Don Antonio coming in, broke off the diſcourſe, and with great ſigns of joy calling to Don Quixote, reward me, Sir, cry'd he, for my good news; Don Gregorio and the renegado are ſafe arriv'd, they are now at the

viceroy's palace, and will be here this moment. The knight was a little reviv'd at this news; truly, Sir, ſaid he to Antonio, I could almoſt be ſorry for his good fortune, ſince he has foreſtall'd the glory I ſhould have acquir'd, in releaſing, by the ſtrength of my arm, not only him, but all the Chriſtian ſlaves in Barbary. But whither am I tranſported, wretch that I am! Am I not miſerably overthrown! forbidden the paths of glory for a whole long tedious year? What, ſhould I boaſt, who am fitter for a diſtaff than a ſword! No more of that, quoth Sancho: better my hog dirty at home, than no hog at all. Let the hen live, though ſhe have the pip. To day for thee, and to morrow for me. Never lay this ill fortune to heart; he that's down to day may be up to morrow, unleſs he has a mind to lie a bed. Hang bruiſes; ſo rouſe, Sir, and bid Don Gregorio welcome to Spain; for by the hurry in the houſe, I believe he's come; and ſo it happen'd, for Don Gregorio having paid his duty to the viceroy, and given him an account of his delivery, was juſt arriv'd at Don Antonio's with the renegado, very impatient to ſee Anna Felix. He had chang'd the female habit he wore when he was freed, for one ſuitable to his ſex, which he had from a captive who came along with him in the veſſel, and appear'd a very amiable and handſome gentleman, though not above eighteen years of age. Ricote and his daughter went out to meet him, the father with tears, and the daughter with a joyful modeſty. Their ſalutation was reſerv'd, without an embrace, their love being too refin'd for any looſe behaviour: but their beauties ſurpriz'd every body. ſilence was emphatical in their joys, and their eyes ſpoke more love than their tongues could expreſs. The renegado gave a ſhort account of the ſucceſs of his voyage, and Don Gregorio briefly related the ſhifts he was put to among the women in his confinement, which ſhew'd his wit and diſcretion to be much above his years. Ricote gratify'd the

ſhip's crew very nobly, and particularly the renegado, who was once more receiv'd into the boſom of the church, having with due penance and ſincere repentance purify'd himſelf from all his former uncleanneſs.

Some few days after, the viceroy, in concert with Don Antonio, took ſuch meaſures as were expedient, to get the baniſhment of Ricote and his daughter repeal'd, judging it no inconvenience to the nation, that ſo juſt and orthodox perſons ſhou'd remain among 'em. Don Antonio being oblig'd to go to court about ſome other matters, offer'd to ſollicit in their behalf, hinting to him, that through the interceſſion of friends, and more powerful bribes, many difficult matters were brought about there to the ſatisfaction of the parties. There is no relying upon favour and bribes in our buſineſs, ſaid Ricote, who was by, for the great Don Bernardo de Velaſco, count de Salazar, to whom the king gave the charge of our expulſion, is a perſon of too ſtrict and rigid a diſpoſition, to be mov'd either by money, favour, or affection; and though I cannot deny him the character of a merciful judge in other matters, yet his piercing and diligent policy finds the body of our Moriſcan race to be ſo corrupted, that amputation is the only cure He is an Argus in his miniſtry, and by his watchful eyes has diſcovered the moſt ſecret ſprings of their macinations, and reſolving to prevent the danger which the whole kingdom was in, from ſuch a powerful multitude of inbred foes, he took the moſt effectual means; for after all, lopping off the branches may only prune the tree, and make the poiſonous fruit ſpring faſter; but to overthrow it from the root, proves a ſure deliverance; nor can the great Philip the third be too much extoll'd; firſt, for his heroic reſolution in ſo nice and weighty an affair, and then for his wiſdom in intruſting Don Bernardo de Velaſco with the execution of this deſign. Well then, when I come to court, ſaid Don Antonio to Ricote, I will however uſe the moſt adviſeable means,

and leave the reſt to providence. Don Gregorio ſhall go with me to comfort his parents, that have long mourn'd for his abſence. Anna Felix ſhall ſtay here with my wife, or in ſome monaſtery; and as for honeſt Ricote, I dare engage the viceroy will be ſatisfied to let him remain under his protection till he ſees how I ſucceed. The viceroy conſented to all this; but Don Gregorio fearing the worſt, was unwilling to leave his fair miſtreſs; however, conſidering that he might return to her after he had ſeen his parents, he yielded to the propoſal, and ſo Anna Felix remain'd with Don Antonio's lady, and Ricote with the viceroy.

Two days after, Don Quixote, being ſomewhat recover'd, took his leave of Don Antonio, and having caus'd his armour to be laid on Dapple, he ſet forwards on his journey home: Sancho thus being forced to trudge after him on foot. On the other ſide, Don Gregorio bid adieu to Anna Felix, and their ſeparation, though but for a while, was attended with floods of tears, and all the exceſs of paſſionate ſorrow. Ricote offer'd him a thouſand crowns, but he refus'd them, and only borrow'd five of Don Antonio, to repay him at court.

CHAP. LXVI.

Which treats of that which ſhall be ſeen by him that reads it, and heard by him that liſtens when 'tis read.

DON Quixote, as he went out of Barcelona, caſt his eyes on the ſpot of ground where he was overthrown. Here once Troy ſtood, ſaid he; here my unhappy fate, and not my cowardice, depriv'd me of all the glories I had purchas'd. Here fortune, by an unexpected reverſe, made me ſenſible of her uncon-

ſtancy and fickleneſs. Here my exploits ſuffer'd a total eclipſe; and, in ſhort, here fell my happineſs, never to riſe again. Sancho hearing his maſter thus dolefully paraphraſing on his misfortunes, good Sir, quoth he, 'tis as much the part of great ſpirits to have patience when the world frowns upon 'em, as to be joyful when all goes well: and I judge of it by myſelf; for if when I was a governor I was merry, now I am but a poor ſquire afoot I am not ſad. And indeed I have heard ſay, that this ſame ſhe thing they call Fortune, is a whimſical freakiſh drunken quean and blind into the bargain; ſo that ſhe neither ſees what ſhe does, nor knows whom ſhe raiſes, nor whom ſhe caſts down. Thou art very much a philoſopher, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, thou talk'ſt very ſenſibly. I wonder how thou cam'ſt by all this; but I muſt tell thee there is no ſuch thing as fortune in the world; nor does any thing that happens here below of good or ill come by chance, but by the particular providence of heaven; and this makes good the proverb, that every man may thank himſelf for his own fortune. For my part I have been the maker of mine, but for want of uſing the diſcretion I ought to have us'd, all my preſumptuous edifice ſunk and tumbled down at once. I might well have conſider'd, that Roſinante was too weak and feeble to withſtand the knight of the White Moon's huge and ſtrong built horſe. However, I would needs adventure; I did the beſt I could, and was overcome. Yet though it has coſt me my honour, I have not loſt, nor can I loſe, my integrity to perform my promiſe. When I was a knight errant, valiant and bold, the ſtrength of my hands and my actions gave a reputation to my deeds; and now I am no more than a diſmounted ſquire, the performance of my promiſe ſhall give a reputation to my words. Trudge on then, Friend Sancho, and let us get home, to paſs the year of our probation. In that retirement we ſhall recover new vigour to return to that, which is never to be for-

gotten by me, I mean the profeſſion of arms. Sir, quoth Sancho, 'tis no ſuch pleaſure to beat the hoof as I do, that I ſhould be for large marches. Let us hang up this armour of yours upon ſome tree, in the room of one of thoſe highwaymen that hang hereabouts in cluſters; and when I am got upon Dapple's back, we will ride as faſt as you pleaſe: for to think I can mend my pace, and foot it all the way, is what you muſt excuſe me in. Thou haſt ſpoken to the purpoſe, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote; let my arms be hung for a trophy, and underneath, or about 'em, we will carve on the bark of the trees the ſame inſcription, which was written near the trophy of Orlando's arms:

Let none but he theſe arms diſplace,
Who dares Orlando's fury face.

Why, this is as I wou'd have it, quoth Sancho; and were it not that we ſhall want Roſinante upon the road, 'twere not amiſs to leave him hanging too. Now I think better on't, ſaid Don Quixote, neither the armour nor the horſe ſhall be ſerv'd ſo. It ſhall never be ſaid of me, *For good ſervice, bad reward.* Why that's well ſaid, quoth Sancho, for indeed 'tis a ſaying among wiſe men, that the fault of the aſs muſt not be laid on the pack ſaddle; and therefore, ſince in this laſt jobb you yourſelf were in fault, even puniſh yourſelf, and let not your fury wreak itſelf upon your poor armour, bruis'd and batter'd with doing you ſervice, nor upon the tameneſs of Roſinante, that good condition'd beaſt, nor upon the tenderneſs of my feet, requiring them to travel more than they ought.

They paſs'd that day, and four more after that in ſuch kind of diſcourſe, without meeting any thing that might interrupt their journey; but on the fifth day, as they enter'd into a country town, they ſaw a great company of people at an inn-door, being got together for paſtime, as being a holiday. As ſoon as Don Quix-

ote drew near, he heard one of the countrymen cry to the reſt, look ye now, we'll leave it to one of theſe two gentlemen that are coming this way, they know neither of the parties: Let either of 'em decide the matter. That I will with all my heart, ſaid Don Quixote, and with all the equity imaginable, if you'll but ſtate the caſe right to me. Why, Sir, ſaid the countryman, our buſineſs is this; one of our neighbours here in this town, ſo fat and ſo heavy, that he weighs eleven † arrobas, or eleven quarters of a hundred, (for that's the ſame thing) has challenged another man o' this town, that weighs not half ſo much, to run with him a hundred paces with equal weight. Now he that gave the challenge, being asked how they ſhould make equal weight, demands that the other who weighs but five quarters of a hundred, ſhould carry a hundred and a half of iron, and ſo the weight, he ſays, will be equal. Hold, Sir, cry'd Sancho, before Don Quixote could anſwer, this buſineſs belongs to me, that come ſo lately from being a governor, and a judge, as all the world knows; I ought to give judgment in this doubtful caſe. Do then, with all my heart, friend Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, for I am not fit to give crumbs to a cat *, my brain is ſo diſturb'd, and out of order. Sancho having thus got leave, and all the countrymen ſtanding about him, gaping to hear him give ſentence, brothers, quoth he, I muſt tell you, that the fat man is in the wrong box, there's no manner of reaſon in what he aſks; for if, as I always heard ſay, he that is challeng'd may chuſe his weapons, there's no reaſon he ſhould chuſe ſuch as may incumber him, and hinder him from getting the better of him that defy'd him. Therefore 'tis my judg-

† An arroba is a quarter of an hundred weight.

* Alluding to the cuſtom in Spain, of an old or diſabled ſoldier's carrying offals of tripe or liver about the ſtreets to feed the cats.---Poor Quixote's arrogance is mightily abated by his being vanquiſhed.

ment, that he who gave the challenge, and is ſo big and ſo fat, ſhall cut, pare, ſlice, or ſhave off a hundred and fifty pounds of his fleſh, here and there as he thinks fit; and then being reduc'd to the weight of t'other, both parties may run their race upon equal terms By fore George, quoth one of the country people, that had heard the ſentence, this gentleman has ſpoken like one of the ſaints of heaven; he has given judgment like a caſuiſt; but I warrant the fat ſquab loves his fleſh too well to part with the leaſt ſliver of it, much leſs will he part with a hundred and a half. Why then, quoth another fellow, the beſt way will be not to let them run at all; for then lean need not venture to ſprain his back by running with ſuch a load; and fat need not cut out his pamper'd ſides into collops: ſo let half the wager be ſpent in wine, and let's take theſe gentlemen to the tavern that has the beſt, *and lay the cloak upon me when it rains.* I return ye thanks, gentlemen, ſaid Don Quixote, but I cannot ſtay a moment, for diſmal thoughts and diſaſters force me to appear unmannerly, and to travel at an uncommon rate; and ſo ſaying, he clapp'd ſpurs to Roſinante, and moved forwards, leaving people to deſcant on his ſtrange figure, and the rare parts of his groom, for ſuch they took Sancho to be. If the man be ſo wiſe, quoth another of the country fellows to the reſt, b'eſs us! what ſhall we think of the maſter! I'll hold a wager, if they be going to ſtudy at Salamanca, they will come to be lord chief juſtices in a trice; for there's nothing more eaſy, 'tis but ſtudying and ſtudying again, and having a little favour and good luck; and when a man leaſt dreams of it, ſlap, he ſhall find himſelf with a judge's gown upon his back, or a biſhop's mitre upon his head.

That night the maſter and the man took up their lodging in the middle of a field, under the roof of the open ſky; and the next day, as they were on their journey, they ſaw coming towards 'em, a man a-foot

with a wallet about his neck, and a javelin or dart in his hand, juſt like a foot poſt: the man mended his pace when he came near Don Quixote, and almoſt running, came, with a great deal of joy in his looks, and embraced Don Quixote's right thigh, for he could reach no higher. My lord Don Quixote de la Mancha, cry'd he, oh! how heartily glad my lord duke will be when he underſtands you are coming again to his caſtle, for there he is ſtill with my lady ducheſs. I do not know you, friend, anſwer'd Don Quixote, nor can I imagine who you ſhould be, unleſs you tell me yourſelf. My name is Toſilos, an't pleaſe your honour; I am my lord duke's footman, the ſame who would not fight with you about Donna Rodriguez's daughter. Bleſs me! cry'd Don Quixote, is it poſſible you ſhould be the man whom thoſe enemies of mine, the magicians, transform'd into a lacquey, to deprive me of the honour of that combat? ſoftly, good Sir, reply'd the footman, there was neither inchantment nor transformation in the caſe. I was as much a fooman when I enter'd the liſts, as when I went out; and it was becauſe I had a mind to marry the young gentlewoman that I refus'd to fight. But I was ſadly diſappointed; for when you were gone, my lord duke had me ſoundly bang'd, for not doing as he order'd me in that matter; and the upſhot was this, Donna Rodriguez is packed away to ſeek her fortune, and the daughter is ſhut up in a nunnery. As for me I am going to Barcelona with a packet of letters from my lord to the viceroy. However, Sir, if you pleaſe to take a ſup, I have here a calabaſh full of the beſt. 'Tis a little hot, I muſt own, but 'tis neat, and I have ſome excellent cheeſe, that will make it go down I warrant ye. I take you at your word, quoth Sancho, I am no proud man, leave ceremonies to the church, and ſo let's drink, honeſt Toſilos, in ſpite of all the inchanters in the Indies. Well, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, thou art certainly the verieſt glutton that ever was, and the ſilliеſt block-

head in the world, elſe thou wouldſt conſider that this man thou ſeeſt here, is inchanted, and a ſham lacquey. Then ſtay with him if thou thinkeſt fit, and gratify thy voracious appetite; for my part I'll ride ſoftly on before. Toſilos ſmil'd, and laying his bottle and cheeſe upon the graſs, he and Sancho ſat done there, and like ſociable meſſmates, never ſtirr'd till they had quite clear'd the wallet of all that was in it fit for the belly, and this with ſuch an appetite, that when all was conſum'd, they lick'd the very packet of letters, becauſe it ſmelt of cheeſe. While they were thus employ'd, hang me, quoth Toſilos, if I know what to make of this maſter of your's: doubtleſs he ought to be reckon'd a madman. Why † ought? reply'd Sancho; he owes nothing to any body; for he pays for every thing, eſpecially where madneſs is current: there he might be the richeſt man in the kingdom, he has ſuch a ſtock of it. I ſee it full well, and full well I tell him of it: but what boots it: eſpecially now that he's all in the dumps, for having been worſted by the knight of the White Moon. Toſilos begg'd of Sancho to tell him that ſtory; but Sancho ſaid it would not be handſome to let his maſter ſtay for him, but that next time they met, he'd tell him the whole matter. With that they got up, and, after the ſquire had bruſhed his cloaths, and ſhaken off the crumbs from his beard, he drove Dapple along; and with a good by t'ye, he left Toſilos, in order to overtake his maſter, who ſtaid for him under the cover of a tree.

† A double entendre upon the word *deve*, which is put for *muſt*, the ſign of a mood, or for owing a debt.

CHAP. LXVII.

How Don Quixote reſolv'd to turn ſhepherd, and lead a rural life, for the year's time he was oblig'd not to bear arms; with other paſſages truly good and diverting.

IF Don Quixote was much diſturb'd in mind before his overthrow, he was much more diſquieted after it. While he ſtay'd for his ſquire under the tree, a thouſand thoughts crowded into his head, like flies into a honey pot; ſometimes he ponder'd on the means to free Dulcinea from inchantment, and at others, on the life he was to lead during his involuntary retirement. In this brown ſtudy, Sancho came up to him, crying up Toſilos as the honeſteſt fellow and the moſt gentleman-like footman in the world. Is it poſſible, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, thou ſhouldſt ſtill take that man for a real lacquey? haſt thou forgot how thou ſaw'ſt Dulcinea converted and transformed into the reſemblance of a ruſtic wench, and the knight of the Mirrours into the batchelor Carraſco; and all this by the necromantic arts of thoſe evil-minded magicians, that perſecute me? but laying this aſide, pr'ythee tell me, didſt thou not aſk Toſilos what became of Altiſidora: whether ſhe bemoan'd my abſence, or diſmiſs'd from her breaſt thoſe amorous ſentiments that diſturb'd her when I was near her? faith and troth, quoth Sancho, my head ran on ſomething elſe, and I was too well employ'd to think of ſuch fooliſh ſtuff. Body of me! Sir, are you now in a mood to aſk about other folks thoughts, eſpecially their love-thoughts too? look you, ſaid Don Quixote, there's a great deal of difference between thoſe actions that proceed from love, and thoſe that are the effect of gratitude. It is poſſible a

gentleman ſhould not be at all amorous, but ſtrictly ſpeaking, he cannot be ungrateful. 'Tis very likely that Altiſidora lov'd me well; ſhe preſented me, as thou know'ſt, with three night-caps; ſhe wept and took on when I went away; curs'd me, abus'd me, and, in ſpite of modeſty, gave a looſe to her paſſion; all tokens that ſhe was deeply in love with me, for the anger of lovers commonly vents itſelf in curſes. It was not in my power to give her any hopes, nor had I any coſtly preſent to beſtow on her; for all I have reſerv'd is for Dulcinea; and the treaſures of a knight-errant are but fairy gold, and a deluſive good: ſo all I can do, is only to remember the unfortunate fair, without prejudice however to the rights of my Dulcinea, whom thou greatly injur'ſt, Sancho, by delaying the accompliſhment of the penance that muſt free the poor lady from miſery. And ſince thou art ſo ungenerouſly ſparing of that pamper'd hide of thine, may I ſee it devour'd by wolves, rather than ſee it kept ſo charily for the worms. Sir, quoth Sancho, to deal plainly with you, it can't for the blood of me, enter into my head, that jerking my back ſide will ſignify a ſtraw to the diſ-inchanting of the inchanted. Sir, 'tis as if we ſhould ſay, if your head akes, anoint your ſhins. At leaſt, I dare be ſworn that in all the ſtories of knight-errantry you have thumb'd over, you never knew flogging unbewitch'd any body. However, when I can find myſelf in the humour, d'ye ſee, I'll about it; when time ſerves, I'll chaſtiſe myſelf, ne'er fear. I wiſh thou wouldſt, anſwer'd Don Quixote, and may heaven give thee grace at leaſt to underſtand how much 'tis thy duty to relieve thy miſtreſs; for as ſhe is mine, by conſequence ſhe is thine, ſince thou belong'ſt to me.

Thus they went on talking, till they came near the place where the bulls had run over 'em; and Don Quixote knowing it again, Sancho, ſaid he, yonder's that meadow where we met the fine ſhepherdeſſes, and the gallant ſhepherds, who had a mind to renew or imitate

the paſtoral Arcadia. 'Twas certainly a new and ingenious conceit. If thou think'ſt well of it, we'll follow their example, and turn ſhepherds too, at leaſt for the time I am to lay aſide the profeſſion of arms; I'll buy a flock of ſheep, and every thing that's fit for a paſtoral life, and ſo calling myſelf the ſhepherd Quixotis, and thee the ſhepherd Panſino, we'll range the woods, the hills and meadows, ſinging and verſifying. We'll drink the liquid cryſtal, ſometimes out of the fountains, and ſometimes from the purling brooks, and the ſwift gliding ſtreams. The oaks, the cork-trees, and cheſnut-trees will afford us both lodging and diet; the willows will yield us their ſhade; the roſes preſent us their inoffenſive ſweets; and the ſpacious meads will be our carpets, diverſify'd with colours of all ſorts: bleſs'd with the pureſt air, and unconfin'd alike, we ſhall breathe that and freedom. The moon and ſtars, our tapers of the night, ſhall light our evening walks. Light hearts will make us merry, and mirth will make us ſing. Love will inſpire us with a theme and wit, and Apollo with harmonious lays. So ſhall we become famous, not only while we live, but make our loves eternal as our ſongs. As I live, quoth Sancho, this ſort of life nicks me to an hair *, and I fancy, that if the batchelor, Sampſon Carraſco and maſter Nicholas have but once a glimpſe of it, they'll e'en turn ſhepherds too; nay, 'tis well if the curate does not put in for one among the reſt, for he's a notable joker, and merrily inclined. That was well thought on, ſaid Don Quixote: and then if the batchelor will make one among us, as I doubt not but he will, he may call himſelf the ſhepherd Samſonino, or Carraſcon; and maſter Nicholas Niculoſo, as formerly old Boſcan call'd himſelf Nemoroſo §. For the curate, I don't well know what name we ſhall give him, un-

* This kind of life ſquares and corners with me exactly, *Quadrado y eſquinado:* Alluding to the corner ſtone of a building, which anſwers both ways.

§ In plain Engliſh, as if Mr. Wood, (for ſo *Boſque* ſignifies,) ſhould call himſelf Mr. Grove, ſo *Nemus* ſignifies in Latin.

leſs we ſhould call him the ſhepherd Curiambro. As for the ſhepherdeſſes with whom we muſt fall in love, we can't be at a loſs to find 'em names, there are enough for us to pick and chuſe; and ſince my miſtreſs's name is not improper for a ſhepherdeſs, any more than for a princeſs, I will not trouble myſelf to get a better; thou may'ſt call thine as thou pleaſeſt. For my part, quoth Sancho, I don't think of any other name for mine but Terreſona, that will fit her fat ſides full well, and is taken from her Chriſtian name too; ſo when I come to mention her in my verſes, every body will know her to be my wife, and commend my honeſty, as being one that is not for picking another man's lock: as for the curate he muſt be contented without a ſhepherdeſs, for good example's ſake. And for the batchelor, let him take his own choice, if he means to have one. Bleſs me! ſaid Don Quixote, what a life ſhall we lead! What a melody of oaten reeds, and † Zamora bag-pipes ſhall we have reſounding in the air! what intermixture of tabors, morrice-bells, and fiddles! and if to all the different inſtruments we add the albogues, we ſhall have all manner of paſtoral muſic. What are the albogues? quoth Sancho: for I don't remember I've ſeen or ever heard of 'em in my life. They are, ſaid Don Quixote, a ſort of inſtruments made of braſs-plates, rounded like candleſticks: the one ſhutting into the other, there ariſes through the holes or ſtops, and the trunk or hollow, an odd ſound, which is not very grateful, or harmonious, is however not altogether diſagreeable, but does well enough with the ruſticity of the bag-pipe and tabor. You muſt know the word is Mooriſh, as indeed are all thoſe in our Spaniſh, that begin with an Al, as Almoaza, Almorſar, Alhombra, Alguaſil, Alucema, Almacen, Alcanzia, and the like, which are not very many. And we have alſo but three Mooriſh words in our tongue that end in I; and they are Borcequi, Zaqui-

† Zamora is a city in Spain famous for that ſort of muſic, as Lancaſhire is in England for the bag-pipe.

cami, and Maravedi; for as to Alheli and Alfaqui, they are as well known to be Arabick by their beginning with Al, as their ending in I. I could not forbear telling thee ſo much by the bye, thy quere about albogue having brought it into my head. There is one thing more that will go a great way towards making us compleat in our new kind of life, and that's poetry; thou know'ſt I am ſomewhat given that way, and the batchelor Carraſco is a moſt accompliſh'd poet, to ſay nothing of the curate; though I'll hold a wager he is a dabbler in it too, and ſo is maſter Nicholas, I dare ſay; for all your barbers are notable ſcrapers and ſongſters. For my part, I'll complain of abſence, thou ſhalt celebrate thy own loyalty and conſtancy; the ſhepherd Carraſcon ſhall expoſtulate on his ſhepherdeſs's diſdain, and the paſtor Curiambro chuſe what ſubject he likes beſt, and ſo all will be managed to our hearts content. Alas! quoth Sancho, I am ſo unlucky, that I fear me, I ſhall never live to ſee theſe bleſſed days. How ſhall I lick up the curds and cream! I'll ne'er be without a wooden ſpoon in my pocket. Oh, how many of them will I make! what garlands and what pretty paſtoral fancies will I contrive! which though they mayn't recommend me for wiſdom, will make me paſs at leaſt for an ingenious fellow. My daughter Sanchica ſhall bring us our dinner a field. But hold, have a care of that! ſhe's a young likely wench, and ſome ſhepherds are more knaves than fools; and I would not have my girl go out for wool, and come home ſhorn; for love and wicked doings, are to be found in the fields, as well as in cities; and in a ſhepherd's cot, as well as in a king's palace. Take away the cauſe, and the effect ceaſes; what the eye ne'er ſees, the heart ne'er rues. One pair of heels is worth two pair of hands; and we muſt watch as well as pray. No more proverbs, good Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote; any one of theſe is ſufficient to make us know thy meaning. I have told thee often enough not to be ſo laviſh of thy proverbs; but

'tis all loſt upon thee: I preach in a deſart: my mother whips me, and I whip the top. Faith and troth, quoth Sancho, this is juſt as the ſaying is, the porridge-pot calls the kettle black-arſe———you chide me for ſpeaking proverbs, and yet you bring 'em out two at a time. Look you Sancho, thoſe I ſpoke, are to the purpoſe, but thou fetcheſt thine in by head and ſhoulders, to their utter diſgrace, and thy own. But no more at this time, it grows late, let us leave the road a little, and take up our quarters yonder in the fields; to-morrow will be a new day. They did accordingly, and made a ſlender meal, as little to Sancho's liking as his hard lodging; which brought the hardſhips of knight-erranting freſh into his thoughts, and made him wiſh for the better entertainment he had ſometimes found, as at Don Diego's, Camacho's, and Don Antonio's houſes: but he conſider'd after all, that it could not be always fair weather, nor was it always foul; ſo he betook himſelf to his reſt till morning, and his maſter to the uſual exerciſe of his roving imaginations.

CHAP. LXVIII.

The adventure of the hogs.

THE night was very dark, though the moon ſtill kept her place in the ſky; but it was in ſuch a part, as oblig'd her to be inviſible to us; for now and then madam Diana takes a turn to the Antipodes, and then the mountains in black, and the vallies in darkneſs, mourn her ladyſhip's abſence. Don Quixote, after his firſt ſleep, thought nature ſufficiently refreſh'd, and would not yield to the temptations of a ſecond. Sancho indeed did not enjoy a ſecond, but from a different reaſon: for he uſually made but one nap of the whole night, which was owing to the ſoundneſs of his

conſtitution, and his unexperience of cares, that lay ſo heavy upon Don Quixote.

Sancho, ſaid the knight, after he had pull'd the ſquire till he had waked him too, I am amaz'd at the inſenſibility of thy temper. Thou art certainly made of marble or ſolid braſs, thou lieſt ſo without either motion or feeling: thou ſleep'ſt while I wake; thou ſing'ſt while I mourn; and while I am ready to faint for want of ſuſtenance, thou art lazy and unwieldy with mere gluttony. It is the part of a good ſervant, to ſhare in the afflictions of his maſter. Obſerve the ſtillneſs of the night, and the ſolitary place we are in. 'Tis pity ſuch an opportunity ſhould be loſt in ſloth and unactive reſt; rouſe for ſhame, ſtep a little aſide, and with a good grace, and a chearful heart, ſcore me up ſome three or four hundred laſhes upon thy back, towards the diſenchanting of Dulcinea. This I make my earneſt requeſt, being reſolv'd never to be rough with thee again upon this account; for I muſt confeſs thou can'ſt lay a heavy hand on a man upon occaſion. When that performance is over, we'll paſs the remainder of the night in chanting, I of abſence, and thou of conſtancy, and ſo begin thoſe paſtoral exerciſes, which are to be our employment at home. Sir, anſwer'd Sancho, do you take me for a monk or friar, that I ſhould ſtart up in the middle of the night, and diſcipline myſelf at this rate? or, do you think it ſuch an eaſy matter to ſcourge and clapper claw my back one moment, and fall a ſinging the next? look you, Sir, ſay not a word more of this whipping; for as I love my fleſh, you'll put me upon making ſome raſh oath or other that you won't like, and then if the bare bruſhing of my coat would do you any good, you ſhould not have it, much leſs the currying of my hide, and ſo let me go to ſleep again. Oh obdurate heart! cried Don Quixote; oh, impious ſquire! oh nouriſhment and favours ill beſtowed! is this my reward for having got thee a government, and my good intentions to get thee an earldom, or an

equivalent at leaſt, which I dare engage to do when this year of our obſcurity is elapſed; for, in ſhort, *poſt tenebras ſpero lucem.* That I don't underſtand, quoth Sancho, but this I very well know, that while I am aſleep, I feel neither hope nor deſpair; I am free from pain and inſenſible of glory. Now bleſſings light on him that firſt invented this ſame ſleep: it covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; 'tis meat for the hungry, drink for the thirſty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot. 'Tis the current coin that purchaſes all the pleaſures of the world cheap; and the ballance that ſets the king and the ſhepherd, the fool and the wiſe man even. There is only one thing which ſomebody once put into my head, that I diſlike in ſleep; 'tis, that it reſembles death; there's very little difference between a man in his firſt ſleep, and a man in his laſt ſleep. Moſt elegantly ſpoken, ſaid Don Quixote! thou haſt much out done any thing I ever heard thee ſay before, which confirms me in the truth of one of thy own proverbs; *birth is much, but breeding more.* Cod's me! maſter of mine, cried Sancho, I'm not the only he now that threads proverbs, for you tack 'em together faſter than I do, I think: I ſee no difference, but that yours come in ſeaſon, mine out of ſeaſon; but for all that, they are all but proverbs.

Thus they were employed, when their ears were alarmed with a kind of a hoarſe and grunting noiſe, that ſpread itſelf over all the adjacent valleys. Preſently Don Quixote ſtarted up on his legs, and laid his hand to his ſword: as for Sancho, he immediately ſet up ſome intrenchments about him, clapping the bundle of armour on one ſide, and fortifying the other with the aſs's pack ſaddle, and then gathering himſelf up of a heap, ſquatted down under Dapple's belly, where he lay panting, as full of fears as his maſter of ſurprize; while every moment the noiſe grew louder, as the cauſe of it approached, to the terror of the one,

at leaſt; for as for t'other, 'tis ſufficiently known what his valour was.

Now the occaſion was this: ſome fellows were driving a herd of above ſix hundred ſwine to a certain fair; and with their grunting and ſqueaking, the filthy beaſts made ſuch a horrible noiſe, that Don Quixote and Sancho were almoſt ſtunned with it; and could not imagine whence it proceeded. But at length the knight and ſquire ſtanding in their way, the rude briſtly animals came thronging up all in a body, and without any reſpect of perſons, ſome running between the knight's legs, and ſome between the ſquire's, threw down both maſter and man, having not only inſulted Sancho's intrenchments, but alſo thrown down Roſinante: and having thus broke in upon 'em, on they went, and bore down all before 'em, overthrowing pack ſaddle, armour, knight, ſquire, horſe and all; crowding, treading and trampling over them all at a horrid rate Sancho was the firſt that made a ſhift to recover his legs; and having by this time found out what the matter was, he called to his maſter to lend him his ſword, and ſwore he would ſtick at leaſt half a dozen of thoſe rude porkers immediately. No, no, my friend, ſaid Don Quixote, let 'em e'en go; heaven inflicts this diſgrace upon my guilty head; for 'tis but a juſt puniſhment that dogs ſhould devour, hornets ſting, and vile hogs trample on a vanquiſhed knight errant. And belike, quoth Sancho, that heaven ſends the fleas to ſting, the lice to bite, and hunger to famiſh us poor ſquires, for keeping theſe vanquiſhed knights company. If we ſquires were the ſons of thoſe knights, or any ways related to 'em, why then, ſomething might be ſaid for our bearing a ſhare of their puniſhment, though it were to the third and fourth generation. But what have the Panças to do with the Quixotes? well, let's to our old places again, and ſleep out the little that's left of the night. To-morrow is a new day. Sleep, Sancho, cried Don

Quixote, ſleep, for thou wert born to ſleep: but I, who was deſign'd to be ſtill waking, intend before Aurora uſhers in the ſun, to give a looſe to my thoughts, and vent my conceptions in a madrigal, that I made laſt night unknown to thee. Methinks, quoth Sancho, a man can't be in great affliction, when he can turn his brain to the making of verſes. Therefore, you may verſify on as long as you pleaſe, and I'll ſleep it out as much as I can. This ſaid, he laid himſelf down on the ground, as he thought beſt, and hunching himſelf cloſe together, fell faſt aſleep, without any diſturbance from either debts, ſuretiſhips, or any care whatſoever. On the other ſide, Don Quixote leaning againſt the trunk of a beech, or a cork tree (for 'tis not determined by Cid Hamet which it was) ſung in concert with his ſighs, the following compoſition.

A SONG TO LOVE.

'WHene'er I think what mighty pain,
'The ſlave muſt bear who drags thy chain.
'Oh! love, for eaſe to death I go,
'The cure of thee, the cure of life and woe.

'But when, alas! I think I'm ſure
'Of that which muſt by killing cure,
'The pleaſure that I feel in death,
'Proves a ſtrong cordial to reſtore my breath.

'Thus life each moment makes me die,
'And death itſelf new life can give;
'I hopeleſs and tormented lie,
'And neither truly die nor live.

The many tears as well as ſighs that accompanied this muſical complaint, were a ſign that the knight had deeply laid to heart his late defeat, and the abſence of his Dulcinea.

Now day came on, and the ſun darting his beams on Sancho's face, at laſt awaked him: whereupon, rubbing his eyes, and yawning and ſtretching his drowſy limbs, he perceived the havock that the hogs had made in his baggage, which made him wiſh, not only the herd but ſomebody elſe too at the devil for company. In ſhort, the knight and the ſquire both ſet forward on their journey, and about the cloſe of the evening, they diſcovered ſome half a ſcore horſemen, and four or five fellows on foot, making directly towards them. Don Quixote at the ſight, felt a ſtrange emotion in his breaſt, and Sancho fell a ſhivering from head to foot; for they perceived that theſe ſtrangers were provided with ſpears and ſhields and other warlike implements: whereupon the knight turning to the ſquire, ah! Sancho, ſaid he, were it lawful for me at this time to bear arms, and had I my hands at liberty and not tied up by my promiſe, what a joyful ſight ſhould I eſteem this ſquadron that approaches! but perhaps, notwithſtanding my preſent apprehenſions, things may fall out better than we expect.

By this time the horſemen with their lances advanced, came cloſe up to them without ſpeaking a word, and encompaſſing Don Quixote in a menacing manner, with their points levelled to his back and breaſt, one of the footmen, by laying his finger upon his mouth, ſignified to Don Quixote, that he muſt be mute; then taking Roſinante by the bridle, he led him out of the road, while the reſt of the footmen ſecured Sancho and Dapple, and drove them ſilently after Don Quixote, who attempted twice or thrice to aſk the cauſe of this uſage; but he no ſooner began to open, but they were ready to run the heads of their ſpears down his throat. Poor Sancho fared worſe yet; for as he offered to ſpeak, one of the foot guards gave him a jagg with a goad, and ſerved Dapple as bad, though the poor beaſt had no thought of ſaying a word.

As it grew night, they mended their pace, and then

the darkneſs increaſed the fears of the captive knight and ſquire eſpecially when every minute their ears were tormented with theſe or ſuch like words: on, on, ye Troglodytes; ſilence, ye Barbarian ſlaves; vengeance, ye Anthropophagi; grumble not, ye Scythians; be blind, ye murdering Polyphemes, ye devouring lions. Bleſs us (thought Sancho) what names do they call us here! Trollopites, Barber's Slaves, and Andr'w Hodgepodgy, City-Cans, and Burframes; I don't like the ſound of 'em. Here's one miſchief on the neck of another. When a man's down, down with him: I would compound for a good dry beating, and glad to 'ſcape ſo too. Don Quixote was no leſs perplexed, not being able to imagine the reaſon either of their hard uſage or ſcurrilous language, which hitherto promiſed but little good. At laſt, after they had rode about an hour in the dark, they came to the gates of the caſtle, which Don Quixote preſently knowing to be the duke's, where he had ſo lately been; heaven bleſs me, cried he, what do I ſee! was not this the manſion of civility and humanity! But thus the vanquiſhed are doomed to ſee every thing frown upon 'em. With that the two priſoners were led into the great court of the caſtle, and found ſuch ſtrange preparations made there, as increaſed at once their fear, and their amazement; as we ſhall find in the next chapter.

CHAP. LXIX.

Of the moſt ſingular and ſtrange adventure that befell Don Quixote in the whole courſe of this famous hiſtory.

ALL the horſemen alighted, and the footmen ſnatching up Don Quixote and Sancho in their arms, hurried them into the court yard, that was illuminated with above a hundred torches, fixed in huge can-

dleſticks; and about all the galleries round the court, were placed above five hundred lights; inſomuch, that all was day in the midſt of the darkneſs of the night. In the middle of the court there was a tomb, raiſed ſome two yards from the ground, with a large pall of black velvet over it, and round about it a hundred tapers of virgins' wax, ſtood burning in ſilver candleſticks. Upon the tomb lay the body of a young damſel, who, though to all appearance dead, was yet ſo beautiful, that death itſelf ſeemed lovely in her face. Her head was crowned with a garland of fragrant flowers, and ſupported by a pillow of cloth of gold, and in her hands, that were laid acroſs her breaſt, was ſeen a branch of that yellow palm, that uſed of old to adorn the triumphs of conquerors. On one ſide of the court there was a kind of a theatre erected, on which two perſonages ſat in chairs, who by the crowns upon their heads, and ſcepters in their hands were, or at leaſt appeared to be kings. By the ſide of the theatre, at the foot of the ſteps by which the kings aſcended, two other chairs were placed, and thither Don Quixote and Sancho were led, and cauſed to ſit down; the guards that conducted 'em continuing ſilent all the while, and making their priſoners underſtand, by awful ſigns, that they muſt alſo be ſilent. But there was no great occaſion for that caution; for their ſurprize was ſo great, that it had tred up their tongues without it.

At the ſame time two other perſons of note aſcended the ſtage with a numerous retinue, and ſeated themſelves on two ſtately chairs by the two theatrical kings. Theſe Don Quixote preſently knew to be the duke and ducheſs, at whoſe palace he had been ſo nobly entertained. But what he diſcovered as the greateſt wonder, was, that the corpſe upon the tomb was the body of the fair Altiſidora.

As ſoon as the duke and ducheſs had aſcended, Don Quixote and Sancho made 'em a profound obeiſance,

which they returned with a ſhort inclining of their heads. Upon this a certain officer entered the court, and coming up to Sancho, he clapped over him a black buckram frock, all figured over with flames of fire, and taking off his cap, he put on his head a kind of mitre, ſuch as is worn by thoſe who undergo public penance by the inquiſition; whiſpering him in the ear at the ſame time, that if he did but offer to open his lips, they would put a gag in his mouth, or murder him to rights. Sancho viewed himſelf over from head to foot, and was a little ſtartled to ſee himſelf all over in fire and flames; but yet ſince he did not feel himſelf burn, he cared not a farthing. He pulled off his mitre, and found it pictured over with devils; but he put it on again, and bethought himſelf, that ſince neither the flames burn'd him, nor the devils ran away with him, 'twas well enough. Don Quixote alſo ſtedfaſtly ſurveyed him, and in the midſt of all his apprehenſions, could not forbear ſmiling to ſee what a ſtrange figure he made. And now in the midſt of that profound ſilence, while every thing was mute, and expectation moſt attentive, a ſoft and charming ſymphony of flutes, that ſeemed to iſſue from the hollow of the tomb, agreeably filled their ears. Then there appeared at the head of the monument, a young man extremely handſome, and dreſſed in a Roman habit, who to the muſic of a harp, touched by himſelf, ſung the following ſtanza's with an excellent voice:

ALTISIDORA'S DIRGE.

'WHILE ſlain, the fair Altiſidora lies,
'A victim to Don Quixote's cold diſdain;
'Here all things mourn, all pleaſure with her dies,
'And weeds of woe diſguiſe the graces train.

'I'll ſing the beauties of her face and mind,
'Her hopeleſs paſſion, her unhappy fate;
'Not Orpheus ſelf in numbers more refin'd,
'Her charms, her love, her ſuff'rings could relate.

'Nor ſhall the fair alone in life be ſung,
'Her boundleſs praiſe is my immortal choice;
'In the cold grave, when death benums my tongue,
'For thee, bright maid, my ſoul ſhall find a voice.

'When from this narrow cell my ſpirit's free,
'And wanders grieving with the ſhades below,
'Ev'n o'er oblivion's waves I'll ſing to thee;
'And hell itſelf ſhall ſympathize in woe.

Enough, cried one of the two kings; no more, divine muſician; it were an endleſs taſk to enumerate the perfections of Altiſidora, or give us the ſtory of her fate. Nor is ſhe dead, as the ignorant vulgar ſurmiſes; no, in the mouth of fame ſhe lives, and once more ſhall revive, as ſoon as Sancho, has undergone the penance that is decreed to reſtore her to the world. Therefore, O Rhadamanthus; thou who ſitteſt in joint commiſſion with me in the opacous ſhades of Dis, tremendous judge of hell! thou to whom the decrees of fate, inſcrutable to mortals, are revealed, in order to reſtore this damſel to life, open and declare 'em immediately, nor delay the promiſed felicity of her return, to comfort the drooping world.

Scarce had Minos finiſhed his charge, but Rhadamanthus ſtarting up: proceed, ſaid he, ye miniſters and officers of the houſhold, ſuperior and inferior, high and low; proceed one after another, and mark me Sancho's chin with twenty four twitches, give him twelve pinches, and run ſix pins into his arms and backſide; for Altiſidora's reſtoration depends on the performance of this ceremony. Sancho hearing this could hold out no longer, but bawling out, body of me!

cried he, I'll as ſoon turn Turk, as give you leave to do all this. You ſhall put no chin or countenance of mine upon any ſuch mortification. What the devil can the ſpoiling of my face ſignify to the reſtoring of this damſel? I may as ſoon turn up my broad end, and awaken her with a gun. Dulcinea is bewitched and I forſooth muſt flog myſelf, to free her from witchcraft! and here's Altiſidora too, drops off of one diſtemper or other, and preſently poor Sancho muſt be pulled by the handle of his face, his ſkin filled with oilet holes, and his arms pinched black and blue, to ſave her from the worms! no, no, you muſt not think to put tricks upon travellers. An old dog underſtands trap*. Relent, cried Rhadamanthus aloud, thou tyger, ſubmit proud Nimrod, ſuffer and be ſilent, or thou dieſt: no impoſſibility is required from thee; and therefore pretend not to expoſtulate on the ſeverity of thy doom. Thy face ſhall receive the twitches, thy ſkin ſhall be pinched, and thou ſhalt groan under the penance Begin, I ſay, ye miniſters of juſtice, execute my ſentence, or, as I'm an honeſt man, ye ſhall curſe the hour ye were born. At the ſame time ſix old duenas, or waiting women, appeared in the court, marching in a formal proceſſion one after another, four of 'em wearing ſpectacles, and all with their right hands held aloft, and their wriſts, according to the faſhion, about four inches bare, to make their hands ſeem the longer. Sancho no ſooner ſpy'd them, but, roaring out like a bull, do with me what you pleaſe, cried he, let a ſackful of mad cats lay their claws on me, as they did on my maſter in this caſtle, drill me through with ſharp daggers, tear the fleſh from my bones with red hot pincers, I'll bear it with patience, and ſerve your worſhips: but the devil ſhall run away with me at once, before I'll ſuffer old waiting women to lay a finger upon me. Don Quixote upon this broke ſilence; have patience, my ſon, cried he, and

* *Tus, tus*, in the original. See this explained elſewhere.

reſign thyſelf to theſe potentates, with thanks to heaven, for having endow'd thy perſon with ſuch a gift, as to releaſe the inchanted, and raiſe the dead from the grave.

By this time the waiting women were advanced up to Sancho, who, after much perſuaſion, was at laſt wrought upon to ſettle himſelf in his ſeat, and ſubmit his face and beard to the female executioners; the firſt that approach'd gave him a clever twitch, and then dropp'd him a courteſy. Leſs courteſy, and leſs ſauce good Mrs. Governante, cry'd Sancho; for, by the life of Pharaoh, your fingers ſtink of vinegar. In ſhort all the waiting-women, and moſt of the ſervants came and twitch'd and pinch'd him decently, and he bore it all with unſpeakable patience. But when they came to prick him with pins, he could contain no longer; but ſtarting up in a pelting chafe, ſnatch'd up one of the torches that ſtood near him, and ſwinging it round, put all the women and the reſt of his tormentors to their heels. Avaunt, cry'd he, ye imps of the devil, d'ye think my backſide is made of braſs, or that I intend to be your maſter's martyr, with a horſe pox t'ye!

At the ſame time Altiſidora, who could not but be tired with lying ſo long upon her back, began to turn herſelf on one ſide, which was no ſooner perceiv'd by the ſpectators, but they all ſet up the cry, *ſhe lives, ſhe lives!* Altiſidora *lives!* and then Rhadamanthus addreſſing himſelf to Sancho, deſir'd him to be pacify'd, for now the wonderful recovery was effected. On the other ſide Don Quixote, ſeeing Altiſidora ſtir, went and threw himſelf on his knees before Sancho; my dear ſon, cry'd he, for now I will not call thee ſquire, now is the hour for thee to receive ſome of the laſhes that are incumbent upon thee for the diſinchanting of Dulcinea. This, I ſay, is the auſpicious time, when the virtue of thy ſkin is moſt mature and efficacious for working the wonders that are expected from it. Out

of the frying pan into the fire, quoth Sancho; I have brought my hogs to a fair market truly; after I have been twing'd and tweak'd by the noſe, and every where, and my buttocks ſtuck all over, and made a pin-cuſhion of, I muſt be now whipp'd like a top, muſt I? if you have a mind to get rid of me, can't you as well tie a good ſtone about my neck, and tip me into a well. Better make an end of me at once, than have me loaded ſo every foot like a pack-horſe with other folks burdens. Look ye, ſay but one word more to me of any ſuch thing, and on my ſoul all the fat ſhall be in the fire.

By this time Altiſidora ſat on the tomb, and preſently the muſick ſtruck up, all the inſtruments being join'd with the voices of the ſpectators, who cry'd aloud, live, live, Altiſidora, Altiſidora live! The duke and ducheſs got up, and with Minos and Rhadamanthus, accompany'd by Quixote and Sancho, went all in a body to receive Altiſidora, and hand her down from the tomb. She pretending to faint, bow'd to the duke and ducheſs, and alſo to the two kings; but caſting a ſkew look upon Don Quixote, heaven forgive that hard-hearted lovely knight, ſaid ſhe, whoſe barbarity has made me an inhabitant of the other world for ought I know a thouſand years. But to thee, ſaid ſhe, turning to Sancho, to thee, the moſt compaſſionate ſquire that the world contains, I return my thanks for my change from death to life; in acknowledgment of which, ſix of the beſt ſmocks I have, ſhall be chang'd into ſhirts for thee; and if they are not ſpick and ſpan new, yet they are all as clean as a penny. Sancho pull'd off his mitre, put his knee to the ground, and kiſs'd her hand. The duke commanded, that they ſhould return him his cap, and inſtead of his flaming frock, to give him his gaberdine; but Sancho begg'd of his grace, that he might keep the frock and mitre, to carry into his own country, as a relic of that wonderful adventure. The ducheſs ſaid, he ſhould have 'em, for

he knew ſhe was always one of his beſt friends. Then the duke ordered the company to clear the court, and retire to their reſpective lodgings, and that Don Quixote and Sancho ſhould be conducted to their apartments.

CHAP. LXX.

Which comes after the ſixty-ninth, and contains ſeveral particulars, neceſſary for the illuſtration of this hiſtory.

THAT night Sancho lay in a truckle-bed in Don Quixote's chamber, a lodging not much to the ſquire's liking, being very ſenſible that his maſter would diſturb him with impertinent chat all night long; and this entertainment he found himſelf not rightly diſpos'd for, his late penance having taken him quite off the talking pin; and a hovel, with good ſound ſleep, had been more agreeable to his circumſtances, than the moſt ſtately apartments in ſuch troubleſome company; and indeed his apprehenſions prov'd ſo right, that his maſter was ſcarcely laid when he began to open:

Sancho, ſaid he, what is your opinion of this night's adventure? great and mighty is the force of love when heighten'd by diſdain, as the teſtimony of your own eyes may convince you in the death of Altiſidora. 'Twas neither a dart, a dagger, nor any poiſon that brought her to her end, but ſhe expir'd through the meer ſenſe of my diſdain of her affection. I had not car'd a pin, anſwer'd Sancho, though ſhe had dy'd of the pip, ſo ſhe had but let me alone; I never courted her, nor ſlighted her in my born days; and for my part, I muſt ſtill think it ſtrange, that the life and well-doing of Altiſidora, a whimſical, maggotty gentlewoman, ſhould depend upon the plaguing of Sancho Pança. But there

are ſuch things as inchanters and witchcrafts that's certain, from which good heaven deliver me for 'tis more than I can do myſelf. But now, Sir, let me ſleep, I beſeech you; for if you trouble me with any more queſtions, I'm reſolv'd to leap out of the window. I'll not diſturb thee, honeſt Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, ſleep, if the ſmart of thy late torture will let thee. No pain, anſwer'd Sancho, can be compar'd to the abuſe my face ſuffer'd, becauſe 'tis done by the worſt of ill-natur'd creatures, I mean old waiting-women; the devil take 'em, quo' I, and ſo good night! I want a good nap to ſet me to rights, and ſo once again, pray let me ſleep. Do ſo, ſaid Don Quixote, and heaven be with thee. Thereupon they both fell aſleep, and while they are aſleep, Cid Hamet takes the opportunity to tell us the motives that put the duke and dutcheſs upon this odd compound of extravagancies, that has been laſt related. He ſays, that the bachelor Carraſco meditating revenge for having been defeated by Don Quixote when he went by the title of the knight of the Mirrours, reſolv'd to make another attempt in hopes of better fortune; and therefore having underſtood where Don Quixote was, by the page that brought the letters and preſent to Sancho's wife, he furniſh'd himſelf with a freſh horſe and arms, and had a white moon painted on his ſhield; his accoutrements were all pack'd up on a mule, and, leſt Thomas Cecial his former attendant ſhould be known by Don Quixote or Sancho, he got a country-fellow to wait on him as a ſquire. Coming to the duke's caſtle, he was inform'd that the knight was gone to the tournament at Saragoſa, the duke giving the bachelor an account alſo how pleaſantly they had impos'd upon him with the contrivance for Dulcinea's diſinchantment, to be effected at the expence of Sancho's poſteriors. Finally, he told him how Sancho had made his maſter believe that Dulcinea was transform'd into a country-wench by the power of magick; and how the dutcheſs had

perſuaded Sancho that he was deluded himſelf, and Dulcinea inchanted in good earneſt. The bachelor, though he could not forbear laughing, was nevertheleſs ſtruck with wonder at this mixture of cunning and ſimplicity in the ſquire, and the uncommon madneſs of the maſter The duke then made it his requeſt, that if he met with the knight, he ſhould call at the caſtle as he return'd, and give him an account of his ſucceſs, whether he vanquiſh'd him or not. The bachelor promis'd to obey his commands; and departing in ſearch of Don Quixote, he found him not at Saragoſa, but travelling farther, met him at laſt, and had his revenge as we have told you. Then taking the duke's caſtle in his way home, he gave him an account of the circumſtances and conditions of the combat, and how Don Quixote was repairing homewards, to fulfil his engagement of returning to and remaining in his village for a year, as it was incumbent on the honour of chivalry to perform, and in this ſpace, the bachelor ſaid, he hop'd the poor gentleman might recover his ſenſes, declaring withal, that the concern he had upon him, to ſee a man of his parts in ſuch a diſtracted condition, was the only motive that could put him upon ſuch an attempt. Upon this he return'd home, there to expect Don Quixote, who was coming after him. This information engag'd the duke, who was never to be tir'd with the humours of the knight and the ſquire, to take this occaſion to make more ſport with 'em; he order'd all the roads thereabouts, eſpecially thoſe that Don Quixote was moſt likely to take to be laid by a great many of his ſervants, who had orders to bring him to the caſtle, right or wrong.

They met him accordingly, and ſent their maſter an account of it; whereupon all things being prepar'd againſt his coming, the duke caus'd the torches and tapers to be all lighted round the court, and Altiſidora's tragi-comical interlude was acted, with the humours of Sancho Pança, the whole ſo to the life, that

the counterfeit was hardly diſcernable. Cid Hamet adds, that he believ'd thoſe that play'd all theſe tricks were as mad as thoſe they were impos'd upon: And that the duke and ducheſs were within a hair's breadth of being thought fools themſelves, for taking ſo much pains to make ſport with the weakneſs of two poor ſilly wretches.

Now to return to our two adventurers; the morning found one of 'em faſt aſleep, and the other broad awake, tranſported with his wild imaginations. They thought it time to riſe, eſpecially the Don, for the bed of ſloth was never agreeable to him, whether vanquiſh'd or victorious.

Altiſidora, whom Don Quixote ſuppos'd to have been rais'd from the dead, did that day (to humour her lord and lady) deck her head with the ſame garland ſhe wore upon the tomb, and in a looſe gown of white taffaty flower'd with gold, her diſhevell'd locks flowing negligently on her ſhoulders, ſhe enter'd Don Quixote's chamber, ſupporting herſelf with an ebony ſtaff.

The knight was ſo ſurpriz'd and amaz'd at this unexpected apparition, that he was ſtruck dumb; and not knowing how to behave himſelf, he ſlunk down under the bed-clothes, and cover'd himſelf over head and ears. However, Altiſidora plac'd herſelf in a chair cloſe by his bed's-head, and after a profound ſigh: to what an extremity of misfortune and diſtreſs, ſaid ſhe, in a ſoft and languiſhing voice, are young ladies of my virtue and quality reduc'd, when they thus trample upon the rules of modeſty, and without regard to virgin decency, are forc'd to give their tongues a looſe, and betray the ſecrets of their hearts! alas! noble Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am one of thoſe unhappy perſons over rul'd by my paſſion, but yet ſo reſerved and patient in my ſufferings, that ſilence broke my heart, and my heart broke in ſilence. 'Tis now two days, moſt inexorable and marble hearted man, ſince

the ſenſe of your ſevere uſage and cruelty brought me to my death, or ſomething ſo like it, that every one that ſaw me, judg'd me to be dead. And had not love been compaſſionate, and aſſign'd my recovery on the ſufferings of this kind ſquire, I had ever remain'd in the other world. Truly, quoth Sancho, love might e'en as well have made choice of my aſs for that ſervice, and he would have obliged me a great deal more. But pray, good miſtreſs, tell me one thing now, and ſo heaven provide you a better natur'd ſweet-heart than my maſter, what did you ſee in the other world? What ſort of folks are there in hell? for there I ſuppoſe you have been; for thoſe that die of deſpair, muſt needs go to that ſummer-houſe. To tell you the truth, reply'd Altiſidora, I fancy I could not be dead out-right, becauſe I was not got ſo far as hell; for had I been once in, I'm ſure I ſhould ne'er have been allow'd to have got out again. I got to the gates indeed, where I found a round dozen of devils in their breeches and waiſtcoats, playing at tennis with flaming rackets; they wore flat bands with ſcollop'd Flanders lace and ruffles of the ſame; four inches of their wriſts* bare, to make their hands look the longer; in which they held rackets of fire. But what I moſt wonder'd at, was, that inſtead of tennis balls, they made uſe of books that were every whit as light, and ſtuff'd with wind and flocks, or ſuch kind of trumpery. This was indeed moſt ſtrange and wonderful; but, what ſtill amaz'd me more, I found, that, contrary to the cuſtom of gameſters, among whom the winning party at leaſt is in good humour, and the loſers only angry, theſe helliſh toſſers of books of both ſides did nothing but fret ſume, ſtamp, curſe and ſwear moſt horribly, as if they had been all loſers.

That's no wonder at all, quoth Sancho; for your

* It was ſo ſtrange and impudent a ſight for women or men to ſhew their naked wriſts or arms, that the author puts the devils in that faſhion.

devils, whether they play or no, win or loſe, they can never be contented. That may be, ſaid Altiſidora, but another thing that I admire (I then admir'd I would ſay) was, that the ball would not bear a ſecond blow, but at every ſtroke they were oblig'd to change books, ſome of 'em new, ſome old, which I thought very ſtrange. And one accident that happen'd upon this I can't forget: They toſs'd up a new book fairly bound, and gave it ſuch a ſmart ſtroke, that the very guts flew out of it, and all the leaves were ſcatter'd about. Then cry'd one of the devils to another, look, look, what book is that? 'Tis the ſecond part of the hiſtory of Don Quixote, ſaid the other; not that which was compos'd by Cid Hamet, the author of the firſt, but by a certain Arragonian, who profeſſes himſelf a native of Tordeſillas. Away with it, cry'd the firſt devil, down with it, plunge it to the loweſt pit of hell, where I may never ſee it more. Why, is it ſuch ſad ſtuff, ſaid the other? ſuch intolerable ſtuff, cry'd the firſt devil, that if I and all the devils in hell ſhould ſet their heads together to make it worſe, it were paſt our ſkill. The devils continu'd their game, and ſhatter'd a world of other books, but the name of Don Quixote, that I ſo paſſionately ador'd, confin'd my thoughts only to that part of the viſion which I have told you. It could be nothing but a viſion to be ſure, ſaid Don Quixote, for I am the only perſon of the name now in the univerſe, and that very book is toſs'd about here at the very ſame rate, never reſting in a place, for every body has a fling at it. Nor am I concern'd that any phantom aſſuming my name, ſhould wander in the ſhades of darkneſs, or in the light of this world, ſince I am not the perſon of whom that hiſtory treats. If it be well writ, faithful, and authentick, it will live ages; but if it be bad, 'twill have a quick journey from it's birth to the grave of oblivion. Altiſidora was then going to renew her expoſtulations and complaints againſt Don Quixote, had not he thus interrupted her:

I have often caution'd you, Madam, ſaid he, of fixing your affections upon a man who is abſolutely uncapable of making a ſuitable return. It grieves me to have a heart obtruded upon me, when I have no entertainment to give it, but bare cold thanks. I was only born for Dulcinea del Toboſo, and to her alone the Deſtinies (if ſuch there be) have devoted my affection: ſo 'tis preſumption for any other beauty to imagine ſhe can diſplace her, or but ſhare the poſſeſſion ſhe holds in my ſoul. This I hope may ſuffice to take away all foundation from your hopes, to recal your modeſty, and re-inſtate it in its proper bounds, for impoſſibilities are not to be expected from any creature upon earth.

At hearing this, death of my life! cry'd Altiſidora, putting on a violent paſſion, thou lump of lead, who haſt a ſoul of morter, and a heart as little and as hard as the ſtone of an olive, more ſtubborn than a common plough-jobber, or a carrier's horſe that will never go out of his road, I have a good mind to tear your eyes out, as deep as they are in your head. Why, thou beaten ſwaſh buckler, thou rib roaſted knight of the cudgel, haſt thou the impudence to think that I dy'd for love of thy lantern-jaws? no, no, Sir Tiffany, all that you have ſeen this night has been counterfeit, for I would not ſuffer the pain of a flea-bite, much leſs that of dying, for ſuch a dromedary as thou art. Troth! laſs, I believe thee, quoth Sancho; for all theſe ſtories of people dying for love are meer tales of a roaſted horſe. They tell you they'll die for love, but the devil a bit. Truſt to that and be laugh'd at.

Their diſcourſe was interrupted by the coming in of the harper, ſinger, and compoſer of the ſtanza's that were perform'd in the court the night before. Sir knight, ſaid he to Don Quixote, making a profound obeiſance, let me beg the favour of being number'd among your moſt humble ſervants; 'tis an honour which I have long been ambitious to receive, in regard of your great renown, and the value of your atchieve-

ments. Pray, Sir, ſaid Don Quixote, let me know who you are, that I may proportion my reſpects to your merits. The ſpark gave him to underſtand, he was the perſon that made and ſung the verſes he heard the laſt night. Truly, Sir, ſaid Don Quixote, you have an excellent voice; but I think your poetry was little to the purpoſe; for what relation pray have the ſtanza's of Garcilaſſo to this lady's death? Oh! Sir, never wonder at that, reply'd the muſician, I do but as other brothers of the quill: all the upſtart poets of the age do the ſame, and every one writes what he pleaſes, how he pleaſes, ſteals and from whom he pleaſes, whether it be to the purpoſe or no? for let them write and ſet to muſick what they will, though never ſo impertinent and abſurd, there is a thing call'd poetical licence, that is our warrant, and a ſafeguard and refuge for nonſenſe, among all the men of jingle and metre.

Don Quixote was going to anſwer, but was interrupted by the coming in of the duke and ducheſs, who improving the converſation, made it very pleaſant for ſome hours; and Sancho was ſo full of his odd conceits and arch wipes, that the duke and ducheſs were at a ſtand which to admire moſt, his wit, or his ſimplicity. After that Don Quixote begg'd leave for his departure that very day, alledging that knights in his unhappy circumſtances were rather fitter to inhabit an humble cottage than a kingly palace. They freely comply'd with his requeſt, and the ducheſs deſir'd to know if Altiſidora had yet attain'd to any ſhare of his favour. Madam, anſwer'd Don Quixote, I muſt freely tell your grace, that I am confident all this damſel's diſeaſe proceeds from nothing elſe in the world but idleneſs. So nothing in nature can be better phyſic for her diſtemper, than to be continually employ'd in ſome innocent and decent things. She has been pleas'd to inform me, that bone-lace is much worn in hell; and ſince, without doubt, ſhe knows how to

make it, let that be her taſk, and I'll engage the tumbling of her bobbins to and again will ſoon toſs her love out of her head, now this is my opinion, madam, and my advice. And mine too, quoth Sancho, for I never knew any of your bone lace makers die for love, nor any other young wench, that had any thing elſe to do; I know it by myſelf: when I am hard at work, with a ſpade in my hand, I no more think of pig'ſnyes (my own dear wife I mean) than I do of my dead cow, though I love her as the apple of my eye. You ſay well, Sancho, anſwer'd the ducheſs, and I'll take care that Altiſidora ſhall not want employment for the future; ſhe underſtands her needle, and I'm reſolv'd ſhe ſhall make uſe on't. Madam, ſaid Altiſidora, I ſhall have no occaſion for any remedy of that nature; for the ſenſe of the ſeverity and ill uſage that I have met with from that vagabond monſter, will, without any other means, ſoon raze him out of my memory. In the mean time, I beg your grace's leave to retire, that I may no longer behold, I won't ſay his woful figure, but his ugly and abominable countenance. Theſe words, ſaid the duke, put me in mind of the proverb, *After railing, comes forgiving*. Altiſidora putting her handkerchief to her eyes, as it were to dry her tears, and then making her honours to the duke and ducheſs, went out of the room. Alack-a-day! poor girl, cry'd Sancho; I know what will be the end of thee, ſince thou art fall'n into the hands of that ſad ſoul, that mercileſs maſter of mine, with a crab-tree heart, as tough as any oak. Woe be to thee, a faith! hadſt thou fall'n in love with this ſweet face of mine, body of me, thou hadſt met with a cock of the game. The diſcourſe ended here. Don Quixote dreſs'd, din'd with the duke and ducheſs, and departed that afternoon.

CHAP. LXXI.

What happen'd to Don Quixote, and his ſquire, in their way home.

THE vanquiſh'd knight errant continu'd his journey, equally divided between grief and joy; the thought of his overthrow ſometimes ſunk his ſpirits, but then the aſſurance he had of the virtue lodg'd in Sancho, by Altiſidora's reſurrection, rais'd them up again; and yet, after all, he had much ado to perſuade himſelf that the amorous damſel was really dead. As for Sancho, his thoughts were not at all of the pleaſing kind; on the contrary, he was mightily upon the ſullen, becauſe Altiſidora had bilk'd him of the ſmocks ſhe promis'd him; and his head running upon that, faith and troth, Sir, quoth he, I have the worſt luck of any phyſician under the cope of heaven; other doctors kill their patients, and are paid for it too, and yet they are at no farther trouble than ſcrawling two or three cramp words for ſome phyſical ſlip ſlop, which the apothecaries are at all the pains to make up. Now here am I, that ſave people from the grave at the expence of my own hide, pinch'd, clapper-claw'd, run through with pins, and whipp'd like a top, and yet the devil a croſs I get by the bargain. But if ever they catch me a curing any body o'this faſhion, unleſs I have my fee before-hand, may I be ſerv'd as I have been for nothing. Ods-diggers! they ſhall pay ſauce for't; no money, no cure; the monk lives by his ſinging; and I can't think heaven would make me a doctor, without allowing me my fees. You're in the right, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, and Altiſidora has done unworthily in diſappointing you of the ſmocks. Though you muſt own, that the virtue by which thou workeſt theſe wonders

was a free gift, and coſt thee nothing to learn, but the art of patience. For my part, had you demanded your fees for diſinchanting Dulcinea, you ſhould have receiv'd 'em already; but I am afraid there can be no gratuity proportionable to the greatneſs of the cure; and therefore I would not have the remedy depend upon a reward; for who knows whether my proffering it, or thy acceptance of it, might not hinder the effect of the penance? however, ſince we've gone ſo far, we'll put it to a trial: come, Sancho, name your price, and down with your breeches. Firſt pay your hide, then pay yourſelf out of the money of mine that you have in your cuſtody. Sancho opening his eyes and ears above a foot wide at this fair offer, leap'd preſently at the propoſal. Ay, ay, Sir, now you ſay ſomething, quoth he, I'll do't with a jirk now, ſince you ſpeak ſo feelingly: I have a wife and children to maintain, Sir, and I muſt mind the main chance. Come then, how much will you give me by the laſh? Were your payment, ſaid Don Quixote, to be anſwerable to the greatneſs and merits of the cure, not all the wealth of Venice, nor the Indian mines were ſufficient to reward thee. But ſee what caſh you have of mine in your hands, and ſet what price you will on every ſtripe. The laſhes, quoth Sancho, are in all three thouſand three hundred and odd, of which I have had five; the reſt are to come, let thoſe five go for the odd ones, and let's come to the three thouſand three hundred. At a quartillo, or three half pence a piece (and I would not bate a farthing, if 'twere to my brother) they will make three thouſand three hundred three half-pences. Three thouſand three half-pences, make fifteen hundred three pences, which amounts to ſeven hundred and fifty reals or ſix-pences. Now the three hundred remaining three half-pences, make an hundred and fifty three pences, and threeſcore and fifteen ſix-pences; put that together, and it comes juſt to eight hundred and twenty-five reals, or ſix-pences, to a farthing. This money,

Sir, if you pleaſe, I'll deduct from your's that I have in my hands, and then I'll reckon myſelf well paid for my jirking, and go home well pleas'd, though well whipp'd; but that's nothing, ſomething has ſome ſavour; he muſt not think to catch fiſh, who is afraid to wet his feet. I need ſay no more. Now bleſſings on thy heart, my deareſt Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote! oh! my friend, how ſhall Dulcinea and I be bound to pray for thee, and ſerve thee while it ſhall pleaſe heaven to continue us on earth! if ſhe recover her former ſhape and beauty, as now ſhe infallibly muſt, her misfortune will turn to her felicity, and I ſhall triumph in my defeat. Speak, dear Sancho, when wilt thou enter upon thy taſk, and a hundred reals more ſhall be at thy ſervice, as a gratuity for thy being expeditious? I'll begin this very night, anſwer'd Sancho, do you but order it ſo that we may lie in the fields, and you ſhall ſee how I'll lay about me; I ſhan't be ſparing of my fleſh, I'll aſſure you.

Don Quixote long'd for night ſo impatiently, that, like all eager expecting lovers, he fancy'd Phoebus had broke his chariot-wheels, which made the day of ſo unuſual a length; but at laſt it grew dark, and they went out of the road into a ſhady wood, where they both alighted, and being ſat down upon the graſs, they went to ſupper upon ſuch proviſions as Sancho's wallet afforded.

And now having ſatisfy'd himſelf, he thought it time to ſatisfy his maſter, and earn his money. To which purpoſe he made himſelf a whip of Dapple's halter, and having ſtripped himſelf to the waiſt, retir'd farther up into the wood at a ſmall diſtance from his maſter. Don Quixote, obſerving his readineſs and reſolution, could not forbear calling after him; dear Sancho, cry'd he, be not too cruel to thyſelf neither: have a care, do not hack thyſelf to pieces: make no more haſte than good ſpeed; go more gently to work, ſoft and fair goes fartheſt; I mean, I would not have thee kill thyſelf before thou getteſt to the end of the tally; and that the

reckoning may be fair on both ſides, I will ſtand at a diſtance, and keep an account of the ſtrokes by the help of my beads; and ſo heaven proſper thy pious undertaking. He's an honeſt man, quoth Sancho, who pays to a farthing; I only mean to give myſelf a hearty whipping, for don't think I need kill myſelf to work miracles. With that he began to exerciſe the inſtrument of penance, and Don Quixote to tell the ſtrokes. But by that time Sancho had apply'd ſeven or eight laſhes on his bare back, he felt the jeſt bite him ſo ſmartly, that he began to repent him of his bargain: whereupon, after a ſhort pauſe he call'd to his maſter, and told him, that he would be off with him, for ſuch laſhes as theſe, laid on with ſuch a confounded lick-back, were modeſtly worth three pence a piece of any man's money; and truly he could not afford to go on at three half pence a laſh. Go on, friend Sancho, anſwer'd Don Quixote, take courage and proceed, I'll double thy pay, if that be all. Say you ſo, quoth Sancho, then have at all; I'll lay it on thick and three-fold. Do but liſten——— With that, ſlap went the ſcourge; but the cunning knave left perſecuting his own ſkin, and fell foul of the trees, fetching ſuch diſmal groans every now and then, that one would have thought he had been giving up the ghoſt. Don Quixote, who was naturally tender hearted, fearing he might make an end of himſelf before he could finiſh his penance, and ſo diſappoint the happy effects of it: hold, cry'd he, hold, my friend, as thou loveſt thy life, hold I conjure thee, no more at this time. This ſeems to be a very ſharp ſort of phyſic. Therefore pray don't take it all at once, make two doſes of it. Come, come, all in good time, Rome was not built in a day. If I have told right, thou haſt given thyſelf above a thouſand ſtripes; that's enough for one beating: for, to uſe a homely phraſe, the aſs will carry his load, but not a double load; ride not a free horſe to death. No, no, quoth Sancho, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid of me, the eater-

bread is forgotten, or that I thought it working for a dead horſe, becauſe I am paid before-hand. Therefore ſtand off, I beſeech you; get out of the reach of my whip, and let me lay on t'other thouſand, and then the heart of the work will be broke: ſuch another flogging bout, and the jobb will be over. Since thou art in the humour, reply'd Don Quixote, I will withdraw, and heaven ſtrengthen and reward thee! with that, Sancho fell to work afreſh, and beginning upon a new ſcore, he laſh'd the trees at ſo unconſcionable a rate, that he fetch'd off their ſkins moſt unmercifully. At length, raiſing his voice, ſeemingly reſolv'd to give himſelf a ſparing blow, he lets drive at a beech tree with might and main: there! cry'd he, down with thee, Sampſon, and all that are about thee! this diſmal cry, with the ſound of the dreadful ſtrokes that attended it, made Don Quixote run preſently to his ſquire, and laying faſt hold on the halter, which Sancho had twiſted about and manag'd like a bull's pizzle, hold, cry'd he, friend Sancho, ſtay the fury of thy arm: doſt thou think I will have thy death, and the ruin of thy wife and children, to be laid at my door? forbid it, Fate! let Dulcinea ſtay a while, till a better opportunity offers itſelf. I myſelf will be contented to live in hopes, that when thou haſt recover'd new ſtrength, the buſineſs may be accompliſh'd to every body's ſatisfaction. Well, Sir, quoth Sancho, if it be your worſhip's will and pleaſure it ſhould be ſo, ſo let it be quo' I But, for goodneſs-ſake, do ſo much as throw your cloak over my ſhoulders; for I am all in a muck ſweat, and I've no mind to catch cold; we novices are ſomewhat in danger of that when we firſt undergo the diſcipline of flogging. With that Don Quixote took off his cloak from his own ſhoulders, and putting it over thoſe of Sancho, choſe to remain in cuerpo; and the crafty ſquire being lapp'd up warm, fell faſt aſleep, and never ſtirr'd till the Sun wak'd him.

In the morning they went on their journey, and af-

ter three hours riding, alighted at an inn, for it was allow'd by Don Quixote himſelf to be an inn, and not a caſtle, with moats, towers, portcullices, and draw-bridges, as he commonly fancy'd; for now the knight was mightily off the romantic pin, to what he us'd to be as ſhall be ſhew'd preſently more at large. He was lodg'd in a ground room, which inſtead of tapeſtry, was hung with a coarſe painted ſtuff, ſuch as is often ſeen in villages. One of the pieces had the ſtory of Helen of Troy, when Paris ſtole her away from her huſband Menelaus, but ſcrawl'd out after a bungling rate by ſome wretched dauber or other. Another had the ſtory of Dido and Aeneas, the lady on the top of the turret, waving a ſheet to her fugitive gueſt, who was in a ſhip at ſea, crowding all the ſails he could to get from her. Don Quixote made this obſervation upon the two ſtories, that Helen was not at all diſpleas'd at the force put upon her, but rather leer'd and ſmil'd upon her lover: whereas on the other ſide, the fair Dido ſhew'd her grief by her tears, which, becauſe they ſhould be ſeen, the painter had made as big as walnuts. How unfortunate, ſaid Don Quixote, were theſe two ladies, that they liv'd not in this age, or rather how much more unhappy am I, for not having liv'd in theirs! I would have met and ſtopt thoſe gentlemen, and ſav'd both Troy and Carthage from deſtruction; nay, by the death of Paris alone, all theſe miſeries had been prevented. I'll lay you a wager, quoth Sancho, that before we be much older, there will not be an inn, a hedge tavern, a blind victualling houſe, nor a barber's ſhop in the country, but will have the ſtory of our lives and deeds paſted and painted along the walls. But I could wiſh with all my heart though, that they may be done by a better hand than the bungling ſon of a whore that drew theſe. Thou art in the right, Sancho; for the fellow that did theſe, puts me in mind of Orbaneja the painter of Uveda, who as he ſat at work, being aſk'd what he was about? made anſwer,

any thing that comes uppermoſt; and if he chanc'd to draw a cock, he underwrit, this is a cock, leſt people ſhould take it for a fox. Juſt ſuch a one was he that painted, or that wrote (for they are much the ſame) the hiſtory of this new Don Quixote, that has lately peep'd out, and ventur'd to go a ſtrolling; for his painting or writing is all at random, and any thing that comes uppermoſt. I fancy he's alſo not much unlike one Mauleon, a certain poet, who was at court ſome years ago, and pretended to give anſwer *ex tempore* to any manner of queſtions: ſome body aſk'd what was the meaning of *Deum de Deo?* whereupon my gentleman anſwer'd very pertly in Spaniſh, *De donde diere*, that is, *Hab nab at a venture.*

But to come to our own affairs. Haſt thou an inclination to have t'other bruſh to night? what think you of a warm houſe; would it not do better for that ſervice than the open air? why truly, quoth Sancho, a whipping is but a whipping either abroad or without doors, and I could like a cloſe warm place well enough, ſo it were among trees; for I love trees hugely, d'ye ſee, methinks they bear me company, and have a ſort of fellow-feeling of my ſufferings. Now I think on't, ſaid Don Quixote, it ſhall not be to night, honeſt Sancho, you ſhall have more time to recover, and we'll let the reſt alone till we get home; 'twill not be above two days at moſt. E'en as your worſhip pleaſes, anſwer'd Sancho; but if I might have my will, it were beſt making an end of the jobb, now my hand's in, and my blood up. There's nothing like ſtriking while the iron is hot, for delay breeds danger: 'tis beſt grinding at the mill before the water is paſt: ever take while you may have it: a bird in hand is worth two in the buſh. For heaven's ſake, good Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote, let alone thy proverbs; if once thou go'ſt back to *Sicut erat*, or as it was in the beginning, I muſt give thee over. Can'ſt thou not ſpeak as other folks do, and not after ſuch a tedious round-about manner. How

often have I told thee of this? mind what I tell you, I'm ſure you'll be the better for it. 'Tis an unlucky trick I've got, reply'd Sancho, I can't bring you in three words to the purpoſe without a proverb, nor bring you any proverb but what I think to the purpoſe; but I'll mend if I can. And ſo for this time their converſation broke off.

CHAP. LXXII.

How Don Quixote and Sancho got home.

THAT whole day Don Quixote and Sancho continued in the inn, expecting the return of night, the one to have an opportunity to make an end of his penance in the fields, and the other to ſee it fully performed, as being the moſt material preliminary to the accompliſhment of his deſires.

In the mean time, a gentleman with three or four ſervants came riding up to the inn, and one of 'em calling him that appeared to be the maſter, by the name of Don Alvaro Tarfe, your worſhip, ſaid he, had as good ſtop here till the heat of the day be over. In my opinion, the houſe looks cool and cleanly. Don Quixote overhearing the name of Tarfe, and preſently turning to his ſquire, Sancho, ſaid he, I am much miſtaken if I had not a glimpſe of this very name of Don Alvaro Tarfe, in turning over that pretended ſecond part of my hiſtory. As likely as not, quoth Sancho; but firſt let him alight, and then we'll queſtion him about the matter.

The gentleman alighted, and was ſhewed by the land lady into a ground room that faced Don Quixote's apartment, and was hung with the ſame ſort of courſe painted ſtuff. A while after the ſtranger had undreſſed for coolneſs, he came out to take a turn, and

walked into the porch of the houſe, that was large and airy: there he found Don Quixote, to whom addreſſing himſelf, pray, Sir, ſaid he, which way do you travel? to a country town not far off, anſwered Don Quixote, the place of my nativity. And pray, Sir, which way are you bound? to Granada, Sir, ſaid the knight, the country where I was born. And a fine country it is, replied Don Quixote. But pray, Sir, may I beg the favour to know your name, for the information I am perſuaded will be of more conſequence to my affairs than I can well tell you. They call me Don Alvaro Tarfe, anſwered the gentleman. Then without diſpute, ſaid Don Quixote, you are the ſame Don Alvaro Tarfe, whoſe name fills a place in the ſecond part of Don Quixote de la Mancha's hiſtory, that was latey publiſhed by a new author? The very man, anſwered the knight; and that very Don Quixote, who is the principal ſubject of that book, was my intimate acquaintance; I am the perſon that inticed him from his habitation ſo far at leaſt, that he had never ſeen the tournament at Saragoſa, had it not been through my perſuaſions, and in my company; and indeed, as it happened, I proved the beſt friend he had, and did him a ſingular piece of ſervice; for had I not ſtood by him, his intolerable impudence bad brought him to ſome ſhameful puniſhment. But pray, Sir, ſaid Don Quixote, be pleaſed to tell me one thing; am I any thing like that Don Quixote of yours? the fartheſt from it in the world, Sir, replied the other. And had he, ſaid our knight, one Sancho Pança for his ſquire? yes, ſaid Don Alvaro, but I was the moſt deceived in him that could be; for by common report that ſame ſquire was a comical, witty fellow, but I found him a very great blockhead. I thought no leſs, quoth Sancho; for it is not in every body's power to crack a jeſt, or ſay pleaſing things; and that Sancho you talk of muſt be ſome paltry raggamuffin, ſome guttling mumper, or pilfering crack rope, I warrant him. For

'tis I that am the true Sancho Pança, 'tis I that am the merry conceited ſquire, that have always a tinker's budget full of wit and waggery, that will make gravity grin in ſpite of its teeth. If you won't believe me, do but try me; keep me company but for a twelve month, or ſo, you'll find what a ſhower of jokes and notable things drop from me every foot. Adad! I ſet every body a laughing, many times, and yet I wiſh I may be hanged, if I deſigned it in the leaſt. And then for the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, here you have him before you. The ſtanch, the famous, the valiant, the wiſe, the loving Don Quixote de la Mancha, the righter of wrongs, the puniſher of wickedneſs, the father to the fatherleſs, the bully rock of widows, the * murderer of damſels and maidens; he whoſe only dear and ſweet heart is the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo; here he is, and here am I his ſquire. All other Don Quixotes, and all Sancho Panças, beſides us two, are but ſhams, and tales of a tub. Now by the ſword of St. Jago, honeſt friend, ſaid Don Alvaro, I believe as much; for the little thou haſt uttered now, has more of the humour than all I ever heard come from the other. The blockhead ſeemed to carry all his brains in his guts, there's nothing a jeſt with him but filling his belly, and the rogue's too heavy to be diverting. For my part, I believe the inchanters that perſecute the good Don Quixote, ſent the bad one to perſecute me too. I can't tell what to make of his matter; for though I can take my oath, I left one Don Quixote under the ſurgeon's hands at the nuncio's houſe in Toledo, yet here ſtarts up another Don Quixote quite different from mine. For my part, ſaid our knight, I dare not avow myſelf the good, but I may venture to ſay, I am not the bad one; and as a proof of it, Sir, be aſſured, that in the whole courſe of my life, I never ſaw the city of Saragoſa, and ſo far

* In the original, *el Matador de las Donzellas*. A blunder of Sancho's *Murderer* of damſels, inſtead of *Maintainer*.

from it, that hearing this uſurper of my name had appeared there at the tournament, I declined coming near it, being reſolved to convince the world that he was an impoſtor, I directed my courſe to Barcelona, the ſeat of urbanity, the ſanctuary of ſtrangers, the refuge of the diſtreſſed, the mother of men of valour, the redreſſer of the injured, the reſidence of true friendſhip, and the firſt city in the world for beauty and ſituation. And though ſome accidents that befel me there, are ſo far from being grateful to my thoughts, that they are a ſenſible mortification to me, yet in my reflexion of having ſeen that city, I find pleaſure enough to alleviate my misfortune: in ſhort, Don Alvaro, I am that Don Quixote de la Mançha, whom fame has celebrated, and not the pitiful wretch who has uſurped my name, and would arrogate to himſelf the honour of my deſigns. Sir, you are a gentleman, and I hope will not deny me the favour to depoſe before the magiſtrate of this place, that you never ſaw me in all your life 'till this day, and that I am not the Don Quixote mentioned in that ſecond part, nor was this Sancho Pança my 'ſquire, the perſon you knew formerly. With all my heart, ſaid Don Alvaro, though I muſt own myſelf not a little confounded to find at the ſame time two Don Quixote's, and two Sancho Pança's, as different in their behaviour as they are alike in name; for my part, I don't know what to think on't, and I'm ſometimes apt to fancy my ſenſes have been impoſed upon*. Ay, ay, quoth Sancho, there has been foul play to be ſure. The ſame trick that ſerved to bewitch my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo has been play'd you; and if three thouſand and odd laſhes laid on by me on the hind part of my belly, would diſinchant your worſhip as well as her, they ſhould be at your ſervice with all my heart; and what's

* In the original, it is, I am now aſſured that I have not ſeen what I have ſeen, nor, in reſpect to me, has that happened which has happened.

more, they ſhould not coſt you a farthing. I don't underſtand what you mean by thoſe laſhes, ſaid Don Alvaro. Thereby hangs a tale, quoth Sancho, but that's too long to relate at a minute's warning; but if it be our luck to be fellow travellers, you may chance to hear more of the matter.

Dinner time being come, Don Quixote and Don Alvaro dined together; and the mayor, or bailiff, of the town happening to come into the inn with a public notary, Don Quixote deſired him to take the depoſition which Don Alvaro Tarfe there preſent was ready to give, confeſſing and declaring, that he the ſaid deponent had not any knowledge of the Don Quixote there preſent, and that the ſaid Don Quixote was not the ſame perſon that he this deponent had ſeen mentioned in a certain printed hiſtory, intituled, or called, the ſecond part of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Avellaneda, a native of Tordeſillas. In ſhort, the notary drew up and engroſſed the affidavit in due form, and the teſtimonial wanted nothing to make it anſwer all the intentions of Don Quixote and Sancho, who were as much pleaſed as if it had been a matter of the laſt conſequence, and that their words and behaviour had not been enough to make the diſtinction apparent between the two Don Quixote's and the two Sancho's.

The compliments and offers of ſervice that paſſed after that between Don Alvaro and Don Quixote were not a few, and our knight of La Mancha behaved himſelf therein with ſo much diſcretion, that Don Alvaro was convinced he was miſtaken; for he thought there was ſome inchantment in the caſe, ſince he had thus met with two knights and two ſquires of the ſame names and profeſſions, and yet ſo very different.

They ſet out towards the evening, and about half a league from the town, the road parted into two, one way led to Don Quixote's habitation, and the other to that which Don Alvaro was to take. Don Quix-

ote in that little time let him underſtand the misfortune of his defeat, with Dulcinea's inchantment, and the remedy preſcribed by Merlin; all which was new matter of wonder to Don Alvaro, who having embraced Don Quixote and Sancho, left them on their way, and he followed his own.

Don Quixote paſſed that night among the trees, to give Sancho a fair occaſion to make an end of his diſcipline, when the cunning knave put it in practice juſt after the ſame manner as the night before. The bark of the trees paid for all, and Sancho took ſuch care of his back, that a fly mighty have reſted there without any diſturbance.

All the while his abuſed maſter was very punctual in telling the ſtrokes, and reckoned, that with thoſe of the foregoing night, they amounted juſt to the ſum of three thouſand and twenty nine. The ſun, that ſeemed to have made more that ordinary haſte to riſe and ſee this human ſacrifice, gave 'em light however to continue their journey; and as they went on, they deſcanted at large upon Don Alvaro's miſtake, and their own prudence, in relation to the certificate before the magiſtrate, in ſo full and authentick a form.

Their travels all that day, and the enſuing night, afforded no occurrence worth mentioning, except that Sancho that night put the laſt hand to his whipping-work, to the inexpreſſible joy of Don Quixote, who waited for the day with as great impatience, in hopes he might light on his lady Dulcinea in her diſinchanted ſtate; and all the way he went, he made up to every woman he ſpied, to ſee whether ſhe were Dulcinea del Toboſo or not; for he ſo firmly relied on Merlin's promiſes, that he did not doubt of the performance.

He was altogether taken up with theſe hopes and fancies, when they got to the top of a hill, that gave 'em a proſpect of their village. Sancho had no ſooner bleſſed his eyes with the ſight, but down he fell on

his knees, and O, my long, long wiſh'd for home! cried he, open thy eyes, and here behold thy child, Sancho Pança, come back to thee again, if not very full of money, yet very full of whipping: open thy arms, and receive thy ſon Don Quixote too, who, though he got the worſt on't with another, he ne'ertheleſs got the better of himſelf, and that's the beſt kind of victory one can wiſh for; I have his own word for it. However, though I have been ſwingingly flogged, yet I han't loſt all by the bargain, for I have whipped ſome money into my pocket Forbear thy impatience, ſaid Don Quixote, and let us now in a decent manner make our entry into the place of our nativity, where we will give a looſe to our imaginations, and lay down the plan that is to be followed in our intended paſtoral life. With theſe words they came down the hill, and went directly to their village.

CHAP. LXXIII.

Of the ominous accidents that croſſed Don Quixote as he entered his village, with other tranſactions that illuſtrate and adorn this memorable hiſtory.

WHEN they were entering into the village, as Cid Hamet relates, Don Quixote obſerved two little boys conteſting together, in an adjoining field; and ſays one to the other: never fret thy gizzard about it, for thou ſhalt never ſee her while thou haſt breath in thy body. Don Quixote over hearing this, Sancho, ſaid he, did you mind the boy's words, *Thou ſhalt never ſee her while thou haſt breath in thy body.* Well, anſwered Sancho, and what's the great buſineſs though the boy did ſay ſo? how! replied Don Quixote, doſt thou not perceive, that applying the words to my affairs, they plainly imply that I ſhall never ſee my Dulcinea. Sancho was about to anſwer again, but was hindred by a full cry of hounds and huntſmen purſu-

ing a hare, which was put ſo hard to her ſhifts, that ſhe came and ſquatted down for ſhelter juſt between Dapple's feet. Immediately Sancho laid hold of her without difficulty, and preſented her to Don Quixote; but he, with a dejected look, refuſing the preſent, cried out aloud, *Malum ſignum, malum ſignum, an ill omen, an ill omen*; a hare runs away, hounds purſue her, and Dulcinea is not ſtarted. You are a ſtrange man, quoth Sancho. Can't we ſuppoſe now, that poor puſs here is Dulcinea, the grey-hounds that followed her are thoſe dogs the inchanters, that made her a country laſs. She ſcours away, I catch her by the ſcut, and give her ſafe and ſound into your worſhip's hands; and pray make much of her now you have her; for my part, I can t, for the blood of me, ſee any harm nor any ill luck in this matter.

By this time the two boys that had fallen out came up to ſee the hare; and Sancho having aſked the cauſe of their quarrel, he was anſwered by the boy that ſpoke the ominous words, that he had ſnatched from his play-fellow a little cage full of crickets, which he would not let him have again. Upon that Sancho put his hand in his pocket, and gave the boy a three-penny piece for his cage, and giving it to Don Quixote, there, Sir, quoth he, here are all the ſigns of ill luck come to nothing. You have them in your own hands; and though I am but a dunder head, I dare ſwear theſe things are no more to us than the rain that falls at Chriſtmas. I am much miſtaken if I han't heard the parſon of our pariſh adviſe all ſober Catholics againſt heeding ſuch fooleries; and I have heard you yourſelf, my dear maſter, ſay, that all ſuch Chriſtians as troubled their heads with theſe fortunetelling follies, were neither better nor worſe than downright numſkulls: ſo let us e'en leave things as we found 'em, and get home as faſt as we can.

By this time the ſportſmen were come up, and demanding their game, Don Quixote delivered them

their hare. They paſſed on, and juſt at their coming into the town, they perceived the curate, and the batchelor Carraſco at their devotions in a ſmall field adjoining. But we muſt obſerve by the way, that Sancho Pança to cover his maſter's armour, had, by way of a ſumpter cloth, laid over Dapple's back the buckram frock figured with flames of fire, which he wore at the duke's the night that Altiſidora roſe from the dead, and he had no leſs judiciouſly clapped the mitre on the head of the aſs, which made ſo odd and whimſical a figure, that it might be ſaid, never four footed aſs was ſo bedizen'd before. The curate and the batchelor preſently knowing their old friends, ran to meet them with open arms; and while Don Quixote alighted and returned their embraces, the boys, who are ever ſo quick-ſighted that nothing can 'ſcape their eyes, preſently ſpying the mitred aſs, came running and flocking about 'em; oh law! cried they to one another, look a' there boys! there's gaffer Sancho Pança's aſs as fine as a lady! and Don Quixote's beaſt leaner than ever. With that they ran hooping and hollooing about 'em through the town, while the two adventurers, attended by the curate and the batchelor, moved towards Don Quixote's houſe, where they were received at the door by his houſekeeper and his niece, that had already had notice of their arrival. The news having alſo reached Tereſa Pança, Sancho's wife, ſhe came running half naked, with her hair about her ears, to ſee him; leading by the hand all the way her daughter Sanchica, who hardly wanted to be lugged along. But when ſhe found that her huſband looked a little ſhort of the ſtate of a governor, mercy o'me, quoth ſhe, what's the meaning of this, huſband! you look as though you had come all the way on foot, nay, and tired off your legs too! why you come like a ſhark than like a governor. Mum, Tereſa, quoth Sancho, 'tis not all gold that gliſters, and every man was not born with a ſilver ſpoon in his mouth. Firſt

let's go home, and then I'll tell thee wonders. I've taken care of the main chance. Money I have, old girl, and I came honeſtly by it, without wronging any body. Haſt got money, old boy, nay then its well enough, no matter which way, let it come by hook or by crook, 'tis but what your betters have done afore you. At the ſame time Sanchica hugging her father, aſked him what he had brought her home, for ſhe had gap'd for him as the flowers do for the dew in May. Thus Sancho, leading Dapple by the halter on one ſide, his wife taking him under the arm on the other, and his daughter faſtning upon the waiſt band of his breeches, away they went together to his cottage, leaving Don Quixote at his own houſe, under the care of his niece and houſe keeper, with the curate and batchelor to keep him company.

That very moment Don Quixote took the two laſt aſide, and without mincing the matter, gave them a ſhort account of his defeat, and the obligation he lay under of being confined to his village for a year, which, like a true knight errant, he was reſolved punctually to obſerve: he added, that he intended to paſs that interval of time in the innocent functions of a paſtoral life; and therefore he would immediately commence ſhepherd, and entertain his amorous paſſion ſolitarily in fields and woods; and begged if buſineſs of greater importance were not an obſtruction, that they would both pleaſe to be his companions, aſſuring them he would furniſh them with ſuch a number of ſheep, as might entitle them to ſuch a profeſſion. He alſo told 'em, that he had already in a manner fitted them for the undertaking, for he had provided them all with names the moſt paſtoral in the world. The curate being deſirous to know the names, Don Quixote told him he would himſelf be called the ſhepherd Quixotis, that the batchelor ſhould be called the ſhepherd Carraſcone, the curate paſtor Curiambro, and Sancho Panſa, Panſino the ſhepherd.

They were ſtruck with amazement at this new ſtrain of folly; but conſidering this might be a means of keeping him at home, and hoping at the ſame time, that within the year he might be cured of his mad knight errantry, they came into his paſtoral folly, and, with great applauſe to his project, freely offered their company in the deſign. We ſhall live the moſt pleaſant life imaginable, ſaid Sampſon Carraſco; for, as every body knows, I am a moſt celebrated poet, and I'll write paſtorals in abundance. Sometimes too I may raiſe my ſtrain, as occaſion offers, to divert us, as we range the groves and plains. But one thing, gentlemen, we muſt not forget, 'tis abſolutely neceſſary that each of us chuſe a name for the ſhepherdeſs he means to celebrate in his lays, nor muſt we forget the ceremony uſed by the amorous ſhepherds, of writing, carving, notching or engraving on every tree the names of ſuch ſhepherdeſſes, though the bark be ever ſo hard. You are very much in the right, replied Don Quixote, though for my part, I need not be at the trouble of deviſing a name for any imaginary ſhepherdeſs, being already captivated by the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, the nymph of theſe ſtreams, the ornament of theſe meads, the primroſe of beauty, the cream of gracefulneſs, and, in ſhort, the ſubject that can merit all the praiſes that hyperbolical eloquence can beſtow. We grant all this, ſaid the curate, but we who can't pretend to ſuch perfections, muſt make it our buſineſs to find out ſome ſhepherdeſſes of a lower form, that will be good-natured, and meet a man half way upon occaſion. We ſhall find enow, I'll warrant you, replied Carraſco: and though we meet with none, yet will we give thoſe very names we find in books, ſuch as Phyllis, Amaryllis, Diana, Florinda, Galatea, Beliſarda and a thouſand more, which are to be diſpoſed of publicly in the open market; and when we have purchaſed them, they are our own. Beſides, if my miſtreſs (my ſhehperdeſs I ſhould have ſaid) be called Ann, I

will name her in my verſes Anarda; if Frances, I'll call her Francenia; and if Lucy be her name, then Lucinda ſhall be my ſhepherdeſs, and ſo forth; and if Sancho Pança makes one of our fraternity, he may celebrate his wife Tereſa by the name of Tereſania. Don Quixote could not forbear ſmiling at the turn given to that name. The curate again applauded his laudable reſolution, and repeated his offer of bearing him company all the time that his other employment wou'd allow him; and then they took their leaves, giving him all the good advice that they thought might conduce to his health and welfare.

No ſooner were the curate and bachelor gone, but the houſekeeper and niece, who, according to cuſtom, had been liſtening to all their diſcourſe, came both upon Don Quixote; Bleſs me, uncle, cry'd the niece, what's here to do! what new maggot's got into your head? when we thought you were coming to ſtay at home, and live like a ſober honeſt gentleman in your own houſe, are you hearkening after new inventions, and running a wool gathering after ſheep, forſooth! by my troth, Sir, you're ſomewhat of the lateſt: the corn is too old to make oaten pipes of. Lord, Sir, quoth the houſekeeper, how will your worſhip be able to endure the ſummer's ſun, and the winter's froſt in the open fields? and then the howlings of wolves, heaven bleſs us! pray, good Sir, don't think on't: 'tis a buſineſs fit for no body but thoſe that are bred and born to it, and as ſtrong as horſes. Let the worſt come to the worſt, better be a knight-errant ſtill, than a keeper of ſheep. Troth, maſter, take my advice; I am neither drunk nor mad, but freſh and faſting from every thing but ſin, and I have fifty years over my head; be rul'd by me; ſtay at home, look after your concerns, go often to confeſſion, do good to the poor, and if ought goes ill with you, let it lie at my door. Good girls, ſaid Don Quixote, hold your prating: I

know beſt what I have to do: only help to get me to bed, for I find myſelf ſomewhat out of order. However, don't trouble your heads, whether I be a knight-errant, or an errant ſhepherd, you ſhall always find that I will provide for you. The niece and maid, who without doubt were good-natur'd creatures, undreſs'd him, put him to bed, brought him ſomething to eat, and tended him with all imaginable care.

CHAP. LXXIV.

How Don Quixote fell ſick, made his laſt will, and died.

AS all human things, eſpecially the lives of men are tranſitory, their very beginning, being but ſteps to their diſſolution; ſo Don Quixote, who was no way exempted from the common fate, was ſnatched away by death when he leaſt expected it. Whether his ſickneſs was the effect of his melancholy reflections, or whether it was ſo pre ordain'd by heaven, moſt certain it is, he was ſeiz'd with a violent fever, that confined him to his bed ſix days.

All that time his good friends, the curate, bachelor, and barber came often to ſee him, and his truſty ſquire Sancho Pança never ſtirred from his bed ſide.

They conjectured that his ſickneſs proceeded from the regret of his defeat, and his being diſappointed of Dulcinea's diſinchantment; and accordingly they left nothing uneſſay'd to divert him. The bachelor begged him to pluck up a good heart, and riſe, that they might begin their paſtoral life, telling him, that he had already writ an eclogue to that purpoſe, not inferior to thoſe of Sanazaro, and that he had bought with his own money, of a ſhepherd of Quintanar two tearing dogs to watch their flock, the one call'd Barcino,

and the other Butron; but this had no effect on Don Quixote, for he ſtill continu'd dejected. A phyſician was ſent for, who, upon feeling his pulſe, did not well like it; and therefore deſir'd him of all things to provide for his ſoul's health, for that of his body was in a dangerous condition. Don Quixote heard this with much more temper than thoſe about him; for his niece, his houſekeeper, and his ſquire fell a weeping as bitterly as if he had been laid out already. The phyſician was of opinion, that mere melancholy and vexation had brought him to his approaching end. Don Quixote deſir'd them to leave him a little, becauſe he found himſelf inclinable to reſt; they retir'd, and he had a hearty ſleep of about ſix hours, which the maid and niece were afraid had been his laſt.

At length he wak'd, and with a loud voice, Bleſſed be the Almighty, cry'd he, for this great benefit he has vouchſafed to do me! infinite are his mercies; they are greater, and more in number than the ſins of men. The niece hearken'd very attentively to theſe words of her uncle, and finding more ſenſe in them than there was in his uſual talk, at leaſt ſince he had fallen ill; what do you ſay, Sir, ſaid ſhe, has any thing extraordinary happen'd? what mercies are theſe you mention? mercies, anſwer'd he, that heaven has this moment vouchſafed to ſhew me, in ſpite of all my iniquities. My judgment is return'd clear and undiſturbed, and that cloud of ignorance is now remov'd, which the continual reading of thoſe damnable books of knight-errantry had caſt over my underſtanding. Now I perceive their nonſenſe and impertinence, and am only ſorry the diſcovery happens ſo late, when I want time to make amends by thoſe ſtudies that ſhou'd enlighten my ſoul, and prepare me for futurity. I find, niece, my end approaches; but I would have it ſuch, that though my life has got me the character of a madman, I may deſerve a better at my death. Dear

child, continu'd he, ſend for my honeſt friend the curate, the bachelor Carraſco, and maſter Nicholas the barber, for I intend to make my confeſſion, and my will. His niece was ſav'd the trouble of ſending, for preſently they all three came in; which Don Quixote perceiving, my good friends, ſaid he, I have happy news to tell you; I am no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonſo Quixano, the ſame whom the world for his fair behaviour has been formerly pleas'd to call *the good*. I now declare myſelf an enemy to Amadis de Gaul, and his whole generation; all profane ſtories of knight-errantry, all romances I deteſt. I have a true ſenſe of the danger of reading them, and of all my paſt follies, and through heaven's mercy, and my own experience, I abhor them. His three friends were not a little ſurprized to hear him talk at this rate, and concluded ſome new frenzy had poſſeſſed him. What now, ſaid Sampſon to him? What's all this to the purpoſe, Signior Don Quixote? We have juſt had the news that the lady Dulcinea is diſinchanted; and now we are upon the point of turning ſhepherds, to ſing, and live like princes, you are dwindl'd down to a hermit.

No more of that I beſeech you, reply'd Don Quixote; all the uſe I ſhall make of theſe follies at preſent, is to heighten my repentance; and though they have hitherto prov'd prejudicial, yet by the aſſiſtance of heaven, they may turn to my advantage at my death: I find it comes faſt upon me, therefore, pray gentlemen, let us be ſerious. I want a prieſt to receive my confeſſion, and a ſcrivener to draw up my will. There's no trifling at a time like this; I muſt take care of my ſoul; and therefore pray let the ſcrivener be ſent for, while Mr. Curate prepares me by confeſſion.

Don Quixote's words put them all into ſuch admiration, that they ſtood gazing upon one another; they thought they had reaſon to doubt of the return of his

underſtanding, and yet they could not help believing him. They were alſo apprehenſive he was near the point of death, conſidering the ſudden recovery of his intellects; and he deliver'd himſelf after that with ſo much ſenſe, diſcretion, and piety, and ſhew'd himſelf ſo reſign'd to the will of heaven, that they made no ſcruple to believe him reſtor'd to his perfect judgment at laſt. The curate thereupon cleared the room of all the company but himſelf and Don Quixote, and then confeſs'd him. In the mean time the bachelor ran for the ſcrivener, and preſently brought him with him, and Sancho Pança being inform'd by the bachelor how ill his maſter was, and finding his niece and houſe-keeper all in tears, began to make wry faces, and fall a crying. The curate having heard the ſick perſon's confeſſion, came out and told them, that the good Alonſo Quixano was very near his end, and certainly in his ſenſes; and therefore they had beſt go in, that he might make his will. Theſe diſmal tidings open'd the ſluices of the houſe keeper's, the niece's, and the good ſquire's ſwollen eyes, ſo that a whole inundation of tears burſt out of thoſe flood gates, and a thouſand ſighs from their hearts; for indeed, either as Alonſo Quixano, or Don Quixote de la Mancha, as it has been obſerv'd, the ſick gentleman had always ſhew'd himſelf ſuch a good natur'd man, and of ſo agreeable a behaviour, that he was not only belov'd by his family, but by every one that knew him.

The ſcrivener, with the reſt of the company, then went into the chamber, and the preamble and the former part of the will being drawn, and the teſtator having recommended his ſoul to heaven and bequeathed his body to the earth, according to cuſtom, he came to the legacies as follows:

Item, I give and bequeath to Sancho Pança, whom in my madneſs I made my ſquire, whatever money he

has, or may have of mine in his hands: and whereas there are reckonings and accounts to be adjuſted between us, for what he has receiv'd and disburs'd; my will and pleaſure is, that whatever may remain due to me, which can be but ſmall, be enjoy'd by him as my free gift, without any let or moleſtation, and much good may it do him. And as, when I was mad, he was through my means made governor of an iſland; I wou'd now, in my right ſenſes, give him the government of a kingdom, were it in my power, in conſideration of his integrity and faithfulneſs. And now, my friend, ſaid he, turning to Sancho, pardon me that I have brought upon thee, as well as myſelf, the ſcandal of madneſs, by drawing thee into my own errors, and perſuading thee that there have been and ſtill are knights-errant in the world. Woe is me, my dear maſter's worſhip! cry'd Sancho, all in tears, don't die this bout, but e'en take my counſel, and live on a many years; 'tis the maddeſt trick a man can ever play in his whole life, to let his breath ſneak out of his body without any more ado, and without ſo much as a rap o'er the pate, or a kick of the guts; to go out like the ſnuff of a farthing-candle, and die merely of the mulligrubs, or the ſullens. For ſhame, Sir, don't give way to ſluggiſhneſs, but get out of your doleful dumps, and riſe. Is this a time to lie honing and groaning a-bed, when we ſhou'd be in the fields in our ſhepherd's cloathing, as we had reſolv'd? ten to one but behind ſome buſh, or under ſome hedge, we may find the lady madam Dulcinea, ſtript of her inchanted rags, and as fine as a queen. Mayhaps you take it to heart that you were unhors'd, and a little crupper-ſcratch'd t'other day; but if that be all, lay the blame upon me, and ſay 'twas my fault, in not girting Roſinante tight enough. You know too, there's nothing more common in your errantry books, than for the knights to be every foot joſtl'd out of the ſaddle. There's no-

thing but ups and downs in this world, and he that's caſt down to day may be cock-a-hoop to-morrow. Even ſo, ſaid Sampſon, honeſt Sancho has a right notion of the matter. Soft and fair, gentlemen, reply'd Don Quixote, ne'er look for birds of this year in the neſts of the laſt: I was mad, but I am now in my ſenſes; I was once Don Quixote de la Mancha, but am now (as I ſaid before) the plain Alonſo Quixano, and I hope the ſincerity of my words, and my repentance, may reſtore me to the ſame eſteem you have had for me before, and ſo Mr. Scrivener pray go on.

Item, I conſtitute and appoint Antonia Quixano, my niece, here preſent, ſole heireſs of all my eſtate both real and perſonal, after all my juſt debts and legacies, bequeath'd by theſe preſents, ſhall have been paid, ſatisfy'd, and deducted, out of the beſt of my goods and chattels; and the firſt of that kind to be diſcharg'd, ſhall be the ſalary due to my houſekeeper, together with twenty ducats over and above her wages; which ſaid ſum I leave and bequeath her to buy her mourning

Item, I appoint Mr. Curate, and Mr. Sampſon Carraſco the bachelor, here preſent, to be the executors of this my laſt will and teſtament.

Item, It is my will, that if my niece Antonia Quixano be inclinable to marry, it be with none but a perſon, who, upon ſtrict enquiry, ſhall be found never to have read a book of knight-errantry in his life; and in caſe it appears, that he has been converſant in ſuch books, and that ſhe perſiſts in her reſolution to marry him, ſhe is then to forfeit all right and title to my bequeſt, which in ſuch caſe, my executors are hereby impower'd to diſpoſe of to pious uſes, as they ſhall think moſt proper.

Item, I intreat the ſaid executors, that if at any time they happen to meet with the author of a book now extant, entitl'd, The ſecond part of the atchievements

of Don Quixote de la Mancha, they wou'd from me moſt heartily beg his pardon for my being undeſignedly the occaſion of his writing ſuch a parcel of impertinencies as is contain'd in that book; for it is the greateſt burthen to my departing ſoul, that ever I was the cauſe of making ſuch a thing public.

Having finiſh'd the will he fell into a ſwooning fit, and extended his body to the full length in the bed. All the company were troubled and alarmed, and ran to his aſſiſtance: however, he came to himſelf at laſt: but relaps'd into the like fits almoſt every hour, for the ſpace of three days that he liv'd after he had made his will.

The whole family was in grief and confuſion; and yet, after all, the niece continued to eat, and the houſekeeper drank, and waſh'd down ſorrow; and Sancho Pança made much of himſelf: for there is a ſtrange charm in the thoughts of a good legacy, or the hopes of an eſtate, which wondrouſly removes, or at leaſt alleviates the ſorrow that men would otherwiſe feel for the death of friends.

In ſhort, Don Quixote's laſt day came, after he had made thoſe preparations for death, which good Chriſtians ought to do; and by many freſh and weighty arguments, ſhew'd his abhorrence of books of knight-errantry. The ſcrivener, who was by, proteſted he had never read in any books of that kind of any knight-errant who ever died in his bed ſo quietly, and like a good Chriſtian, as Don Quixote did. In ſhort, amidſt the tears and lamentations of his friends, he gave up the ghoſt, or, to ſpeak more plainly, died; which, when the curate perceived, he deſir'd the ſcrivener to give him a certificate, how Alonſo Quixano, commonly called the Good, and ſometimes known by the name of Don Quixote de la Mancha, was departed out of this life into another, and died a natural death.

This he desired, lest any other author but Cid Hamet Benengeli should take occasion to raise him from the dead, and presume to write endless histories of his pretended adventures.

Thus died that ingenious gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose native place Cid Hamet has not thought fit directly to mention, with design that all the towns and villages in La Mancha should contend for the honour of giving him birth, as the seven cities of Greece did for Homer. We shall omit Sancho's lamentations, and those of the niece and the house-keeper, as also several epitaphs that were made for his tomb, and will only give you this which the bachelor Carrasco caused to be put over it.

DON QUIXOTE's EPITAPH.

'THE body of a knight lies here,
'So brave, that to his latest breath,
'Immortal glory was his care,
'And makes him triumph over death.

'His looks spread terror every hour;
'He strove oppression to controul;
'Nor could all hell's united pow'r
'Subdue or daunt his mighty soul.

'Nor has his death the world deceiv'd
'Less than his wondrous life surpriz'd;
'For if he like a madman liv'd,
'At least he like a wise one dy'd.

Here the sagacious Cid Hamet addressing himself to his pen, O thou my slender pen, says he, thou, of whose knib, whether well or ill cut, I dare not speak my thoughts! suspended by this brass wire, remain upon this spit rack where I lodge thee. There may'st thou

claim a being many ages, unleſs preſumptuous and wicked hiſtorians take thee down to profane thee. But ere they lay their heavy hands on thee, bid 'em beware, and, as well as thou can'ſt, in their own ſtile, tell 'em,

'† Avaunt, ye ſcoundrels, all and ſome!
'I'm kept for no ſuch thing.
'Defile me not; but hang yourſelves;
'And ſo God ſave the king.'

For me alone was the great Quixote born, and I alone for him. Deeds were his taſk, and to record 'em, mine. We two, like tallies for each other ſtruck, are nothing when apart. In vain the ſpurious ſcribe of Tordeſillas, dared with his blunt and bungling oſtridge quill invade the deeds of my moſt valorous knight: his ſhoulders are unequal to the attempt: the task's ſuperior to his frozen genius.

And thou, reader, if ever thou can'ſt find him out in his obſcurity, I beſeech thee adviſe him likewiſe to let the wearied, mouldring bones of Don Quixote, reſt quiet in the earth that covers 'em. Let him not expoſe 'em in old Caſtile, againſt the ſanctions of death, impiouſly raking him out of the vault where he really lies ſtretched out beyond a poſſibility of taking a third ramble through the world. The two ſallies that he has made already (which are the ſubject of theſe two volumes, and have met with ſuch univerſal applauſe in this and other kingdoms) are ſufficient to ridicule the pretended adventures of knights errant. Thus adviſing him for the beſt, thou ſhalt diſcharge the duty of a Chriſtian, and do good to him that wiſhes thee evil. As for me, I muſt eſteem myſelf happy, to have been the firſt that rendered thoſe fabulous nonſenſical

† *Tate, tate, Sollonzicos, &c.* words borrow'd from an old romance, ſays Don Gregorio in the author's life.

ſtories of knight errantry, the object of the public averſion. They are already going down, and I do not doubt but they will drop and fall altogether in good earneſt, never to riſe again. *Adieu.*

FINIS.

